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A VISIT TO SOME OF THE ANCIENT RUINED CITIES OF CARIA, PHRYGIA, LYCIA, AND PISIDIA.

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IN

ASIATIC TURKEY.

A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL

IN

CILICIA (PEDIAS AND TRACHŒA), ISAURIA, AND PARTS OF LYCAONIA AND CAPPADOCIA.

BY THE

REV. E. J. DAVIS, M.A.,

ENGLISH EPISC. CHAPLAIN, ALEXANDRIA.
AUTHOR OF 'ANATOLICA; OR, A VISIT TO SOME OF THE ANCIENT RUINED CITIES OF CARIA, PHRYGIA, LYCIA, AND PISIDIA.'

Map and Illustrations,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR AND MR. M. ANCKETILL.

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1879.

PREFACE.

When we consider the great number of European and American travellers who annually visit the Levant, it is strange how seldom any of them extends his journey into Northern Syria, or the adjacent provinces of Turkey in Asia.

The hard and fast line of travel seems to be drawn at Beyrout, or a few miles to the northward of it.

Northern Syria is almost a "terra incognita," the only good general map of it being that of Mr. E. G. Rey, published by the Paris Geographical Society. Indeed, for one traveller who explores this most interesting region, there are thousands who hurry over the well-worn and familiar routes of Palestine.

The adjacent territory of Karamania is almost equally unvisited, and only once perhaps in every thirty years does a European traveller painfully make his way through some portion of the province. The only other Europeans who care to visit it are a few buyers of walnut wood, or leech merchants, chiefly Greeks, whose one aim is to forward their trade interests, and on whom the wonderful antiquities and surpassing beauties of the country naturally make but little impression.

Of course there are good reasons to be given for all this. Until within a few years, so unsettled has been

the state of the country, that a European traveller would have incurred no slight personal danger, even though he bore a firman from the Porte, unless he could afford the expense of a numerous and well-armed escort; and even then, many parts of the border-land between Syria and Karamania, and notably the Amanus and Giaour Dagh, would have been inaccessible, being in a state of chronic rebellion against the Government. Moreover, so unhealthy are many parts of the country, and so great the labour and privation an explorer of it must inevitably incur, that it is not strange the price should have been generally deemed too high to pay. Of late years, however, the authority of the Ottoman Government has been considerably strengthened in S.E. Asia Minor; commerce has begun to open up districts hitherto almost unknown, and thus these very interesting regions may perhaps attract, ere long, that attention which their unrivalled natural beauty and their many historical associations deserve.

The following pages contain the record of a journey made in the summer of 1875 through portions of Cilicia, Lycaonia, Cappadocia, and the little known district of Isauria, including a visit to the ruins of ancient Isaura, which had been previously visited only by Hamilton in 1836, and by Texier a little before that period.

At a time when the reputation of the Turks as a nation and a government is sunk to the lowest depth, it may be not uninteresting to see what that people is in a remote province of the empire, almost uninfluenced by the pseudo-civilization of Stamboul.

One cannot help pitying the ill-fortune of a race which is certainly endowed with many noble qualities, and regretting the sad destiny of a country which contains so many elements of material prosperity. And yet further, one cannot help protesting against the injustice, and want of fair play, displayed in 1876 towards the subjects of the Porte. The Ottoman Government is extremely bad, its sins of omission and commission notorious, but the people should not be confounded with the corrupt official and governing class.

I mixed familiarly with them (scarcely coming in contact with the authorities except when it was absolutely necessary for the purposes of my journey), and they made a very favourable impression upon me, combined with a feeling of deep commiseration.

As for any special class oppression of Christian by Muslim in Karamania, nothing of the kind exists, so far as my experience went. Both classes unhappily suffer alike; both are crushed by the same impartial tyranny and misrule!

Waiving, however, considerations as to the respective merits of the parties to the late war, we may at least admit that a people which has so valiantly defended itself under overwhelming odds against the hereditary foe of its name, religion, and race, deserves careful study, and may not be dismissed in the off-hand manner so usual with some of our orators and newspaper writers.

I have endeavoured to give a faithful description of the country and its inhabitants as I found them. If the following pages shall in any degree help to make

known what the Osmanli is at home, they will have done some service.

Let us hope that the fiery trial of 1876–7 will be productive of good to the various races under the sceptre of the house of Othman.

But if the conquest of the Osmanlis by Russia be the only means of improvement, the result can only be obtained after an amount of bloodshed and misery so awful that the whole civilized world will stand aghast at it; nor will humanity gain anything by the substitution, for Osmanli misgovernment, of a new tyranny, more grinding, bigoted, and methodically merciless than the old!

I take the opportunity of acknowledging the kind assistance I have received from my friends Mr. M. Ancketill and Dr. Neroutsos Bey of Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA,
November, 1878.

A SKETCH MAP
to illustrate
REVd E.J. DAVIS' JOURNEYS
in
CILICIA, &c.
Authors route shewn thus
Scale of Eng. Stat. Miles.
London: Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross.
Stanford's Geogl Estabt
KONIAH
Nigdeh
Marash
Aleppo
Ichchili
Tekka
Gieuk Dagh
Allah Dagh
Karaja Dagh
Ak Dagh
Ala Dagh
Ibreez Dagh
Bozalla Dagh
Gelibel Dagh
Marash Dagh
Alvanlo
Nour Dagh
Amanus Mons
Giaour Dagh
Kasar Dagh
Aintab
Koniah (Iconium)
Nigdeh
Bor
Hissar (Tyana)
Karaschar
Kara Keui
Seidi Gazi
Ismil
Karabunar
Bektik
Mekkeh Dagh
Extinct crater
Khading Sarh
Ak Gol
Aktcha Shehir
Kara Agatch
Serpek
Marshes
Fresh
Tent
Ichaian
Oloukishla
Tent
Kanapa ruins
Three
Bridges
Bor Springs & Roman Bath
Tchifteh Khan
Tchifteh Keui
Madden Shehir (Lystra?)
Agathos?
Kilbasan
Kara Dagh (Taurus)
Ruins of Marble
Bulghar Maden
Devlek
Kizil Dagh
Kizil Boghaz
Sarudjek Khan
Utchinja Keui
Darvak
Melemendji
Imam Oglou
Anarcheha
Sis
Bozevar or Bars
Roudroum
Osmanlee
Derrisieh
Tapurak Kalesi
Tapur Gol
Kara Ali
Islaidjeh
Kara Zenjir
Elmaderen
Kassaba
Ilisera
Archers
Siderere
Yemasson
Bleak and Sterile plateau
Yourouk encampment
Saraghlan
Isaura
Ishekler
Yelbaghi
Yerebakhti
Tomarghertchek
Bozkeui
Gokhinar
Serring
Orpoanda
Dowlatmahr
Boshar Maden
Karaman (Laranda)
Karch
Ibrala
Mt Mighail
Genevi
Demir Kapou
Kestel
Divanieh
Tchukour
Perlevgonda
Gieuk Dagh
Allah Dagh
Altun Tash Dagh
Nawahi
Tekka
Ermenek
Shah-en-Nour Dagh
Sarmanzi
Gieurmeli
Kasanji
Tchukur Dagh
Idrass
Mut (Claudiopolis)
Gieuk Sou
Bardakh
Lamas
Ayash
Peyrehendy
Selefkeh
Selefkeh
Region of Virgin Forest
C. Lisan el Kahbeh
Provencal Pt
C. Cavaliere
Kuvadran
C. Anamur
C. Kizliman
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Dumbelek Boghaz
Tekke
Tchukoor Boghaz
Tchukoor Keui
Tchukoor Yaila
Tchukoor Yaila
Tarsus
Tchiflikli
Gharr Keui
Kara Issar
Kuradeli
Yeni Keui
Mersina
Mezetlu
Kara Tash Yaila
Kara Tash Yaila
Lamas
Ayash
Peyrehendy
Selefkeh
Selefkeh
Region of Virgin Forest
C. Lisan el Kahbeh
Provencal Pt
C. Cavaliere
Kuvadran
C. Anamur
C. Kizliman
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Adana
River deep and rapid
Messis
Bridge 20 Arches
Adana
River deep and rapid
Marshy Plain
Yeni Keui
Kara Issar
Kuradeli
Mersina
Mezetlu
Tarsus
Tchiflikli
Gharr Keui
Kara Issar
Kuradeli
Yeni Keui

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE COAST OF SYRIA.

PAGE

Postal Service of the Coast of Syria — Acre, Sidon — A Resident's Opinion as to Turkish Administration — Halet Pasha — Essaad Pasha — Tripoli — The Kadisha — Mosque — Coast Line and Nusairiyeh Mountains — Alexandretta — — Causes of its Unhealthiness — Its Commercial Advantages — Constant changes of Governors — Want of means of Communication — Roads and Railroads could be easily constructed — Murder of a Missionary — Monuments of former British Residents — Want of Good Harbours — Mersina in 1812 — Causes of its increase — Description of Town — Europeans do not thrive there — Why — Plain of Mersina — Mounds 1–15

CHAPTER II.

MERSINA. POMPEIOPOLIS. ASAAB-EL-KEF. TCHANDEER.

Heat and Unhealthiness of Mersina — Summer Resorts of the People — Geuzna — Ichma — Causes of the Misery of the Turkish Population — The Government does nothing, and will allow nothing to be done — Corruption of Provincial Governors — Ingratitude of Turks — Good Qualities, especially of the Lower Classes — A Comment on the Charge of Ingratitude brought against the Turks — Pompeiopolis — City Wall — Port now a Corn-field — Moles — Dimensions of Port — Colonnade — Inscriptions — Theatre — Utter Destruction of Town — Colonnade hitherto spared — Greek Schools — Hospital — Church — Funereal Monument — Purchase of Horses — Only one Road in Cilicia — Its History — Khalil, Taki Ed-Deen, and Mahmoud Pashas

PAGE

— Soil of Plain like that of the Delta of Egypt — Geuzluk Kalaat a Necropolis — Way in which a Finder of Antiquities is rewarded here — Filthiness of Tarsus — Its Unhealthiness — The Christians advancing — Bazaars — Excellent Iron and Leather Work — Gardens round Tarsus — Nightingales — Armenian Church — Antique Treasure — Lower Level of Old City — Gates of Town — Walls — Tomb of Sardanapalus — Form and Dimensions — Falls of the Cydnus — Water of the Cydnus Unwholesome — Changes in Course of Stream — S. Paul's Well — Excursion to Asaab-el-Kef — Sheikh of the Mosque and his Family — Imperial Benefactress — An Ancient Armenian Fortress — Church and Hermitage — Oppression endured by all Classes, Muslim and Rayah alike — Rock of Tchandeer — Translation of Armenian Inscriptions 16–47

CHAPTER III.

ADANA, MESSIS, AND THE AMANUS.

Plain once a vast Marsh — Look-out Mounds — Vineyards near Adana — The Seihoun (Sarus) — Ancient Bridge — Its History — Prosperity of Adana — Visit to the Wali — How the right of Petition in Turkey is suppressed — Unhealthiness during Summer — A Mining Engineer in the Ottoman Service — The Old Gold Mines of Philip II. and Alexander the Great — A Coal-mine at the Port of Ayass — Why so few Public Works succeed in Turkey — The Bishop of Adana — The Congregation — Character of the Bishop — An Improving Pasha — Exports of Cilicia — Tobacco Culture Disappearing — Why — Foreign Wheat and Cotton Seed degenerates in Cilicia — Advances to Cultivators — Risk in making them — Canals needed — Railway planned, but not made — Fine Port of Ayass — Scanty Population — No Trees on Plain — Turkish Population losing Ground — Christians rising — Great Transfer of Land from Muslim to Christian throughout the Interior — Slavery not Common — Brigandage diminished — Bridge of Adana — Deep and Violent Current of the Sarus — Personal Beauty and Fine Physique of the People — The Olou Jamaa — Great Plain — Nour Dagh — Bridge of Messis — Two of its Arches destroyed — Otter's Account of it in 1736 — Great Inundations — Ruins of Mopsuestia — Inscriptions — Border For-

PAGE

tresses — Ilan Kalesi — Kourt Kalesi — Extreme Beauty and Fertility of the Plain — Circassian Settlers and their Villages — Giamli Keui — Legend of Ilan Kalesi .. 48–75

CHAPTER IV.

THE PYRAMUS. GIAOUR DAGH AND MARASH.

Swiftness and Depth of Pyramus — Toprak Kalasi — A Snake in the Grass — Osmanieh Recruits — Politeness and Grave Courtesy of the Osmanlis — Disturbed State of the Borderland — Robber Chiefs — Government obliged to suppress them — Stubborn resistance — Occasional Outbreaks occur even now — Mountaineers forced to settle in Plain — Osmanieh — A Keurdt like a Sculptured Figure from Nineveh — A Rayah Host — Yalpouzi River — Devrishli Bel, the only Pass through the Giaour Dagh — Labourers to reap the Harvest in the Plain — Keupek Kalesi — Impracticable Group of Mountains — An Armenian Protestant Village — The Billali Pass — Poverty of the People, yet not without Compensating Advantages — We lose the Way — An Armenian Country Gentleman's House — A Warm Welcome to Starved Guests — Grace before and Music during Meat — Toros Chakrian's House — Our Host's Children — Our Host attacked by Brigands a few Weeks before — Giaour Dagh Minor and Lake — Ak Sou and Bridge — Khan at Marash — An Inspection of Weights and Measures — American Presbyterian Mission — Population of Marash — Religious Sects — Success of Protestant Mission — Military Service Tax — Climate and Health of Marash — Cheapness of Provisions — Trade and Manufactures — Fortress — Images of Lion and Panther — Visit to the Churches of the Protestant Mission — Routes from Osmanieh to Marash — Pass once closed by an Ancient Wall — Islahiyeh — Roads from Interior to Alexandretta could be easily constructed 76–103

CHAPTER V.

THE KURSOULOU AND KAYISH RIVERS. BAZAAR. BOUDROUM.

Bridge over the Pyramus — Conglomerate — Landslips — An Armenian Hamlet — Confluence of the Rivers Kursoulou and Jeyhaan — Bridge over the Kursoulou — The Pass of Khadj Bel — Dourbin Dagh — Grand Volcanic Ridges of the Giaour Dagh — Bivouac in the Forest —

PAGE

Endurance of the Cappadocian Horses — Little Cultivation — Scanty Population — Scarcity of Birds and Animals — Great Heat of Mountain Valleys — Ajemli — An Armenian United Family — Scorpion — Centipede — Venomous Snakes in Cilicia — Difficulty of obtaining precise Information from Orientals — Greek Inscription — The Guide to Boudroum — The Kayish Sou, and Broken Ancient Bridge — Koum Kalaat — Dangerous Ford — Churning — Forest Hills — Absence of Animal Life — Exhilarating Air — The Village of Kars or Bazaar — Site of a Considerable Ancient City — Antiquities — An angry Imam — Inscriptions — Exemption from Military Service Tax — Governor or other Official gives a Tone to the Administration — Mount Hemita — The only Relics of former Muslim Villages — Fort of Boudroum — Temple — Tombs — Site of the Ancient City — Colonnade — Churches — Second Colonnade — Theatre — Gymnasium — Inscription — Danger of lingering in such Solitary Spots near the Frontier — Summer Camp of the Villagers of Hemita 104–135

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAVROON AND SOMBAZ RIVERS. ROCK FORTRESS OF ANAZARBA AND SIS.

Churning and Bread-making — Threshing Machine — Fort of Hemita — Windlass at the Ferry — Fords on the Savroon — The Sombaz — The Present Owner of Anazarba — Low Price of Land — Arslan's House — System of Cultivation — Double Wall (ancient) with Towers — Earthquakes which had Destroyed the Town — Arch of Triumph — Theatre — Stadium — Three ancient Aqueducts — Ascent to the Fortress — Church and place of Burial of the Roupenian Thakavors of Armenia (Minor) — Inner Enceinte of Fortress inaccessible — Inscription on Rock outside the City Gate — Turkman Camp — Beauty of the Approach to Sis — The Khan — Carelessness of Orientals as to Personal Conveniences — Church of the Patriarchate — Shrines — Coronation Chair of the Armenian Kings — Bells — Fortress almost Impregnable in Middle Ages — Captured by Muslims of Egypt — Intense Heat of the Plain — No Trees, scarcely even Bushes on it — Bivouac — Suspicious Visitors — Method of tethering Horses to prevent Theft — A slight Mistake — A Day of "Thunder, Lightning, (Hail, and) Rain" — Miserable State of the People in such a Season — Our Greek Interpreter abandons us — Fashionable Resorts of the Adaniots 136–164

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN ADANA.

PAGE

Always try to be a Debtor in the Levant, never a Creditor — My Friend's Sickness — Danger of neglecting the Endemic Diseases of these Lands — Great amount of Malaria in the Plain — Epidemic of Typhus in 1873-4 — Of Small-pox in 1874 — Religious Sects in Adana — Sleeping Cribs in Summer — Midnight Call to Prayer — Market Day in Adana — Labourers — Wages — Scarcity of the Precious Metals — Great Mortality amongst the Labourers — Their Peaceable Behaviour — A Model to Nations of higher pretensions to Civilization — Executions in Adana — A Scene of Horror at an Execution — Prisons in Adana — Increasing Sickness of my Friend — The End — River-side Café — Beauty of Adana — Noble Mountain Scenery — Ajemi Kahve — True Politeness of the Company — Exquisite Atmospheric Effects — Free Trade not the Rule here — Supply and Price of Food — No Adulteration in Turkey — Mechanics' Wages — Produce and Trade of Cilicia — Scarcity in 1873 — Barley — Transport — Cotton of Cilicia — Wool — Sesame Seed — Imports — Rate of Interest — Fellahhin Borrow — but Repayment uncertain — The Dîme — Protestant Armenian Chapel — Real Religious Liberty in Turkey — Education in Adana — Christian Sects fast advancing in Education — Backwardness of Turks in this respect — The Sheikh of the Sourijis — The Defterdar of the Province — Scene in his Bureau — Prefect of Police of Adana — A Conversation on Politics — The Russians — Yakoob Beg — Environs of Adana unsafe even now — Support from the Authorities necessary for the Traveller in Asia Minor 165–197

CHAPTER VIII.

HIGHLANDS OF CILICIA. THE CILICIAN GATES. PASS OF BOZANTI.

No Travelling by Day in the Plain — A Night March — Jackals — Labourers exposed to the deadly Night Air — A Fever-stricken Village — Approach to the Highlands — Turkmans — Yaramiz Fountain — Specimen of the Way in which a Turkish Governor recoups himself — Entrance to the Pass of "Kulek Boghaz" — Geuzluk Khan — "Water, Stones,

PAGE

and a Bench to Sleep on" — Sunstroke most common in earlier Part of the Day — Snow-range in Brilliant Sunlight — Ravine leading to the Pylœ Ciliciæ — A Naturalist in the Mountains — House of the Austrian Botanist, Kotchy — Opinions as to Russian aims by a Traveller of Experience — The Village only affords Water — Peak above Defile — A Night on the Roof of the Police Station — Ibrahim Pasha's rule in Cilicia — Passes from the Interior over the Mountain Chain rendered impracticable — The Pylœ Ciliciæ — Tremendous Rock-walls — No Egyptian or Assyrian Inscriptions — Ibrahim Pasha's Entrenchments — Hadjin Dagh — Bel Amalik Dagh — Khan at Bozanti — An Armenian Host who knows how to Charge — Ak Keupri — Two Sources of unwholesome Water — Ravine of the Ak Sou — Tahta Keupri — Roman Bath, and Hot Mineral Spring — Tchifteh Khan — Vast Precipices of the Bulghar Dagh 198–220

CHAPTER IX.

OLOUKISHLA. PLAIN OF LYCAONIA. EREGLI.

Visit to the Mines of Bulghar Maden — Hamathite Inscription — Oloukishla — A Turkish Salaamlik — The Great Khan — Mosque, Bath, and Bazaar all in Ruins — Contributions to Supper — A hungry Party — Sufferings of Village during the Famine — The Lemurs — First View of the Great Plain of Lycaonia — Symmetrical Volcanic Cones — Extreme Beauty of Flowers — Lonesomeness of the Country—Village of Tchaian in Famine Time — Piteous Tale of Suffering — Estimated Loss of Flocks and Herds not exaggerated — Hassan Dagh and Karajah Dagh — Causes of the unhealthy Climate of Lycaonia — Position of Eregli — The Ak Göl ("White Lake") — The Duden — Visitors from a Famine-stricken Village — Hadji Hassan's Garden — Tameness of the Birds — Nightingales — Storks — An Osmanli's Repose A Good Waiter — Little Osman and his afflictions — How we fared at Eregli 221–244

CHAPTER X.

IBREEZ. THE GREAT PLAIN. DEVLEH.

Start for Ibreez — Extreme beauty of Landscape—A Picturesque Karamanian Lane — Number and Tameness of the Nightingales — The River of Ibreez — The Mukhtar's House

PAGE

— Great Source under Red Precipices — Hamathite Inscriptions and Bas-relief — Our Armenian Guide — A would-be Soldier — A ruined Christian Hermitage — Ali Aga's Unwelcome Guests — Valuing the Dîme — Bitter Complaint of Peasants — The Ushirjis discuss the Stream with me — Their Legend of its Origin — Description of the Bas-relief and Inscriptions — Ibreez visited by Otter in 1737 — In 1840 by Moltke and Fischer — Cruel Oppression of the People — Yet they submit — Fish of the Ibreez River — A Night Walk through the Lanes of Eregli — Price of Provisions in Eregli — Prices in former Days — Baron de Tott — The Asper — Para — Cost of entertaining Man and Horse at Van two centuries ago — Price of a Horse in 1705 — A Cheap Entertainment — Cost of a Ship of War in 1750 — in 1657 — in 1820 — Rent in Khans of Constantinople two Centuries ago — Visitors — An Armenian Priest — Magnificence of Flowers on the Great Plain — Dreary District round Devleh — Suffering and Loss of the Villagers during the Famine 245–269

CHAPTER XI.

DERBE. KARAMAN.

Rock Cemetery — Brilliant Colouring of the Plain — Treacherous Climate — Excavating the Sarcophagus — Serpek on the Site of Ancient Derbe — Derivation of the Name Devleh — Tradition of Villagers — Our Hostess's Butter — Storehouses of the Natives — Wages — Sterling Character of the Osmanlis — Climate in Winter — Wolves — How the Peasants pass the Winter — Happy Condition before the Famine — Laziness of the Men — Inscriptions — Volcanic Cones — Discovery of the Sarcophagus — Dimensions — It had been broken into before — Its Contents — Description of the Sarcophagus — Brilliant Colouring of the Mountain Ranges — A Wilderness — The Tomb of Hadji Ahmed — Great Marsh — Clearness of the Air — Sidevre — Inhospitality of its People — A Keurdt — The Yeni Khan — A Hospitable Friend, and his History — The Merchants of Kaisariyeh — Appearance of Karaman — Climate — Former Importance of the Place — Mosques — Valideh Tekkesi — Khatounieh — Beautiful Gateway — No Remains of Ancient Laranda — Courtesy and Kindness of the People of Karaman 270–300

CHAPTER XII.

LYSTRA. KESTEL. MAUGA. MOUT.

PAGE

Excursion to Kara Dagh — Extreme Penury of the Provincial Governments — Village of Kilbassen — Its Sufferings during the Famine — The Land Changing Hands — Turkish Population Diminishing — Bin Bir Kilisseh (The Thousand and one Churches) — Village of Maden Shehir — A Turkish Betrothed Maiden — Pastoral Music — Our Host — Ruins — Probably this is the Site of Lystra — Kenger Coffee — Huge Antique Water Vessel — Brigands in Bozalla Dagh — The Kaimakam's Warning to us — The People Better than their Reputation — Deep Limestone Ravine — Village of Geuezz — The Mukhtar's Granary — Thunder-storm — The Village in Famine Time — A Delicate Question — Passes through the Taurus to the Sea Coast — Echoes of Thunder in the Ravine — Native Archæologists — Geudett — Its Yaila and Hospitable People — Climate and Appearance of this Highland District — Kestel Dagh and Village — Hospitality is refused us — The Kaimakam's Secretary — Visitors — Their Discontent with their own Government — A Conversation on Politics — Ruins of an Ancient City — Church — Fort — The Valley of the Gieuk Sou (Calycadnus) — A Night with the Yourouks — The Rock Fortress of Mauga — Tremendous Rock Precipices and Abysses — Arabic Inscription — Heat of the River Valley — Intense Solitude of the Pine Woods — Fountain of Mout — Castle of Mout, and Mausolea of the Sons of Karaman Oglou — The Fountain at Evening 301–333

CHAPTER XIII.

VALLEY OF THE CALYCADNUS. PALŒPOLIS. ERMENEK.

Claudiopolis — The Yatar Tash — Latin Inscription — Guides to Ford the River — Swiftness of the Gieuk Sou — Adrass, Bardat, and Geden Mountains — Villagers Refuse a Guide — Churlishness of the Peasantry of this District — Vast Forests — Precipices of Adrass and Bardat — Bivouac with the Miller of Bejeh — The Volcanic Flame on Daoush

PAGE

Tepe — Ruins of Balabolu (Palœpolis) — Sarcophagi — Huge Old Juniper Trees — Tradition of the Capture of the City — Tombs of the Muslim Soldiers — Snakes and Snake Bites — Effect of a Good Cuffing — The Tea Plant Grows Wild in these Mountains — "Tell us how to find the Buried Treasures!" — The Korou Deresi (Parched Valley) — Descent to Ermenek — Terrible Hail-storm — Our Khan Swamped — Immense Damage done by the Hail — Description of Ermenek and its Neighbourhood — Difficulty of Reaching the Sea Coast — Beauty of the Children and Young Girls — Nahli's Former Visit to Ermenek, and Adventures there — Nawahi — Gelibel Dagh — Yourouk Camp at Altoun Tash — A Hospitable Old Lady and her Daughter 334–360

CHAPTER XIV.

TCHUKOUR. DURGELLER. ALATA. KHADEM.

Passage of Muharram Bel — Kizilja and its Kadi — Guide to the Inscription of Tchukour — Had been a Prisoner of War at Tiflis — Coarse Barley Bread — Tchukour — The Officer from Stamboul — Ravine of the Gieuk Sou — Rock Fortress — Latin Inscription — Wild District — An Assassination — Fountains of Yerkooblu — "Black Water" — The Hospitable Mudir of Durgeller — Derivation of the word "Durgeller" — Villagers have a Bad Reputation — The Head Servant warns me against Thieves — Precautions of our Souriji — Start for Alata — A Disagreeable Zaptieh — View over Isauria — Anxiety on Account of my Baggage — A Line of Precipices — Villagers of Alata Inhospitable — Difficulty of finding a Guide — Remarkable Geology of the District — Mernak — Handsome Room of the Mukhtar — The Serai at Khadem — The Kaimakam and his Friends — I am Suspected of being a Russian Spy — The House of the Mufti of Khadem — Fever — Visitors — My Host a Fine Specimen of the Osmanli Country Gentleman — A Native Doctor — Healthy Climate of Khadem — My Host's House — His Hospitality — His Wealth — The History of his Family, and their Settlement in Khadem — The True Meccan Coffee — His Sons — Their Great Respect for him — Filial Piety amongst the Osmanlis — An Examination of Nahli — "You Tchelebi, I suppose, do drink Raki?" .. 361–398

CHAPTER XV.

MOUNTAINS OF ISAURIA. RUINS OF ISAURA.

PAGE

Birds — Nahli's Grievance — The Mufti's Kindness — An Excellent Zaptieh — Course of the Alata River — Site of an Ancient Ruined Town — Mosque of Bolat — Ibex Horns — High Plateau — Extensive Vine Cultivation — Endurance of our Zaptieh — Ashikler — Dreadful Ascent to it — Wild Appearance of the Isaurian Country — Temple Tombs — Gateway of Isaura — Fortifications — Bas-reliefs — Arch of Triumph — Inscriptions — Agora — The Great Look-out Tower — Ideas about Buried Treasure — Vast Ranges of Mountains seen from Isaura — Lake of Seidi Shehir — The Porch of the Mosque at Aijilar — Origin of the Name — Routes in the Mountains of Isauria — Elmasun — Inhospitable Villagers — Obliged to Billet Ourselves — Intense Heat and Lonesomeness of the Great Plain — Bussola — Cassaba — A Funeral — Resignation of the Muslim not from Apathy — Anecdote in Point — Behaviour of the Muslim under Affliction — Ilisera — Return to Karaman 399-430

CHAPTER XVI.

PASS OF DUMBELEK. HIGH RANGES OF TAURUS. EFRENK.

Change in the Climate since our Former Visit — Unable to Obtain Baggage Horses — High Charges of the Khanji — Greed and Overreaching Spirit of Most Oriental Christians — Their General Character when they become Rich — Village of Ibrala — A Cool Reception — The Evening Prayer — Rocky Plateau above Ibrala to the Base of the High Mountains — No Water for Seven Hours' March — Fountain, but no Shade — Characteristic Reply of an Old Osmanli Shepherd — Camp of Mustafa Tekerlèk — Appearance and Behaviour of the Yourouk Chief — An Alvanlö Villager in Hiding — Yourouks Necessary in these Mountains for the Safety of Travellers — Mustafa examines our Souriji — A Starvation Supper — The Tea Plant grows Wild here — Our Revolvers — Obtrusive Behaviour of the Alvanlö Man — Mustafa's Heart fails Him — Turkish Form of Taking Leave — We Learn more about Mustafa Tekerlèk — Descent into Valley of Efrenk — Our Lodging for the Night — Humidity of the Valley — A Case of Sunstroke 431-447

CHAPTER XVII.

GEUZNA. FEVER EPIDEMIC IN MERSINA.

PAGE

Juniper Forest — Fine Forests of Southern Karamania — Complete Change of Climate and Vegetation on descending from the Highlands — Great Rainfall on the First Ranges of the Taurus — Geuzna, the "Yaila" of Mersina — Nahli's way of Communicating Bad News — Cholera and Quarantine — Climate of Geuzna — An English Speculator — A Café Full of Fever Patients — Deadly Nature of the Fever of Cilicia — Bouloukli — Powerful Sun and Suffocating Heat of Plain — Great Sickness in Mersina — The Khan — Nahli enters Government Service — Bad News from Syria — Our Friend Mustafa Tekerlèk in Trouble — Had been formerly somewhat of a Brigand — Two of a Trade seldom agree — Our Souriji a Retired Brigand — Risk to European Travellers — Less near the Coast — But People of the Country not Dishonest — Brigandage in Asia Minor — Heat and Malaria — Travelling in Asia Minor Dangerous in Hot Season — Sickness in the Town on the Increase — The Naturalist from Kulek Boghaz — Strength and Health failing — Natives Suffer Equally — A Crisis — Choice between Fever and Starvation — Damp Heat — Sea Breeze — Land Breeze — Cholera Expected at Adana — Nahli's Experience as a Tax-gatherer — He is too Honest for Turkey — Ferocity of the Wolves — My former Interpreter Hanna — I unwittingly escaped a Serious Danger — Great Interest of Travel in Asia Minor — But it is Dangerous — A Telegram from Mersina viâ Diarbekir and Constantinople to England — Attack of Ague — Boatmen and Labourers of Mersina nearly all Arabs — Last View of Cilicia — The Ex-Pasha of Bagdad — Arab Horses — Their Peculiarities — Forest on Fire — Tedious Voyage — Heat — Quarantine — Home 448–475

Condition of the Muslim Peasantry in Asiatic Turkey .. 477–484

The Armenian Kings of Cicilia 485–491

Historical Summary 492–526

Itinerary 527

Glossary 529

Index 531

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Yourouk Encampment	*Frontispiece*	
Sketch Map	*To face Contents*	
Route Map	„ *page*	1
Tarsus in August	„ „	30
Demir Kapou (Iron Gate), Tarsus	„ „	37
Adana	„ „	60
Plan of Messis	„ „	66
Messis and the Pyramus	„ „	68
Marash	„ „	102
Town and Fortress of Sis	„ „	152
The Ajemi Café at Adana	„ „	182
The Pylœ Ciliciæ	„ „	212
Site of Derbe	„ „	278
Karaman	„ „	300
The Rock of Mauga	„ „	328
Plan of the Ruined City of Isaura	„ „	412

And Twenty-four Woodcuts in the Text.

MAP OF ASIA MINOR SHEWING THE DISTRICT VISITED BY REV^D E. J. DAVIS.

Scale of Eng. Stat. Miles
100 50 0 100 200

London; Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross.

Stanford's Geog^l Estab^t

LIFE IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE COAST OF SYRIA.

The postal service of the coast of Syria and Karamania is discharged by no less than four lines of steamers, the French, Russian, Austrian, and Egyptian. The three former receive a subvention from the governments to which they respectively belong, for the commerce of these coasts is by no means sufficient to support so many steamers, and in the case of the Russian and French lines political considerations are chiefly regarded. The Egyptian line is worked at a loss; but so long as Europe is content to lend money to the Khedive, it will be of no moment whether the undertaking pays or not. There is a line of Egyptian steamers, in the Red Sea, which is supposed to be worked at a profit, but so great is the competition on the Mediterranean side—to say nothing of other disadvantages—that it is not possible for the Compagnie Khédiviale to succeed, although the ships are good and the commanders experienced Italian or Dalmatian seamen.

I left Alexandria on April 11th, 1875, for Mersina, by the Russian steamer 'Alexander'; the ship was

crowded, and the accommodation bad, but the captain was most polite, the ship's steward attentive, and the cookery excellent. Dinner, according to Russian custom, is commenced by salted meats, caviar, pickles, sardines, &c., served with a small glass of vodki or raki. The wine is of two kinds, black and white, both the produce of the Crimea. At evening tea is served in tumblers with slices of lemon.

April 12th.—Arrived at Port Said. The town seems much increased since my last visit, and I observe that the deposit of sand on the west side of the jetty is rapidly advancing.

The Duke of Mecklenburg came on board here on his way to Jaffa. His suite consisted of five or six young men, and with him came Count Levachoff, the Russian Governor of Tiflis, and his wife, an English lady. The Egyptian frigates in the harbour manned yards, fired salutes, and their bands played "God save the Queen." The larger frigate gave a grand breakfast to the Duke.

April 13th.—Arrived at Jaffa. The Duke and his suite went ashore at about 11, and at midday our steamer left for Acre. There is a fine view of the long projecting ridge of Mount Carmel as the steamer coasts along. We passed the Caipha light at about 11 P.M., and at midnight anchored off Acre. There had been a steady north breeze all day, which died out suddenly as we entered the bay of Acre. We left Acre at 1 A.M., and on

April 14th reached Saida at daybreak. The town is built on a tongue of land under low undulating hills, covered with the fresh green of corn land and

pasture; the harbour is formed by a small rocky island, and might easily be made a good port. A picturesque old castle rises close by the beach. The site of Saida hardly admits the existence of a large city, according to modern estimation. It is probable that the size and importance of ancient cities were overestimated; Sidon could hardly have been the rich and populous place which the language of Scripture would lead us to suppose, but the relatively restricted commerce and wealth of the Scriptural times would give importance to what we should now regard as inferior. Saida is famous for its fruit; and the delicious fragrance of its orange gardens was wafted far out to sea. Here I made the acquaintance of Mr. W., a British merchant of Beyrout. He is leaving the East, and is glad to escape from it, although he liked Beyrout, and felt much interest in the people of the country. He held the gloomiest views about Turkish finance, and said that great trouble was expected in the autumn (events have, unfortunately, only too well verified his fears! 1876–7). He mentioned his own experience of the utter corruption and hopeless confusion of Turkish provincial administration, an experience which I find universal and everywhere corroborated. Halet Pasha, the late Governor-General of Syria, was an intensely bigoted, corrupt, and indolent man. Under him the province was fast going to utter ruin; many parts were becoming depopulated owing to excessive taxation, the inroads of the Bedaween, and village warfare. At last he was recalled, and Essaad Pasha sent in his place (since dead, 1876). He was a man of energy

and honesty, and being also a very able man, soon began to put things in order; but he did not govern Syria many months, for he was recalled to Stamboul to marry the Sultan's niece. The lady, it seems, saw him at a review, fell in love with him (he was just then a widower), and asked that he might be married to her, and, as it was reported, much against his will, he was obliged to submit. Mr. W. also gave me an account of the stupid administration of the Beyrout Custom House.

Reached Beyrout at 8 A.M. Here by appointment I met my friend and fellow traveller, Mr. Seiff, of Dresden. The day was occupied in making various purchases for our intended journey, and in rambling about this very pretty and flourishing city.

April 15th.—Reached the roadstead of Tripoli at 8 A.M. The town is at a distance of about two miles from the sea, situated in a hollow under the hills which form the first slopes of Lebanon.

Tripoli is separated from the sea by a small triangular plain, about one mile and a half broad. At the point of this plain, which projects into the sea, is the landing-place "el Mina," a little town of itself. The site of the old town was on the promontory at the base of which the present city stands. The remains of a great wall some twenty feet in thickness, with the ruins of towers, may still be traced across the promontory from the mouth of the Kadisha to the seashore on the S.W. The ancient Phœnician city was formed by colonies from Sidon, Tyre, and Aradus, but the present city only dates from the time of the Crusades. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, built the castle

in the twelfth century for the protection of pilgrims, and gradually the new town sprang up around it along the course of the river. The castle, of red and yellow limestone, stands on a ridge a little to the S.E. of the town. There is a noble background of mountains, culminating in Jebel Mukhmel, under which is the famous grove of cedars. On the left is Jebel Akkar; but none of these mountains, though apparently loftier, are so thickly covered with snow as Sunnin.

Here too, as at Saida, the scent of the orange groves was perceptible far off the shore (it was, indeed, almost too strong), and the short-lived spring verdure was exquisitely beautiful. The bay of Tripoli is deep and capacious, defended by a number of rocky islets extending northwards from the point of the promontory. But it is only a roadstead, and lies open to the gales from the N.W., which are frequent and violent along all this coast.

The waters of the bay are now deeply stained by the red deposit of the impetuous Kadisha, whose sources lie far up under the crests of Lebanon, and which when spring comes, and the snows begin to melt, "runs purple to the sea," like the stream of the loved Adonis.

Between the sea and the town of Tripoli extends a tract of land of extreme fertility, resembling the district round Jaffa. It is cultivated with the utmost care, and from it comes the finest fruit in all Syria. The soil is a rich red earth, without a stone, and the gardens are carefully fenced or walled in. The people look healthy, especially the children, who are fine stout little creatures, with lustrous eyes, and

deep peach-like tint; many with blonde hair, and I saw no ophthalmia amongst them. The town is remarkably clean, and the streets are well paved with squared stones, yet the place has a bad reputation for insalubrity. Outside the town a troop of Turkish cavalry was encamped; their horses looked poor, and the men, though stout and strong, were clumsy and ill set-up. We visited a fine mosque, which much resembled the mosques in Cairo, having high niches over its gateways, ornamented with stalactites. The upper lintel of the door was square and straight, the stones mortised one into the other, exactly as in the mosques of Cairo. The large courtyard of the mosque was surrounded by a fine arcade of pointed arches; the gateway into this courtyard was an arch in imitation of Greek work, with the abacus and egg ornament, but cut very shallow: the lower edge of the arch being of the wreathed cable pattern. The gateways of several other buildings near the great mosque are equal in point of execution to the mosques of Cairo; the material of which they are built is like that of the castle, a hard reddish limestone, but with alternate layers of black basalt. The inscriptions on these mosques are not in Cufic, but in the usual Arabic characters. A number of false antique coins were offered to me for sale, but no genuine antiques. I observed, however, in some of the shops, some fine Cufic copper vessels. Two large Corinthian capitals were lying at the gateway of the guard-house, towards the sea. For many centuries the site of ancient Tripoli has served as a quarry, and even yet the supply of marble and hewn stone is far from being exhausted.

We left Tripoli at 2 P.M. The coast-line is marked by long stripes of emerald green, showing the site of gardens and corn-fields. Between the end of the Lebanon range, and the beginning of the Nusairiyeh mountains, is a broad depression; and beyond this, low hills mark the beginning of the Nusairi country. Fortunately the sea was smooth, for our ship was most uncomfortably crowded; though we had happily escaped the "Cook" and "Stanger" tourist parties—but many Americans and English had joined us at Beyrout on their way to Constantinople. One band of "Stanger" tourists—an aristocratic German party from Berlin—has been very unfortunate. They had been miserably provided, had suffered much from bad weather, and some of their number when near Damascus, were assaulted and robbed by their own escort.

April 16*th*.—Arrived early at the roadstead of Alexandretta. The town is close to the sea, and built along the shore upon a low ridge of sand, behind which, for about three miles, a low marshy plain, only a very little above sea-level, extends up to the foot of lofty hills, which are now beautifully green from the spring verdure. High above these hills rises the main chain of the Amanus, with here and there a snow mountain. No trees nor bushes break the dull uniformity of the plain. There is a certain amount of movement visible, long trains of camels come and go, the beach is heaped with bales and merchandise, a number of large lighters are drawn up along the shore. But it is a miserable place; there are but few stone-built houses, and the outskirts of the town consist of wretched wooden huts, many of them raised a

few feet on posts, so as to be somewhat out of reach of the malaria, which here is especially deadly.

Landed to visit the English Vice-Consul, Mr. Francks, and his young wife, just arrived, (who I am sorry to say is since dead). He spoke of the constant changes of governors; within eight months there had been five new governors of Aleppo. One of them was Mohammed Rushdi Pasha, who was afterwards sent to the Hedjaz as governor, and died there. The last new governor came into the port, by the Russian steamer 'Vladimir,' whilst we were lying there. Mr. Francks told us that Alexandretta, though still very unhealthy, had less of virulent malignant fever than formerly, owing, he thought, to improved cultivation. There was much less game also than in earlier days, and this too he attributed to the same cause. Still the health of the place must always be bad. There is a fetid swamp at the back of the town, and the mountains which hem in the plain cut off the breeze, so that in summer the air is perfectly stagnant; and every little torrent from the heights forms a long line of marsh, as it slowly makes it way to the sea, through the rank, oozy soil. But in despite of these serious drawbacks, the position of Alexandretta, as the anchorage nearest to Beylan, the only pass through the mountains towards Aleppo and North Syria, will always make it an important *entrepôt*. Some of the cottages were actually surrounded by a green and fetid marsh! None but acclimatized residents could have existed a week in such a position. Even they are unable to endure it long, and generally the people of the place, as I heard, are short-lived.

Alexandretta seems a little improved since I saw it in 1865; a few new buildings have been erected, and a road constructed for a little distance towards Beylan. A man who had just ridden down from Aleppo, to come on by the steamer, told me that owing to heavy rain all the bridges had been washed away, and the road was well-nigh impassable. He said that the trade between Aleppo and Alexandretta was very considerable; he thought that some 30,000 to 40,000 camels would be employed in bringing down produce, between that time and October. About 10,000 bales of cotton, 30,000 of wool, and an immense quantity of valonea were exported every year from Alexandretta. The Government never gave the least help, by road-making or other improvements (the same complaint everywhere!), and at times camels could not advance at all. The Beylan pass once crossed, a railway to Aleppo would be easy, as nearly the whole country is level. The people of Aleppo are not at all fanatical, perhaps in consequence of the large proportion of Christians and Jews living in the place. The town is clean, but its water execrable. He mentioned the Aleppo boil, and said that it was not known what caused it; I think, however, that he gave a very exaggerated account of it. Polluted water has been assigned as its cause; another, and more probable account, is, that it arises from the puncture of a venomous mosquito. The scourge is not confined to Aleppo, it prevails in Mesopotamia, and on the coast of Arabia. The boil almost invariably appears in the face, especially on the nose, and strangely enough, it often appears long after the patient has left the country. It is always obstinate,

lasting for months together, and causing the most disfiguring scars.

We entered the Greek churchyard at Alexandretta, and I copied some of the inscriptions.

"In memory of—Rev. Jackson Coffing, A.M., a citizen—of the United States of America—and—Missionary of the American Board—resident at Adana—died at Alexandretta—March 16, 1862—from wounds received near—this place at the hands of—assassins—aged 37 years—fear not them which kill the—body."

It seems he was riding from Adana to Alexandretta; but when about half an hour from Alexandretta, he and his attendant were stopped in a grove of myrtle,* by a party of mountaineers, who demanded their money. Mr. Coffing drew out a revolver, upon which the mountaineers fired on them; the attendant was badly wounded, Mr. Coffing mortally, and he died in the house of Mr. Levi, the then British Vice-Consul, at Alexandretta. It is supposed that robbery was not the real reason for the murder—but Mr. Coffing was a most zealous missionary—too zealous for his own safety! and had made many enemies at Adana, who had determined to be rid of him. Mr. Francks said that the United States Consul-General at Beyrout had used every effort to bring the murderers to justice, but in vain; as the Ottoman authorities either dared not, or would not, send troops to the village of the murderers in the Giaour Dagh. I have heard, however, another account, according to which, one assassin was caught and executed soon after the murder, and another several years after, owing to the

* The myrtle along this coast is quite a large shrub, growing to twice or more than twice the height of a man.

unceasing exertions of the American Ambassador at Constantinople. An American frigate was sent to see that justice was done, and the man was accordingly hanged; but my informant, who knew all the facts of the case, declared that however much the culprit may have deserved his fate on other grounds, he had nothing to do with Mr. Coffing's murder. According to Mr. Francks' account, even those arrested on suspicion were suffered to escape.

On highly ornamented monuments of white marble, are the following inscriptions:—

"Martinus Loe, Londinensis, Anglorum, per tria fere lustra accurate curans, Alexandriæ qui loco adeo insaluberrimo tot sæcula audiant! cum officio et negotiis, si quis alius nequaquam impar Spartam quam nactus est semper ornans immaturo fato quadrigenarius licet 24 Novembris A.D. 1677 conterraneis suis et externis, indigenis et advenis, universis equidem miseris præsertim et pauperibus flebilis occidit, nulli flebilior quam Luciæ viduæ afflictissimæ binisque infantibus Martino et Mariæ—quæ optimo marito hoc monumentum sacravit."

"Hic jacet D Lucia uxor Q.D. Martini Loe consulis pro S.M. Britannica Scandarone. Vixit annos L, obiit die XII Julii MDCC."

"H L Johannes Wilson Anglo Britannorum agro * * * moniæ natus ex domo satis honesta satis antiquâ, Anglorum mercatorum res hic loci summâ cum laude per varios annos gessit, vir qui officio suo et negotiis ne unquam quidem defuit—fato ahi nimis immaturo in loco insaluberrimo cum triginta et octo annos summo cum honore superasset—ipsissimo die—anno autem salutis Christianæ MDCCXII abreptus fuit. Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit—nulli flebilior quam Mariæ viduæ mœstissimæ filia Martini Loe ex eadem gente oriundi quæ optimo marito maximo dolore hoc monumentum posuit. Felices ter et amplius per XVII annos nos irrupta tenuit copula."

"Depositum Edmundi Sawyer Armigeri Angli, claris parentibus orti apud Kettering in Agro Northamptoniensi qui rei

mercatoriæ gratiâ in Aleppo aliquot annos vixisset donec tabe correptus—et in patriam suam terrestrem patrimonio satis amplo dilatam reversurus reperta prius magni pretii margarita fide scilicet verâ cum pœnitentia ad cælestem morte translatus est."

I could find no date upon the last monument.

The mountains round the bay of Alexandretta present many varieties of trachyte; the main range is limestone, but pierced, upheaved, and modified in its structure by volcanic action. The forms of the mountains here are very beautiful.

We left the roadstead of Alexandretta a little before midnight, and stood over to the coast of Karamania. After we had passed Cape Mallus, a slight S.W. breeze sprang up, and the ship began to roll considerably. The ports of North Syria and Karamania, though effectually sheltered on the north, offer but little protection against S. and S.W. winds; indeed, excepting Ayass, which is comparatively unknown, there is no good port along the whole coast of Karamania, before one reaches Marmorice.

April 17*th.*—Soon after daybreak Mersina was in sight. This place, which in Captain Beaufort's time (1812) consisted of a few wretched huts, raised on piles, as a means of escaping the malaria of the plain, owes its development to the active demand for cereals, consequent upon the Crimean war, and is now a large and flourishing "Scala," at which most of the produce of Cilicia is exported. As at Alexandretta, vessels of large draught must anchor at a considerable distance from the shore, and sometimes in winter cannot approach at all. The sea-coast is here bordered by a line of light-brown sand-hills; the

plain beyond them, which extends towards the east till lost to sight, is bounded on the north by the Taurus, at a distance of about two hours' ride. The nearer mountain heights are of a light-grey colour, and covered with sparse brushwood and trees; the inner ranges stand thick with forest, and the highest chain rises to the limit of perpetual snow.

We landed at a ruinous-looking custom-house. The douaniers were civil, but we heard that this was not the case usually; indeed some of the European consular agents had been obliged to complain of their harshness and incivility. Mersina possesses no inn, so that unless the traveller bears letters of introduction, the only shelter to be had is in the khan, good in its way, but presenting a somewhat abrupt introduction to the discomforts of travel in Turkey.

Owing, however, to the kindness of the British Vice-Consul, a lodging in a private house was found for us.

Mersina seems a flourishing little place; its bazaars, thronged by the various races who have settled here, present a scene of great animation; some of its streets are paved with squared blocks of limestone, the work of Khalil Pasha, a former governor of the vilayet of Adana; and there are many really good stone houses. As usual in the ports of these regions, Greeks and Christians of Syria are the principal inhabitants—the Greeks being energetic, enterprising, and many of them rich. The purely European residents are very few in number; an unhealthy climate and the lax commercial morality of the place, render it almost impossible for a European to thrive, or even live

there. A large proportion of the population consists of Christians from North Syria, or people of the Nusairiyeh mountains, who are here called "fellahhin," and are not very orthodox Muslims. Excepting the officials, very few Turks reside in Mersina; but the floating Turkish population is large, as almost the entire transport of the province is by means of camels, and the camel men are invariably Turks. Their dress is most picturesque; and it was curious to observe their way of feeding their animals, by thrusting down their throats huge balls of well-kneaded meal, in the same way as poultry are fattened in Europe.

In the afternoon we walked out to see the environs of the town. For about half an hour's distance extend gardens, thickly planted with fruit-trees. Brightly coloured cottages, or summer huts raised on piles, project from each mass of foliage; but all is neglected, and one can nowhere see the fine cultivation of the gardens around Tripoli. Although the soil is most fertile, the fruit and vegetables are insipid, the only exception being peaches, which are here of excellent quality, and grow to a large size.

Beyond the gardens, an undulating plain of rich red soil extends to the foot of the mountains; not a third of it is under cultivation, most is in brushwood, or scrubby pasture; the wheat, however, is well irrigated, and grows luxuriantly.

At about equal distances from Mersina, three mounds, evidently artificial, rise from the plain; one of them is still crowned by a small fortification, said to be of Genoese work—in this district all ancient

buildings are attributed to the Genoese. These mounds were doubtless used in the olden time as fortified watch-towers, and large hewn stones are still dug from them, and carried to Mersina for building purposes. The approach of an enemy could be easily perceived from them, as they command a view of the whole plain east and west, far as the eye can reach.

CHAPTER II.

MERSINA. POMPEIOPOLIS. ASAAB EL KEF. TCHANDEER.

April 18*th*.—To-day we proposed making an excursion to Pompeiopolis, but heavy rain threatened, so we gave up our intention. The British Vice-Consul, Mr. Tattarachi, invited us to his house; I was much amused by the account he gave of his appointment to the post through the kind influence of His Grace the present Archbishop of Canterbury, "Sir Tait," as he called him, to whom he had been of service whilst he was travelling in this country.

Mr. Tattarachi said, that in summer the heat of Mersina, and of the whole plain, was overpowering, and that very virulent fever and dysentery prevail in consequence of the malaria. At present the people look healthy enough. The food supply of the place is tolerably good, the bread excellent, and even the water, though turbid and warm, not of bad quality. Formerly, all the water used in Mersina was obtained from wells, and was extremely unwholesome; but a few years since an aqueduct was made from the river, which flows to the west of the town.

Mersina has, however, this great advantage, that it is only six hours distant from the high mountain ranges, where a pure and healthy atmosphere can be enjoyed during the sickly summer months. The chief summer resort is the village of Geuzna, almost

due north from Mersina, and about 4000 feet above the sea. Here the climate resembles that of England in a mild April, and a very low temperature can be obtained by ascending the mountains above the village.

Ichma is another summer resort. It is situated in a gorge of the mountains, north by east from Mersina. A hot sulphurous spring here bursts from the rock, and traces of ancient baths and other buildings are yet visible near the stream.

Mr. Tattarachi is no lover of the Turks; he says that their poverty and misery are due to their own lazy improvidence. When the harvest happens to be good, they must go off on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and spend all they possess; or they must take an extra wife and give themselves up to idleness and gormandizing till all is consumed. They never lay by anything for a bad season, so that when the harvest fails, which is an event common enough, they have no resource whatever, and are at once on the brink of starvation. Then too the Government will do nothing for the good of the country, nor suffer others to do anything. As an instance of this dog-in-the-manger policy, he mentioned their treatment of an offer made by Mr. Mavromati, the principal Greek merchant of Mersina. This gentleman, who is very wealthy, proposed to irrigate the plain of Tarsus and Adana by canal works from the Cydnus and Sarus, on condition of receiving for twenty years a certain duty on the land irrigated; but the Government authorities refused his offer. He might have obtained the concession, had he been willing to expend 3000*l.* to 4000*l.* in

bucksheesh; but he would not do this, and so a very beneficial public enterprise fell through. Mr. Tattarachi gave us some anecdotes touching the bad conduct of the provincial governors; e. g., a few days before, he had noticed in the store of an Armenian merchant in the town, some wheat, which he recognized as foreign wheat, that is, not grown in Cilicia. Upon examining it, he found it to be wheat from Cyprus, and the Armenian, on being closely questioned, confessed that the Kaimakam of Mersina had sold it to him, and that it was part of the wheat imported by the Government from Cyprus for the relief of the famine-stricken districts of the interior, which the Governor had embezzled, and was privately selling.

Speaking of the ingratitude of the Turks, he said, that do what we would for them, in their eyes we were still only "Giaours"—blind instruments in all we did of a higher power, and quite unworthy of gratitude, supposing an Oriental was even capable of such a sentiment, a point which appeared to him very doubtful. I said it was "natural for the Turkish peasant under so bad a Government, to live only for the day, probably under a better Government he would improve;" but our friend said "Never"; even should their Government be improved, their religion would still keep them back; and when once a Turk begins to acquire wealth he becomes corrupt and vicious. He admitted, however, that the race possessed *some* good qualities, especially the poorer classes—they were so "good," so quiet, so docile, so obedient; no country in the world could be more easily governed, and few

present so great advantages. He ended his remarks by saying, "Would to God they would all disappear!"

Such is the feeling of an intelligent Greek—himself in a position of complete independence—towards the ruling race! And it is wonderful that he should have admitted even thus much! for almost invariably the Greek finds no single good quality, of any kind or degree, in the Turkish people.

As illustrative of an Oriental's gratitude, one of my friends mentioned the other day an anecdote in point. He is acquainted with a Syrian of the Greek Church, whose family had been settled since Mehemet Ali's days in Damietta, and in the course of two generations had managed to scrape together about 80,000*l*. This man, speaking with my friend about the Turco-Russian war, could not forbear bursting out into the most bitter expressions of hatred and ill-will towards the Turks. "Ah," said my friend, "indeed! But you at least have no reason to complain of them; your fortune and that of your family proceeded from them; and why should you turn against them? What harm have they done you?"

"Ah," replied the other, "in the old days one could get from a Turk anything one wanted, by paying him a little court, but now they are beginning to open their eyes a good deal more, and it is not so easy to manage them! May God shorten their days!" ("Allah yiktaa aumrehom!")

What a cynical comment is this on the words of my Mersina Greek friend, touching an Oriental's gratitude!

The facts of this gentleman's case are as follows.

By some means his father ingratiated himself with Mehemet Ali. In those days the great Viceroy himself farmed all the land of Egypt, yet not so strictly but that some scraps of the lion's feast fell amongst his hungry parasites. It was a gigantic monopoly, and all the produce of Egypt could be sold only to the Viceroy, and at a rate fixed by himself. The father of this Syrian Greek had obtained the grant of a small rice estate at Damietta, and of course had to sell the produce of it to the Viceroy; but as he was in favour, his rice was always classed highly, and obtained the best price. Of course the opportunity was too good to be lost; so he began to increase his fortune by purchasing clandestinely the worst quality of rice, from such "fellahhin"* as dared the risk of selling to him, for your "fellahh" will make his little "peculium" though hanging be the penalty of detection; and this refuse, duly manipulated, well swelled with water, and mixed with a proper proportion of dry Nile earth, was passed by the Viceroy's receivers as first-class rice, and paid for accordingly. Such was the main source of the family fortune; but such chances are not now to be had, and gratitude, being only a lively expectation of favours to come, has no longer any *raison d'être*.

April 19th.—Started at 9 A.M. for Pompeiopolis, after considerable difficulty in hiring horses fit to ride. The day was indeed magnificent, heavy clouds hung about the mountain sides, but the air was soft, balmy, and of extreme clearness. The road crosses the river of Mersina, by a bridge of a single arch (Saracenic),

* Peasant cultivators.

and then follows the sea-shore, passing over the sites of several ancient villages. After about an hour and a half's easy ride, we came to the river of Pompeiopolis (the Liparis ?), and fording its clear and rapid stream, reached the site of the old city.

Great quantities of débris, fragments of pottery, &c., are strewed over the surface of the ground, between the river and the line of the city walls. There are a few open stone sarcophagi, and one of large size, lying on its side, upon a lofty substruction of rubble masonry. This is supposed to be the tomb of the poet Aratus, one of the celebrities of Soli, the deserted city, which, repeopled by Pompeius Magnus, was afterwards called Pompeiopolis. Aratus, who lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about the third century before our era, was the author of a poem on the natural science of the age, called 'Phænomena,' a very celebrated work, upon which several ancient authors wrote comments, and which Cicero translated into Latin.

The general form of Pompeiopolis is an oblong, but the line of wall is not always straight, and, owing to the accumulation of rubbish and ruins, and the brushwood which has thickly overgrown the whole site, it is impossible to measure it with any degree of exactness. I should judge it to be about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, by one mile and a quarter in length. There are but few foundations of public edifices visible; the style of construction, too, is mean; the walls of all the buildings within the city having been built of a rubble, consisting of rounded pebbles from the beach, set in strong mortar, and faced with hewn stone. The

best and most expensive construction appears to have been the city wall, of which some few foundation stones remain, well wrought, and of very large size. The port, even in its ruin, is a magnificent work. It is entirely artificial, in shape an ellipse, with flattened sides, and formed by very solid walls of rubble, once faced with blocks of yellow limestone, secured by iron clamps. The land end of the basin has been quite destroyed; even its foundation stones have been removed, but some of the casing stones of the western mole have been left, probably for the sake of security from the sea.

Across the mouth of the port runs a petrified beach, and a row of lofty sand-hills has accumulated inside this, but the inner portion of the basin is a cultivated field, in breadth about 250 paces, and I estimated the length from the extremity of the land oval to the curve of the sea oval at about 500 yards. The rubble walls are 30 feet thick.

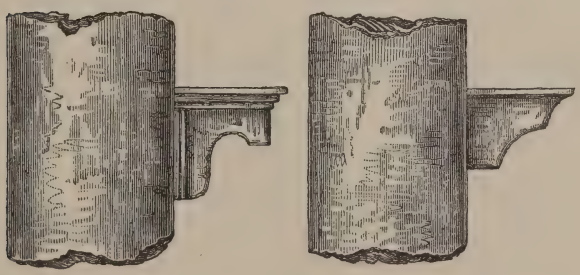
From the head of the port a double line of columns once passed through the entire depth of the town, from south to north. Of these, the western row has almost entirely disappeared, and the eastern row is not an unbroken series. Five plain columns stand at the south end of the western row, and these are all of it that still remain erect. They are of purer style than any of the others; and there appears to have been some roofed building at the end of the colonnade towards the sea, as great fragments of thick red tiling cover the ground here.

In Captain Beaufort's time (1812) there were forty-four columns erect, now only forty-one are left. The

style of architecture in nearly all is Corinthian, but debased; the capitals present a great variety; in some the corners of the abacus rest upon eagles, not ill-executed, instead of volutes. In some the curves of the abacus have busts, or even full-length figures, others have lions rampant. The top of one capital is circular, and consists of the egg and abacus ornament, below this is the cable pattern, and then the acanthus.

The measurements of the columns are unequal, but the average diameter of the shafts at base is 3 feet 3 inches, of the capitals, 2 feet 8 inches. Several of the standing columns have projecting brackets or consoles which once supported either busts or figures; beneath some are inscriptions much obliterated, and having no means of mounting to them, we could not decipher them, but I distinguished on one the following:—

ΟΔΗΜΟΣ
ΠΟΜΠΕΙΟΠΟΛΙΤΩΝ
ΔΙ * * * * * * *



On a prostrate fragment of a column is carved—

another has—

one yet erect has—

ΚΗΠϱϽ
ЄCOΠOS

on a huge prostrate block—

ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ
* * * * * * * *
ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟ * * *

One of the fallen brackets has the following inscription:—

ΚΑΤΑΤΑΔΟΞΑΝΤΑ * *
ΒΟΥΛΗΚΑΙΤΩΔΗΜΩ
* * * ΑΡΤΕΟΔΩΡΟ * *
ΤΟΝΔΙΟΔΟΤΟΥΤΟΜΙΕΙ * *
ΠΟΛΙΑΔΟCΚΥΛΙΝΔΙΑ
* * ΝΙЄΡЄΑΤΗCΘЄΟΥΠΑ * *
* * ΟΥΤΟΝ * * ΑΟΠΛ * * *

At the north end of the west row are lying fragments of very large wreathed columns, with ornate Corinthian capitals, and in the middle of the row yet erect there seems to have been a large open space, in which are pedestals. This may have been the site of the Agora. Although of a debased style of art and of coarse workmanship, this colonnade still presents a noble spectacle. It is assigned to Pompeius Magnus, but the architecture rather belongs to the end of the second century after our era.

The theatre was on the N.E. of the town, and faced almost due west. It was constructed against

the side of a hill, resembling the mounds near Mersina; but its materials have been entirely removed, not one of its rows of seats remain; there is not a trace of the scena, and as the unsupported earthen sides have fallen in, its size can only be conjectured, perhaps 30 paces in width. The only fragment remaining is an archway, which was a passage from the outside to the diazoma. It is now occupied by a peasant as his house, hence perhaps its preservation. The shape of the theatre was a horse-shoe, and deep, containing twenty-five to thirty rows of seats. I saw only *one* bit of marble frieze, everything else has been removed, and so great is the destruction of the place, owing to the proximity of Mersina, that in a few years the whole city will have disappeared. The town wall is almost gone, only a deep excavation showing where it once ran; the stone facing of the port walls has nearly all been taken away; the theatre has disappeared; the colonnade has hitherto been spared, but soon that also will be attacked. In short, Mersina has been entirely built of stones brought from Pompeiopolis.

Boats can lie securely just within the mouth of the port and take in cargoes of hewn stone, so that the harbour which the old builders constructed, has proved the most effectual means for the destruction of their town.

From the top of the theatre there is a noble view over the plain, which extends east and west as far as the eye can reach; it seems utterly deserted. Grand ranges of mountains rise beyond it some six to eight miles back from the sea; the distant ridges of Bulghar Dagh, crowned with snow, tower above all. Not a

human habitation was in sight, and the only living creatures visible were a few half wild buffaloes, wallowing in the marshy places to the north of the town.

Perhaps in the old days, when a numerous and industrious population occupied all this country, Pompeiopolis may have been a healthy and agreeable residence; now fever lurks amidst its ruins, and the unacclimatized stranger must not allow nightfall to surprise him in this interesting but dangerous spot.

We passed a delightful day, and at evening rode back to Mersina, just in time to escape a heavy thunder-storm, which is very welcome to the people, as rain will now ensure a good harvest. The soil of the Cilician plain round Mersina is a rich red earth, very friable when well turned up by the plough, but requiring rain in the early spring; then, as summer advances, a few light showers ensure a good harvest. The gifts of nature to this land are indeed magnificent, but they are wasted or neglected by the present possessors, and the population is far too scanty to develop the resources of the country.

April 21*st*.—We visited the Greek schools and hospital of Mersina. The schools are maintained by voluntary contribution, and are free, or at least very few of the pupils pay any fee. The school is a spacious room, with a similar room adjoining for the Arab part of the population, which is numerous, both here and in Tarsus. There were about forty Greek scholars present, arranged on benches according to their progress. The course of instruction comprises

ancient and modern Greek, Greek and sacred history, French, geography, arithmetic, writing, &c. The master speaks French fluently, and there is many a town in England which cannot supply so good an education. I examined the pupils, and one pretty little fellow was brought forward; he was a Greek from Kaisariyeh, and, like all his people, could only speak Turkish. He seemed very quiet, but clever, and knew French grammar tolerably. He had been about three months under instruction in Greek. Next we went to the Arab (Christian) school. Some forty scholars of all ages were present, and one little girl read to me some portions of St. John's Gospel, pronouncing the Arabic with the Koranic terminations.

We then visited the hospital. It was rough but clean; there is a resident nurse and a dispensary, but only male patients can be accommodated *in* the hospital (as indoor patients), and no surgical operations are attempted. It was at first quite free, but now a small charge of a franc per day is made, in order that the Muslims admitted there may feel it to be a benefit.

The church is plain but solid, the font is simply a large vessel of copper tinned; another church was about to be built for the Arab-speaking Christians. In every way the public spirit of this little Greek colony is most praiseworthy.

Next we entered the warehouse of Mr. Mavromati to see a funereal monument that had been brought from Pompeiopolis. It is of limestone, and on it are carved two busts, husband and wife, set in a kind of frame.

They are evidently portraits, and though of coarse execution, effective.

ΘΕΟΓΕΝΕΤΟΝ for ΘΕΟΓΕΝΝΗΤΟΙ ("regenerated in God"), which is equivalent to *βαπτισθεντες*, "baptized."

The age of Dionysius is Ό = 70. The age of Ammia is ΜΔ́ = 44.

We found great difficulty in obtaining horses, but at length two were bought for us at T. 12½*l.* each (11*l.* 5*s.*), and we left for Tarsus at half-past 2 P.M. There is but one road in Cilicia, that between Mersina, Tarsus, and Adana, commenced about 1867 by Khalil Pasha, to whom both Mersina and Adana owe much. After his removal the road was continued during 1869–1871 by Taki Ed-Deen Pasha, who is said to have been a very bad governor, ignorant, fanatical, and corrupt. He was succeeded by Nasheeb Pasha, who, according to report, was the most corrupt and "bucksheesh-loving" of all, though in other respects inoffensive; no bribe, not even a poor 5*l.*, was too small to be beneath his notice! He continued the work of the road till 1873, then it was completed by Mahmoud Pasha (once Grand Vizier), who was an excellent governor, but had lately been recalled to Constantinople. The road is slightly made, but as

very few wheeled vehicles are employed there is not much wear. Beyond Adana there is absolutely no road, and so bad is the communication that produce can only be brought down to the coast at great cost and with much delay, the transport camels often sinking up to the belly in mud and water. So far as it extends however this road is a great boon to the country. The first object of interest is the central of the three mounds on the plain of Mersina; it is crowned by a fortification, either Byzantine or Genoese. After crossing a small stream, the Deli Tchai, we saw the village of Kalaat Keui; near it, in a line towards the east, is the "fort," from which the village takes its name, probably a church, from the remains of arches still to be seen in it; beyond it, on the sea shore, is Kazanli.

It is not at all the custom in Turkey to repair any public work, but here gangs of men were occupied in arranging the drains under the road, for the plain is in great part artificially irrigated by small canals from the torrents which descend from the mountains, and the drains, which are of stonework, serve to convey the water from one side of the road to the other. A wider extent of land is cultivated than on the west of Mersina, but much is lying waste. The crops are splendid, and wonderfully clear of weeds; I never saw cleaner crops in England. Usually only one crop—a grain crop—can be obtained in the year, and this, if there be sufficient rain, is excellent; it can hardly be otherwise, for the land lies fallow half the year. In summer everything is parched up; although sesame, which needs scarcely any rain, is sometimes sown after the grain. Much of the land is a black humus,

exactly like the Delta of Egypt, but most is a deep, rich, red loam.

A short distance to the east of Mersina the coast begins to trend off southwards, and a magnificent plain opens out. The distant ranges of Amanus and Giaour Dagh were clearly visible. We passed, on the land side, the villages of Yaka Keui and Sari Ibrahimlü, and on the sea side, Chomourlü, and reached Tarsus at about a quarter to six. We lodged in an empty house, belonging to a Greek "medico" (Dr. Telemaque Papa Dimitri), from the roof of whose house is a magnificent view of the great plain, and of the mighty range of snow mountains to the north, extending all along the horizon. We went first to see the mound or hill of Geuzluk (or Kutchuk) Kalaat, which Mr. L'Anglois considers to have been a pre-Christian cemetery. This is one of a range of low hills which extend from the N.W. to the S. and S.E. of the town. A castle built, or perhaps only restored, by Haroun er Rasheed stood here; and the remains of it were removed for building-stone only within the last few years. But for many centuries, commencing long before Christian times, this hill seems to have been used as a burial place. About twenty-five years ago the French traveller L'Anglois obtained permission to make excavations on its western slope, and an immense quantity of antique pottery was then extracted, and sent to the Louvre. It consisted of statuettes, representations of the deities of Greece and Cilicia, mythological subjects, human and animal figures, funereal urns, small phials and vases, lamps, Samian ware, pins of ivory or bone, and an infinity of similar

objects; and mingled with them were ashes and remains of human bones, calcined, or unburnt. It is probable that the most perfect specimens were then extracted; but great quantities of similar objects are still found, when sought for, and although a perfect specimen is rare, yet often very beautiful heads, &c., of deities or men are discovered. Unrifled tombs have also been opened here, containing vases and pottery, just as is still found to be the case in the tombs of Cyprus. But the soil of the hill has been so often disturbed, partly in search of supposed buried treasures, partly during the construction or restoration of the fortifications of the town, that, excepting in such cases, nearly every object discovered is broken or mutilated.

Perhaps the most beautiful antique yet found at Tarsus is the white marble sarcophagus, presented by the American Vice-Consul to the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York, and to remove which the "Shenandoah" man-of-war came to Mersina in 1871. With considerable difficulty its transfer was obtained, and it was dragged to Mersina on a kind of car by sixteen buffaloes. The bones and teeth of its quondam owner were found in it, and remain in their resting place. How would he have marvelled had he been assured that his bones would be carried away, some eighteen centuries, it may be, after his death, to a great city, not then in existence, and some 6000 miles distant from Cilicia!

From the description I had of it, this beautiful sarcophagus must have been a fine specimen of ancient art. It was discovered a short distance from the eastern end of the bridge over the Cydnus, and it is

believed that there are other sarcophagi near the spot; but the Government will not allow any excavation.

Even those who make accidental discoveries, have generally cause to rue it; for instance, some three years ago, a man, whilst working in a garden, not far from the American Vice-Consulate, came upon three bronze statues, and four of life size in marble, upon a basement of beautiful mosaic pavement. The man immediately gave notice of his discovery to the Governor, and awaited his reward. The statues were forwarded to Constantinople, and for his reward the finder was imprisoned, in order to compel him to confess if he had discovered other, and more portable, treasures in his garden.

Since that time, whenever similar treasures are found, they are either broken up or covered over again by the finder.

A camp of Turkish troops was stationed on the hill; we went up nearly to the top, when the sentries stopped us. The men, who looked far more intelligent than Arab soldiers, were civil; but we were objects of much curiosity to them. They were well clad, and looked a stout, square-built set of men. Their band was atrocious! Tarsus is governed by a kaimakam, and has a garrison of about 1000 men.

Leaving the Kalaat, we went through the town. Of all the dirty towns in the East it is the filthiest. I am accustomed to Eastern towns, but never did I see so filthy and miserable a place as this. Jerusalem itself is not so bad! No wonder the mortality is great; the bad state of the place, the marshes round the town, and the intense heat, all combine to render Tarsus

To face page 30.

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

TARSUS IN AUGUST
Bulghar Dagh in the distance

most unhealthy in summer. Yet the people look well now, and the children show that beautiful peach complexion I have so often observed in Turkey. The town is a straggling collection of filthy lanes, with wretched huts, or houses, deserving only to be called huts, and a few good houses interspersed. Each house has its garden, or a large courtyard, attached, so that the extent of the place is great; but the population probably does not exceed 7000 to 8000, a very large proportion of them Arabs. It is, however, difficult to form a correct estimate. The town and suburbs are said to contain about 3000 dwellings. If this be so, the population may amount to 12,000. Twenty years ago, only a very few houses existed, and the present inhabitants consist mostly of immigrants, or their descendants, Turks, Nusairiyeh Arabs of Syria (Christian and Muslim), Armenians, a few Persians, and a considerable number of Greeks. There is a Greek and an Armenian church, and a school attached to each. The Syrian Christians have also a church and school. The education in all these schools is about the same as at Adana (mentioned afterwards). In the Turkish schools, such as they are, nothing is taught except the Koran, and to read and write Turkish, and females receive no education whatever. There is no hospital at Tarsus.

There are twenty-four families of Protestant Armenians, communicants, and nearly as many more attached, but non-communicants. Their chapel is attended by about one hundred on Sundays. Their school has about thirty scholars, half boys and half girls. Instruction is given in reading, writing, arith-

metic, and the Turkish and Armenian languages. The community is increasing in number and in consideration, they are a quiet, well-conducted set of people, and are not at all molested by the Government.

In religion, nearly half the population of Tarsus are Christians, mostly of the Armenian Church. Both they and the Greeks are fast becoming large landed proprietors in this district. Everywhere, indeed, the Christian element is the element of progress and improvement; the poor Turks are backward in every respect. But speaking generally, a more miserable, poverty-stricken population than that of Tarsus I never beheld; and moreover the natives of Tarsus have a very bad reputation, I believe deservedly.

The bazaars (since burnt down, 1876) are a busy scene. Some of their industries are really good, e. g. their iron and leather work. Shoes of native make are amazingly cheap; boys' boots, well and solidly made of red or yellow leather, cost only 8 T.P. (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc). The bazaars are rows of little shops, made in general of wooden planks, though some had walls of stone set in clay. Usually the dealers in one kind of wares are found occupying the same quarter, as in most Eastern towns. In some of the narrow lanes of shops a screen of reeds, or matting, was extended above, as a defence against the terrible sun of Cilicia. The amount of miserable poverty in the place is most distressing. Many of the poor refugees from the famine districts have found their way here, and wander about the town begging, their children and themselves nearly naked. I saw one woman with a little boy, who were only a cotton shirt, all the front of which had been torn away. I could not hear that the

Government did anything to relieve them; Mr. Avania, a Greek merchant we met, said that the Government claimed its taxes as usual in the afflicted districts, and had even exacted arrears, some of long standing. The Government had imported corn from Cyprus for the relief of the suffering districts, but owing to the difficulty of transport, it had only just been carried up from Mersina; the harvest prospects this year were however excellent.

The gardens that surround Tarsus for miles on every side are very lovely, they are wild, beautiful, neglected spots, full of magnificent trees, especially fine oak, ash, orange, and lemon trees; the vines run to the top of the highest branches, but all is in a wretched state of neglect, and threefold the present produce might be obtained; the soil is light and chalky, but very fertile, and well watered by numerous branches of the Cydnus, which traverse the town in every direction. From almost every garden one hears the song of the nightingale.

The environs of Tarsus seen from a height resemble a great neglected belt of woodland, in which the few houses seem as if choked and buried; and no doubt this luxuriant vegetation, and the exhalations from the damp soil, contribute much to the unhealthiness of the place. The variety of the trees is very great. I noticed, on a cursory examination, oak, plane, ash, poplar, fig, lemon, orange, vine, peach, apricot, pomegranate, mulberry, quince, olive, almond, and pistachio. There were other shrubs unknown to me; and there is, besides, a surprising quantity and variety of vegetables.

The new Armenian church is the finest building in Tarsus. It has nothing resembling a nave, and

contains only the usual three recesses at the east end, and a large cupola, supported by four spacious arches, which, however, appear too unsubstantial for the weight that rests upon them. In digging the foundations of this church a very valuable antique treasure was discovered (I believe it was purchased by my friend Mr. G. Di Dimitrio, of Ramleh, near Alexandria). It consisted of some exquisitely wrought jewellery, and a number of coins, amongst them a very large gold medallion (contourniate) of Constantius. On leaving the Armenian church, we heard the bell (?) of the Orthodox Greek church sounding for morning prayer. It was simply a long piece of iron hung up between two poles, this the operator struck rapidly with two hammers, one in either hand. The tomb of a Greek archbishop in the cemetery had a most ornate inscription (Byzantine style, but I think not very old); the crozier, of an unusual form, was carved on the stone.

Of antique remains very little is left in Tarsus, for the old town has been used up to build the new, but wherever excavations are made, a great quantity of hewn stone is generally found, and that at a considerable depth below the present surface. The site of ancient Tarsus is covered by a vast accumulation of soil. Is this the effect of subsidence? or, as in the similar case of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, is it the alluvium of the river? Whatever be the cause, the ground-level of the ancient city is at least 15 to 20 feet below the present level. Columns, still erect, are

To face page 37.

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

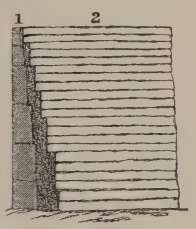
DEMIR KAPOU (IRON GATE)
TARSUS

found buried in earth up to the capital; and arches, the crown of which is only a very small distance from the surface. Of the fort towards the Cydnus very little indeed is left, except a few columns and capitals, and no inscriptions. Two gates, the Demir Kapou, on the S.E. of the town, and the Kandji Kapou towards Mersina, pointed arches of Byzantine work, and perhaps built under Justinian, still remain, but the rest of the fortifications have disappeared. They had been repaired at various times, by Haroun er Rasheed, by Leon II., and Hethoum I., the Armenian kings, and still existed at the time of Paul Lucas, about 1700. The tombs, of the Emperor Julian and of Maximian Daza, which were on the road towards the Pylœ Ciliciæ, have disappeared, even their very site is unknown. The same is the case with the tomb of the famous and learned Khalifeh, El Mamoun, son of Haroun er Rasheed, who died near Bozanti, in the pass above the Cilician Gates, and was buried at Tarsus in A.D. 833. But near the Demir Kapou, and in a garden not far from the river, is a monument of antiquity, which, unless purposely destroyed, bids fair to last to the end of time. It is the supposed tomb of Sardanapalus, called the "Dunuk Tash," or "overturned rock," from a Muslim legend that it was the palace of an ancient prince of Tarsus with whom the prophet of Mecca was offended, and therefore destroyed him by overturning the building and burying him beneath it. There is nothing left from which to discover its history; but it is of a style of construction entirely different from the Greek and Roman remains in Cilicia, and evidently Asiatic. It is a vast parallelogram, inclosed by walls (or rather by one solid

mass of wall), 282 feet long by 136½ feet broad; the wall is 24½ feet high by 21 feet thick, and built of an artificial conglomerate (like pudding stone) composed of cement (or the finest lime) in which burnt clay, small flints, sand, and larger flints are mixed, the whole forming a concrete as hard as the very hardest rock. Within the inclosure are two cubical masses of the same material—one at either extremity—of equal height with the wall, but the cube to the north is the larger. The upper surface of this is level, but the surface of the smaller has been cut away so as to leave three projections, which do not, however, rise beyond the level of the wall. There are two apertures, one large, one small, on the N.W. side of the parallelogram; of these, the latter has been closed with a door, for the Turks now use the place as a cemetery.

Parallel with the N.E. end of the inclosure, and of the same thickness as the main wall, is another similar wall; and again parallel with this, and equally distant from it, is a third wall; the middle wall was once joined to both this and the main wall by an arched vaulting. The outer of the two covered galleries thus formed was lighted by means of a number of openings, traces of which, resembling shallow embrasures, may still be seen at the top of the third wall. Beyond this, and still towards the N.E., there is a large, sloping accumulation of earth. There is no doubt that what remains is only the "core" of the edifice. The concrete has been set on in successive layers, of about 1½ foot thick, and then the whole cased with solid hewn stones, of which a few yet remain embedded in it, e.g. in the gallery and on the outer side of the S.W. cube. These stones seem to have been thicker

at the bottom, and to have diminished in thickness as the edifice rose; but its outer surface must have presented a smooth expanse of hewn stone, itself perhaps cased with polished slabs of marble: but of marble I saw only a tiny fragment; though L'Anglois says there was much in his time (1852).



1. Courses of hewn stones.
2. Concrete in layers.

In the afternoon we visited the falls of the Cydnus. This is said to be the spot in which Alexander the Great took the bath which nearly proved fatal to him by the fever it caused. The fall is only about 30 feet deep, and, though pretty, is not remarkable, as the stream is much diminished in volume. The channel in the neighbourhood of the fall is full of great blocks of conglomerate, formed by the chemical action of the water, for, like almost all the streams from the Taurus, the Cydnus also is charged with carbonate of lime.

As in every alluvial plain traversed by rapid mountain streams, the changes in the plain round Tarsus have been very great. In Strabo's time the river flowed through the midst of the town "near the gymnasium of the young men," and at its mouth on the sea was a lagoon where there had been old dockyards, and the lake served as the port of Tarsus. Although the lagoon is now filled up, vast marshes still cover the surface of the plain.

The testimony of the writers of antiquity, and of the middle ages, proves that the Cydnus traversed the city, e. g. Procopius* expressly mentions, amongst

* Ædif. lib. v. cap. 5.

the other public works of the Emperor Justinian, the construction of a canal which passed through the city. Tarsus had suffered severely from an immense inundation caused by the sudden melting of the snow on Mount Taurus, and the object of this canal was to relieve the main stream and facilitate the passage of the swollen waters.

But about the middle of the fifteenth century the river seems to have changed its course; and since that time it has flowed outside the town on the N.E. and S.E. Many canals from it, however, still traverse the town, and serve to keep up the verdure of its gardens, and the umbrageous orchards in which Tarsus is almost buried.

The water of the river is not considered wholesome for drinking, and the cause assigned is a large spring which flows into the Cydnus some distance above Tarsus. In the old days this spring had been carefully blocked so that it should not enter the river, and its waters were carried off by a separate canal, but the curiosity of Ibrahim Pasha caused him to order the spring to be opened up, and since that time its waters have contaminated the Cydnus.

It might have been expected that pious credulity would have discovered at Tarsus some memorials of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, whether genuine or not. But strange to say, the only monument connected with S. Paul is the well traditionally known as "S. Paul's Well." It is in the courtyard of the American Vice-Consulate. Its mouth is formed of a perforated white marble block; on the inner rim deep notches have been worn by the bucket rope or chain.

Two ancient columns, one marble, the other granite, support the axle of the windlass.

I was told that some years ago the proprietor sent men down to examine this well; they found a natural cave in a rock below, and in this part of a slab of black stone inscribed with Greek letters, but so illegible that only the word "παυλου" could be read.

Whilst excavating a few feet from the well a marble baptismal font was found, which the proprietor has preserved and placed upon a pedestal. The true conclusion would seem to be that this was the site of a Christian church which bore the name of S. Paul, and that from this is derived the traditional name of the well; but whether the church was built upon the actual site of S. Paul's residence must remain doubtful, though of course not impossible. Other inscriptions of the Byzantine age were also found. In one of them mention is made of a bishop "Paulos Magiros," and of his wife, "τῆς αὐτοῦ γαμετῆς."

April 23*rd*.—Made an excursion to Asaab-el-Kef. It is about one hour and a half from Tarsus. The morning was beautiful, and words fail me to describe the extreme beauty of the landscape. The colouring is lovely, brilliant beyond comparison. The clouds cast intense purple shadows on the hills. A noble range of mountains closes the horizon on the N.E., their tops glittering like silver, their bases of the tenderest violet tint; a cool west breeze tempered the heat. The ride is uninteresting, it lies through sterile hills almost without water. A number of mules and horses met us carrying into the town great loads of arachne, broom, myrtle, and lavender, the latter a shrub four

to five feet high; these are used as firewood, and as we passed, their fragrance filled the air. The soil is chalky and sterile, only the valleys being cultivated. We passed on the right the village of Katbash, and saw high up on a hill side the turbeh* of Asaab-el-Kef. The hill is of dolomite, and bluish marble veined with white, and the strata are set edgewise, which renders the road very difficult, and much like some of the dreadful roads round Jerusalem.

Arrived at the turbeh we were very courteously received by the sheikh, a handsome man about fifty years old. The pure air in this elevated spot, and a simple, tranquil life, are no doubt conducive to longevity, for we saw here two old men (one of them the sheikh's father) about eighty years of age. There were several other Turks present, and a very fine, pure-blooded, aristocratic-looking set of men they were. I question if their superiors in this respect could be found in any part of Europe. The sheikh's pretty little daughter, and some other little girls, with long, almond-shaped eyes, came to bring us water and coffee. We examined the mosque and the cave (which is the scene of a legend of the seven sleepers, as at Ephesus), but it is not worth a visit. Seven Christians, all brothers, are said, during the persecution of Trajan Decius, to have been walled up in this cavern by the emperor's order. But a miraculous sleep fell upon them, and so they continued for 157 years—others say 309 years—till the time of Theodosius II., when they were aroused from their sleep and extricated, &c., &c. This Asaab-el-Kef is a great place of pilgrimage for

* The name given to a tomb of any holy personage.

the Muslims. The new mosque has been built at the expense of the Valideh Sultana, mother of the late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz. She used also to pay annually a small sum towards its support.

I extract from the diary of a friend (Mr. M. Ancketill) the following account of his visit to a much more interesting place, the rock fortress, church, and hermitage (Armenian) of Tchandeer :—

"On 28th October, 1875, I started for Tchandeer Kalesi, which is about eight hours N.W. from Tarsus, in company of Padre Sibilian—Mekhitariste—an Armenian priest educated at Vienna. We rested at a small village an hour beyond El Kef. There were only women here, who all ran away from us, but when the Padre cried out, 'Bājee! Bājee! sisters! sisters!' they perceived we were Christians, and returned. This expression seems to calm the fears of all the Armenian women.

"Leaving the village, we pursued our journey, but lost our way, and as it was becoming dark we determined to go on to Dorak, but again we lost our way, and with great difficulty reached a Yourouk camp at a place named Buvrekli. When we came in sight of the fires we shouted for assistance, as we could not find the road, but the Yourouks made no reply; when we reached the camp the people excused themselves by saying they supposed we had been Government zaptiehs, and therefore had refused to help us; that the Government had taken away almost everything they had in the world; and then they asked us if there was no hope of any European power coming to relieve them of such tyranny. These people are Muslim, but all are oppressed alike. The same im-

partial tyranny crushes all classes; Rayah or Muslim it matters not.

"October 29th.—Passed through an enormous mountain gorge, at the bottom of which is Little Tchandeer. An hour's ride up the mountain brought us to Great Tchandeer, a village to which the inhabitants of Little Tchandeer retire in the summer; and now the great rock on which are situated the ancient Armenian castle and church was in sight. In order to reach the castle we were obliged to pass round the western and northern sides of the rock on foot. The grand entrance is on the west side, but it has fallen down. We passed with difficulty to the N.E. corner, and here we found a flight of 172 steps built into the side of the rock, which led down to the well of the fortress. The plateau of the rock, which is several acres in extent, is covered with ruins. At its N.W. corner are the remains of the castle and church; their roofs have fallen, but in a room which our guide called the "prince's chamber" there is a beautifully-carved stone chimney-piece in fine preservation. Most of the northern wall of the church has fallen, but the southern wall and a beautiful arched doorway are still entire. Traces of fresco painting are visible on the walls of the interior, and the masonry is of admirable workmanship, especially the stonework of the door. At the side of the door is an inscription in Armenian, the only inscription we could find on the plateau.

"The following is Père Sibilian's translation of the inscription:—

"L'Église bâtie (est) l'habitation de la Trinité Unitaire, maison et autel bien-aimé de Dieu, un endroit de prière, pour

laver les péchés des fidèles, et demander ici un remède pour se purifier. Dans le temps du roi d'Arménie, Héthoum, mon frère glorieux, j'ai possédé (?) bâtir la pierre angulaire (cette église), avec beaucoup de dépense, et trés-nettement. Mon nom arménien est Sempad, Seigneur de cette forteresse paternelle, et connétable de l'armée. Je prie tout le monde de prier pour moi le pécheur, et de mentionner (dans vos prières) mes parents, Constantin le grand prince, avec les frères, fils, et les parentes, et le donateur féodale. . . .

"A la grande date (700 + 551 = 1251 A.D.).

"De la dynastie de Roupen désirable (glorieux) (je vous prie?) cela seulement, que vous vous souviendrez de moi après ma mort.

"The principal entrance to the fortress was a wide causeway on the north side, very steep, but practicable for horses; part of it has fallen down with a portion of the rock itself.

"We descended by the well staircase, and after about an hour's ride in a S.W. direction reached an ancient Armenian hermitage, built upon a projecting rock, only accessible on the north side. The natural beauty of this spot is beyond all description. Below the rock a river flows, the banks of which are covered with plane and walnut trees, and a carpet of grass. The river, again, is inclosed on both sides by enormous rocks of great height, full of natural caves, and covered with pine trees, which shoot up at all angles. The brilliant colours of the rocks, red, scarlet, yellow, purple, and grey, here distinct, there blended and running into each other, add greatly to the beauty of the scene. After crossing the river we mounted to the hermitage by a most difficult path. The remains of the little church are very perfect; we were even told that the roof had fallen in only within

the memory of living men. To the right of the projecting rock on which the church is built is a natural gallery, about 10 feet wide, which leads to large caverns, once the refuge and home of the hermits; the view from this gallery is truly enchanting. There is a long inscription in Armenian, of eighteen lines, on the outer wall of the church, but it cannot be approached, and is only visible from this gallery. Père Sibilian lay down upon his back at the edge of the precipice, which forms one side of the gallery, and by the aid of a field glass endeavoured to decipher the inscription; the letters are small and somewhat coarsely cut, but after nearly two days' work he succeeded in reading as follows (translated by himself):—

"L'Église de St. Sauveur, et (de) ce désert, fut bâtie, par l'ordre et aux dépenses de Constantin, père du roi, maison de prière, pour sa personne, selon le commandement du Seigneur, 'Celui qui ne prend pas sa croix et ne vient pas après moi (me suivre), n'est pas digne de moi;' ou 'Celui qui aime son fils et sa fille (plus de moi), n'est pas digne de moi.' Donc celui-ci, mettant plusieurs fois sa personne à la mort (ayant exposé sa vie), pour le monde, et pour la tranquillité des églises, selon la parole (de l'Évangile) 'Le pasteur courageux met sa personne sur (pour) son troupeau.' Selon St. Paul, 'Dieu a tant aimé le monde, qu'il a donné jusqu'à son fils unique,'—ainsi par volonté de l'esprit pour les fidèles, et pour ceux qui haïssent leur personne (le corps), et qui veulent se retirer et parler avec Dieu, selon la parole, 'Je racconterai mes iniquités—et je penserai sur mes péchés'—et que—'c'est bon de rester en silence, et seul chez soi, donner à la terre sa bouche (se prosterner par terre), pour l'espérance.' Donc celui-ci avait cinq fils et trois filles; il fait regner sur les Arméniens, Dieu aidant, un de ses fils, Héthoum le glorieux, vénérable, et plein de vertu; le second fils, Basile, archevêque de royaume; et le troisième fils, Sempad, le général, et le quatrième fils, Auchin, bailli (?), et le cinquième fils, Léon, prince des princes;—et sa

fille Ankart, preparée comme une perle du royaume (?)—et fait marier la Zimpan (?) avec le roi de Cyprus, et la troisième au bailli de Cyprus, qui étaient seigneurs de Beyrout, et de Joppa (Jaffa). Donc moi le plus humble, parmi les Vartabeds (docteurs) de Thaddéé (du Couvent de l'Apôtre Thaddéé) étant élevé sous la main du roi Héthoum (il) ordonna a mon humilité, d'établir cette Hermitage, pour sa personne, pour pouvoir se retirer de la perversité du monde, et penser pour son âme;—et moi, avec une volonté obéissante, j'ai accompli ce que m'était ordonné, pour achever l'Hermitage. Je prie donc tout le monde, pour Dieu (pour l'amour de Dieu), tous vous qui passez par ici, ou qui habitez ici, de mentionner dans vos prières, le grand prince des princes, Constantin, père du roi, avec ses fils et ses parentes; aussi les humbles hermites,—parce que j'ai souffert beaucoup:—quoique les dépenses étaient royales (de la part du gouvernement), mais l'endroit étant difficile,—et moi maladif de corps,—pour l'espérance et pour la résurrection j'ai travaillé, avec la bonne volonté;—je vous prie de ne pas oublier les hermites,—et que le Seigneur Jésus aie pitié de tout le monde. Amen.

"Père Sibilian also gave the following translation of the Armenian inscription upon a black stone, now in the new church at Tarsus—which in the time of L'Anglois was used as an altar in the old church:—

"Avec la volonté du bienfaiteur immortel—qui est le motif de toutes les existences—le saint et fort roi Auchin—par Dieu roi de la nation arménienne—éleva cette forteresse formidable—pour ceux qui se réfugient ici—le fondateur de cette forteresse—Constantin de la race royale—qui gouverne cette grande forteresse—dont le nom s'appelle Teghenkar (pierre jaune)—termina avec ses soins en l'an (768 + 551 = 1319 A.D.)—donc ceux qui se réfugient ici—ou qui la voient par les yeux de corps—donnent comme une récompense la prière— . . . . (Que Dieu leur fasse grâce?) . . . et être héritiers du Paradis. Amen."

This translation closely corresponds with the translation of it given by L'Anglois.

CHAPTER III.

ADANA. MESSIS AND THE AMANUS.

April 24th.—Left for Adana at 9.50 A.M.; the distance being about five hours' ride. The weather very hot, and the mountains thickly covered with vapour. The mirage was quite as vivid on this great plain as it is on the desert between Alexandria and Aboukir. The cultivation of the land between Mersina and Adana is good, but far inferior to the cultivation between Tarsus and Adana. The grain crops are especially fine, the fields would do credit to the farmers of any country, and near Adana the cultivation was admirable. All this improvement is the result of the last fifteen to twenty years. I had expected to see a large extent of marsh and uncultivated land, but here almost every acre is utilized. This province much resembles the Delta of Egypt, and might be made in proportion equally productive. The whole district has at some remote period formed a vast marsh, but now it seems to be tolerably well drained. There are many villages along the high road, all (as we were told) Mahomedan. We passed, on our left, Yaramish; opposite to this is a very large, vaulted, ancient cistern, Merdiballi Koyou. Next, on our left, we passed Keuteû Keui; opposite to this is one of the many earthen mounds which rise from the wide level of the plain. These mounds are raised at regular

intervals, and were evidently intended as places of observation, from which signals could be given of the approach of marauders or plunderers. In this part of the plain their shape is slightly different from those near Mersina. Their outline is thus. We could

count many, all alike, till they faded away in the distance.

The bridge over the Cydnus, of three arches, was probably erected by Justinian, but there is no inscription on it. The river is here a deep and rapid stream, but of no great breadth.

We passed many villages, and at length Adana appeared, surrounded by miles upon miles of flourishing vineyards.

At a distance, the town looks well, and we found it an exceptionally clean and bustling place, with well-kept and (strange to say) well-paved streets.

We lodged at a café kept by two Greek brothers, named Pierides, and after a little repose went out to see the town, and found our way to the river. Though much lower than in the early spring, it is still a noble stream, flowing with a deep and rapid current. Its water is thickly charged with whitish mud, and it would evidently do for the Cilician plain what the Nile does for Egypt were it utilized.

A bridge of twenty arches (fifteen large, five small) spans it, measuring 414 paces from one entrance gate to the other. The arches differ both in size and

shape, and show traces of many different reparations. The foundations are Roman; it would require more engineering skill than either Arabs or Turks possessed to throw a bridge over so large and violent a river as the Sarus.

The first bridge was built by the Emperor Adrian, together with many other public constructions that have disappeared; but its piers, which were of great hewn stones, had fallen into decay in the time of the Emperor Justinian. Accordingly, the Emperor turned aside the course of the river and thoroughly rebuilt those portions of the bridge, which were out of repair. Afterwards the river was turned back into its former channel.*

We were told that the population of Adana amounted to about 35,000 souls; but there are no "data" that can be trusted, and we had an amusing instance of the want of accuracy in estimating numbers which prevails here. One informant said that Tarsus contained about 15,000 people; another thought between 4000 and 5000; I should reckon the population at from 7000 to 8000, for it is an extensive, straggling place, and we saw a very great number of children. Adana, on the other hand, is closely built, and probably has a population of at least 20,000 souls. There are many very good houses, and it conveys the impression of being a thriving, bustling place. The greater part of its people are Muslim; but there are many Christians, mostly Orthodox Armenians, with a few Catholic Armenians, a few Greeks, and some Protestants attached to an American Presbyterian Mission.

* Procopius, Ædif. lib. v. cap. 5.

There was no mistaking the look of surprise and dislike expressed on the faces of the well-to-do and official class, as we walked through the streets; the common people took very little notice of us, but in one place the children favoured us with a few stones, and some uncomplimentary doggrel verses.

We learnt that the Governor of the vilayet of Adana was Safvet Pasha, late Governor of Trebizonde. He had been recalled from Trebizonde in consequence of his severe treatment of the peasants belonging to the district round it. These poor people—cruelly oppressed and defrauded by the farmers of the revenue—had assembled in Trebizonde to the number of several thousands, in order to present a petition to the governor; but when, upon his refusal to receive it, they were unwilling to disperse, he called out troops, and ordered them to fire upon the crowd. (I merely give the account as it appeared in the 'Levant Herald.') Some twenty were killed and many wounded, and the movement was suppressed. Thereupon he was removed, but appointed to the post of Governor of Adana, for which probably he has been obliged to pay a heavy sum at Stamboul; but opportunities of recouping himself will no doubt offer.

We went to pay our respects to him, and I presented my firman. He is a fine-looking, elderly man, tall and stout, of stately and reserved demeanour. We found him smoking a very handsome silver "narghileh," the tube of which trailed seven or eight feet along the floor. He received us most courteously, even rose from his chair as we entered, ordered cigarettes and coffee to be brought for us, and

gave us every assistance for our journey. He spoke French with tolerable fluency. We had every reason to be grateful for his reception of us, and his recommendation proved afterwards of the utmost use to me when alone in the interior of Karamania. I mention all this quite independently of his behaviour to the peasants of Trebizonde; for which, if correctly described, no reprobation can be too strong.

We had brought an introduction to one of the very few pure Europeans in Adana, Mr. Schiffmann, a Swiss merchant, and we next called upon him. He speaks German, French, English, and Turkish. He said that the country was perfectly safe for travellers, and the climate of Adana, at present, healthy; but that when the summer heat begins much sickness prevails. The hot weather lasts from May to the first rainfall in September or October, and the heat in the great plain would be unendurable were it not for the sea-breezes. Every morning the S.W. wind begins to blow at Mersina at about 10 A.M., it reaches Adana about an hour later, and dies out at 6 P.M.; the nights are hot, and the dew-fall heavy. I admired Mr. Schiffmann's carpets. One kind he called "Tchali," for two of these—enough to cover a divan—he had given 2*l.*; for a fine Karamanian carpet, called "Killim," he had given 4*l.*; but these prices were low, in consequence of the great scarcity of money in the country. I think, however, that these carpets are very inferior to the Persian carpets sold in the bazaars of Cairo.

We next called upon a mining engineer in the Turkish service, a German, named "Fishbach." He has been so long in the country that he has become

quite like the Turks, and had I met him in the street I should have taken him for a genuine Osmanli. He could give us no information about the district through which we intended to pass; but he gave us an interesting account of his discovery of the ancient gold mines, worked by Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great, some seven to eight hours from Salonica, (I think) on the river Kilik. There was a great number of chambers connected by galleries, many of which were so low and narrow that they could only be explored by crawling. He had observed in one place a rich vein of silver, which the old miners had neglected, they must therefore have found something more precious; but he could discover nothing except oxide of iron, mixed with an earth; he had tried some of this with mercury, and obtained a small quantity of gold, enough to "pay," but the Turkish Government refused to give a concession for working the mine. The old Macedonian galleries were a perfect labyrinth; he had come upon the remains of people who had been lost in them, and near one such heap he had found a small earthen lamp, with incrustations of arsenic upon it; this he showed to us. Mr. Fishbach thought the old miners worked in a rough and wasteful way, by washing the mineral, and gathering the gold as it was precipitated down the course of the stream, so that much must have been lost.

He showed us some specimens of coal from Ayass Youmourtalik, a port to the east of Mersina. Mahmoud Pasha, the last Governor of Adana, had sent him to examine and report upon the veins of coal near

that place. He had tried some of the most promising veins, and had sunk a shaft about fifty metres deep. The vein became thicker, and the coal improved in quality as the mine was carried down; and he thought, if the necessary expense was incurred, good coal might be obtained; but the first thing a Turk looks to is what amount of peculation can be made, and unless there be a good opportunity for this, or the returns be rich and immediate, the undertaking—whatever it may be—is soon abandoned. In this case, however, a French engineer, also in the Ottoman service, reported unfavourably, and Mahmoud Pasha reproached Mr. Fishbach; his reply was, that time and expense were needed to make even a garden productive, much more a mine. But in consequence of this affair, Mr. Fishbach was about to leave for Diarbekir. One of the specimens of coal he showed us was good, the other very poor.

It being Easter Sunday (old style) we visited the Greek church; a great crowd filled the church, and the noise, the confusion, the seeming lack of reverence, were most repulsive. The nasal chant of the Greek priests is extremely disagreeable, and I have often thought that the simple worship of the Muslim shows a far deeper spirit of reverence than the ceremonial of three-fourths of the Christian Church. The Bishop of Adana, a remarkably handsome man, splendidly robed, passed round the church amid the crowd, slowly waving a thurible, from which the fumes of incense passed right and left amidst the people as he walked along, and I must admit that the earnest devotion displayed by some of the poorer members of

the congregation was very striking. A priest, also splendidly robed, preceded the bishop. He bore a staff, on the top of which were tied three lighted tapers. The bishop carried his crozier; it seemed to have a griffin's or eagle's head in gold at the extremity of either crook. Most of the congregation, on entering the church, purchased a small wax taper from a man near the door. In general, the taper was returned to the seller after the worshipper had carried it alight a short time.

Tired of the heat and noise, we returned to our lodging. Our host spoke very highly of the bishop, "he was a good man," "did his duty conscientiously," "had established schools, &c.," "he was very poorly paid," "for the Greeks of Adana were not rich, and, moreover, far from liberal, but the bishop had a private fortune, which he expended in a most exemplary manner."

Later on in the afternoon our friend took us to a café and garden on the river, where we refreshed ourselves with coffee and narghilehs. It seems that the improvements in Adana were entirely due to Khalil Pasha, the former governor, who had commenced the road from Mersina in 1867. This man had lived a long time in Malta, where he had imbibed European ideas, and he determined to improve Adana till it bore some resemblance to Malta. The means, however, which he employed were certainly questionable. Finding all his wishes thwarted by the opposition or apathy of the leading people, he purposely set fire to the bazaar and the most filthy quarter of the town, and when the people wished to rebuild on the void space,

he forced them to lay out the streets as he desired, and follow his directions as to the style of houses. The fire caused a loss of 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, but Adana, as a city, benefited immensely. Khalil Pasha's plan succeeded so well that he seriously contemplated continuing the operation on another quarter. The people, however, strongly objected to being burnt out any further, and made representations at Constantinople which led to his recall, and as he was not a taker of bucksheesh, and had spent all his ready cash, he actually had not the means of paying his passage to Constantinople, and was obliged to borrow T. 200*l.* from Mavromati, the rich Greek merchant of Mersina, which he afterwards duly repaid. After him there were no more "improving" governors.

Our friend spoke of the resources of the province. The chief productions are wheat, barley, sesame seed, and cotton—there is a little sugar-cane, but it is mostly consumed in the towns. Scarcely any peas or beans are grown. The culture of tobacco is being abandoned by the peasants in all parts of the empire, so great is the vexation, and often even heavy loss, entailed on the grower owing to the monopoly lately established.

The richest portion of the province lies between Adana, Messis, and Karadash (Cape Mallus). The district of Karadash is the head-quarters of the grain produce and export, and, from some peculiarity in its position, rain very seldom fails there, so that the grain crop is tolerably certain.

Most of the cotton land lies between the Sarus and Pyramus. The Cilician cotton is very white, but poor

To face page 60.

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

ADANA
Kizil Dagh in the distance

in quality and short in staple. Both wheat and cotton degenerate, and have a tendency to sink back into the type of the district; e. g. fine white wheat from Syria, sown in Cilicia, produces a much more abundant crop than the flinty red wheat of the country; but unless the seed be constantly renewed the crop degenerates; the same thing occurs with the fine Mako cotton seed from Egypt. Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, during the occupation of Cilicia (1832–40) caused a number of palm trees to be planted in this district. In Adana they *live*, and even bear fruit, but the fruit is not eatable. A few palms remain also at Messis, and here and there in the plain; but beyond Messis none are found.

As in Egypt so here it is the custom to advance money to the cultivator on the security of the incoming crop. If the harvest be good, the debt is paid; if it fail, the Government will not help the lender, and he runs great risk of losing the money advanced, as the Government never forces the peasant to sell his land in order to pay such kind of debt.

Land is never manured, except garden land near towns, but the inundations of the river, though they do much mischief, also do much good by bringing down a vast amount of alluvial soil. What is needed is a system of canalization. There will be a great future for this province when the Government ceases to oppose all improvement. There has been much talk of a railway from Mersina to Adana, and thence to Karadash, but after great expense had been incurred in surveys, engineering plans, &c., nothing was done. The port at Ayass was a very fine natural

harbour, land-locked, deep, and able to contain any number of ships, but it was quite neglected; a large naval division of the British fleet had once wintered there. The Turkish Government, however, were aware of its great advantages, and would not allow any of the land near it to be sold. It may one day be the port for an Euphrates Valley Railway. The population of this great plain, which in ancient times probably supported at least 3,000,000 inhabitants, and was full of great cities, does not now exceed 300,000, not one-quarter enough for its cultivation. The communications are very bad. In winter and in the rainy season the roads, excepting the *one* road, are impassable even for horses, much more for camels. Grain, therefore, for which the merchant had advanced money to the "fellahhin," could not be brought down to the ports, and lay on the farms, at the buyers' risk, exposed to damage from the weather, owing to defective storage, bad barns, &c.

All the trees on the plain had been gradually destroyed and none planted to replace them, and the landed proprietors, even the rich Greeks and Armenians, would not plant.

A few years ago there was a fine oak forest about six hours up the Sarus, on the east bank of the river, this had now been destroyed, and it was necessary to go two hours' distance from the river before wood could be obtained. Twenty-five years earlier the edge of the forest could be seen from Adana! If ever the forests on the mountains round the plain should be much diminished, the plain would suffer immensely from want of rain. Our friend added that

the Turkish portion of the population was losing ground in wealth, in social influence, even in number. There were very few rich Turkish families now in Adana, while, on the contrary, the Christian population was increasing, and gaining ground also in influence and wealth. A large number of the Christians were now rich landed proprietors, but they were ignorant and prejudiced, and, unlike the Christians in many other parts of the empire, had not yet begun to recognise the necessity and advantage of education for their children. Moreover, they were disunited, the different sects could not "pull together." They had begun to lift up their heads considerably, yet it was only within the last few years that they had ventured to display their wealth. Formerly a rich Christian proprietor, who might have several thousands of pounds sterling, *in cash*, in his house, would borrow money at 2 or 3 per cent. per month, in order to appear poor, like the Egyptian "fellahh," but now they are not so fearful of the authorities.

I have since heard (1876) that the Government is exacting the taxes, and all arrears, with the utmost severity, owing to the great financial straits to which the war has reduced it. But the unfortunate peasants are utterly impoverished, and, in consequence, large Governmental sales of real property are taking place all over the interior. At such sales a human jackal, some miserable Armenian or Greek, attends as agent for the rich rayahs, and buys up the peasant's land and houses, often for a quarter of their intrinsic value; and in this way the land is falling into the hands of the native Christians to a very great extent.

I was told also that the buying and selling of slaves is no longer common, white slaves, however (Circassians), are still bought, generally from their parents, to become the wives of the purchasers, a sale that could scarcely be prohibited.

Of late years brigandage had much diminished, places into which, a few years back, no one could venture, were now perfectly safe. Once all the east bank of the Sarus was unsafe, now much of the country between the Sarus and Pyramus was even richly cultivated.

After leaving the garden we crossed the bridge and passed up the other side of the river. Travellers differ in their account of the number of arches. Pococke reckons 20; Paul Lucas 15; and L'Anglois 18; if all be computed, even to the smallest, there are 20, viz. 15 large, 5 small. Of these, probably only one (that nearest the town on the western side) remains as it was built by Adrian; the rest were reconstructed under Justinian, and, having been repaired both by Saracens and Armenians, are irregular both in size and shape. Two gates, one at either end, close it, but the fortifications to which these gates belonged have disappeared. In the middle of the bridge, and set in a niche over the largest pier, is a small room, built by Mahmoud Pasha, to which he constantly resorted at sunset to enjoy the cool air from the mountains. At Adana, however, slanderous tongues are not wanting, and it was asserted that the Wali's privacy used to be ofttimes cheered by other draughts besides the breezes of Bulghar Dagh! The stream is now deep and violent, like the Nile at flood time, and thickly

charged with white mud. Unlike the Cydnus, the water of the Sarus is of good quality.

Under a small clump of trees on the river bank a party of Turks, about twenty in number, were enjoying the cool evening breeze. They were finely dressed in the costume of the country, instead of wearing the wretched Stamboul uniform, and seemed persons of some standing. As we returned, all were engaged in their evening devotions; the chief person, an Imām or Kadi, was kneeling in front, and the others in a line behind him; as they bowed their foreheads to the earth together, and remained prostrate in prayer, I could not help inwardly contrasting this simple, solemn, reverential, act of devotion with the noisy confusion and tawdry ceremonial of the morning in the Greek church.

Never in any place have I seen such picturesque costumes as in Adana; almost every other person one meets wears a different costume. Each district is distinguished by some variety; it is not merely the colour but even the *shape* that differs; and in every case the dress is striking and picturesque. It is remarkable, also, what a high degree of personal beauty these people possess. An absolutely *ugly* person is never seen; the children, especially, have a fine, healthy complexion, splendid eyes and teeth, and beautifully-expressive countenances. One *never* sees here the poor, rickety, cachectic children which are, alas! so common at home. The men are fine, strong, stalwart fellows, and, to judge from the young girls, the women—whom of course one does not see—must be remarkably good-looking. It is true the weakly

die out; perhaps it is better this should be so; at all events those who remain are extremely fine men; such a race, properly governed, need have no fear of Russia, or of any other foreign power; and I am now beginning to understand how it was that the Turks were so formidable to Europe in the olden days. Man for man, they would hold their ground with any people.*

We passed on our return the principal mosque—the Olou Jamaa. Amidst a population like that of Adana, any attempt to enter a mosque without the authorization of the Governor is not advisable, but from the

Iron ornament in one of the grated windows of the Olou Jamaa.

street we obtained a view of the court through some windows closed by strong iron gratings. At the intersection of the bars in this grating are large angular

* This was written before the Russian invasion and the fighting in Bulgaria, &c.

knobs of iron, upon each of which is carved an ornament or flower. On two of the knobs are the opening words of the Koran. The court is surrounded by a fine arcade of pointed arches in marble and fine limestone. This mosque, with its handsome minaret, is probably the most beautiful building in the province. A number of storks' nests lodged on the minaret above the muezzin's gallery had a strange effect.

The Adaniots seem to know little and care less about the history of this really handsome building. Some told me it had been a Christian church, others that it had been built by the Genoese; its latest founder was a certain Ramazan Zadeh, a descendant of El Ramadan Oglou, the Khorassani chief, who, in the fifteenth century, with his Turkman followers, conquered most of Cilicia, and founded there a dynasty, afterwards destroyed by the Osmanlis.

My friend Mr. Ancketill visited this mosque in 1877. He writes of it as follows:—

"Seeing my opportunity, I asked permission to visit the great mosque, the 'Olou Jamaa.' For a whole hour the Kaimakam of Mersina, who is at present here—an educated man, and well disposed towards me—strove to convince the Wali that my request was reasonable, and only with difficulty could he obtain permission for me. The Kaimakam himself accompanied me. This mosque was built in the time of Sultan Suleiman, son of Selim I. It is in fact, however, an old Christian church turned into a mosque. A certain Ramazan Zadeh, one of the Dere Beys of Cilicia, rebuilt almost the whole structure in 1177, Hejra = A.D. 1763, as shown by an inscription on the wall close to the eastern door.

"The inner walls of the mosque are inlaid for five to six feet with encaustic tiles of a very beautiful pattern. These are very ancient, and one portion of the work is a perfect 'bijou' of its class. The prevailing colour in them is blue. The centre of the edifice is supported by ancient marble columns—monoliths—their capitals have either been removed or replaced by others of a barbarous design, or the sculpture on them has been cut away and a rude imitation of foliage carved in its stead.

"On some portions of the side walls the tiles are of more modern date. These were probably inserted by Ramazan Zadeh. This man appears to have been a great public benefactor. He built and endowed a hospital at Adana, or probably there would be none; none exists at Tarsus.

"At the S.E. corner in the grounds of the bath opposite the mosque are the remains of an ancient Christian church. An old and intelligent scribe told me that he remembered a Latin inscription on the wall of this church bearing date 400 years after Christ. This inscription was taken away by an Italian, Dr. Orta, in the time of Ibrahim Pasha."

April 27th.—Left Adana for Messis at 8 A.M. Although the sky was overcast, the heat was most oppressive. Our road was through the great plain towards a ridge of low, rocky hills rising from the level surface like a small island. Long lines of sheep and camels were grazing in all directions, and it was strange to see how the sheep followed their shepherd in a perfectly regular line, avoiding the cultivated spaces and keeping only to the pasture. There was

not a tree, nor even a bush, to be seen for many miles. The soil would produce magnificent trees—indeed, round Adana itself the oak and ash are very fine—but, excepting in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, there is no wood whatever, nothing to break the monotonous level except a few isolated, rocky hills, and mounds like those at Mersina, rising at intervals till the eye can no longer distinguish them from the horizon.

At midday we reached Messis (Mopsuestia). The modern village contains about 300 houses, some on the east, some on the west, side of the river. The greater part of the population is Muslim, but there are seventy Armenian families, and a few Greeks. Above the village is a portion of the Amanus Mountain, called Nour Dagh, of the most graceful shape, with bold, broken crest; but even at this early season there is not a bush, nor even a tuft of grass, to vary the light grey surface of the rocky slopes. A bridge of nine arches connects the east and west banks; but of these arches one is entirely, and another partially destroyed. They were blown up by the Turkish army when retreating from Syria after their defeat at Beylan, in 1832, by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha. A temporary bridge of wood had been placed across the broken arches, and so it has remained ever since. The construction of this bridge is like that of the bridge of Adana; both were rebuilt by Justinian, but there was a more ancient bridge at Messis, which had fallen into a very ruinous state at the time of Justinian, and was probably erected by Adrian. Of its later fortunes nothing seems to be known. Pococke tells us* that

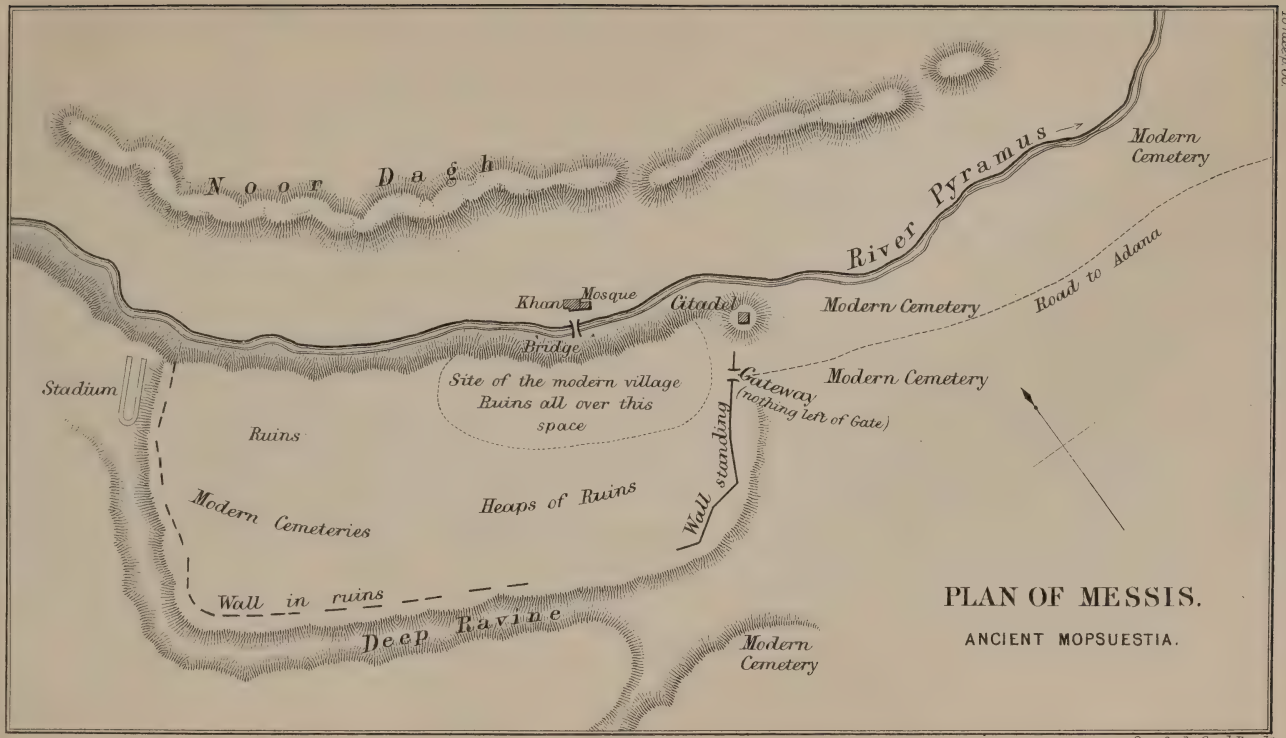
* 'Voyages,' iv. 19.

in 1737 five of its arches had been carried away by inundations. Otter, in the previous year, had passed the river at Messis, in company of the Persian ambassador and his suite. He says that at that time only the three arches in the middle of the bridge were broken down. The company, after long delay, were obliged to pass on rafts and ferry boats, were much annoyed and mulcted by the people of Messis, and lost several of their best horses by drowning in the rapid stream.

Above Messis the Pyramus passes through a deep ravine, with rocky slopes at a distance of 50 to 300 yards from the stream. It flows with a full, deep, even, and majestic current, and when the snows of the Taurus melt, the inundations of the river do immense damage. The villagers told me that every year the inundations last from two to two and a half months; but in 1874–5, owing to the excessive rainfall and snow, the inundation had lasted five months. The bridge was for a long time impassable; many men and animals were lost, and at Messis itself one of the floating corn-mills was washed away and sunk, and eight persons were drowned.

The plain above Messis seems to be at a much higher level than below it, and the lower course of the river is bordered by extensive marshes, so that in the hot season Messis is quite as unhealthy a place as Tarsus or Mersina.

The village occupies only a portion of the site of the old town; its detached houses are built amidst heaps of débris, fragments of wall, and broken columns of white limestone, grey Egyptian granite, and rough

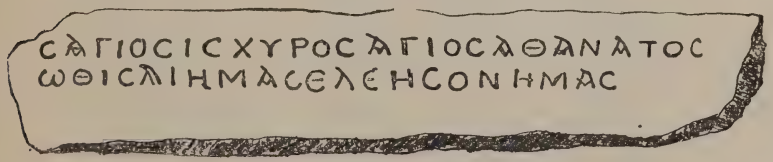


London: Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross.

conglomerate. A few fine Corinthian capitals remain, but nothing perfect or unbroken.

The acropolis was near the river, on an eminence resembling one of the mounds in the plain. There are foundations of hewn stone all over it, but no building remains. The steep bank facing the river is full of foundations of concrete, and very solid walls, but all this is a reconstruction of a later age, for many broken columns are built into it. Of the town wall only a small portion near the gateway remains. It is of great thickness and solidity, and built of large hewn stones. The stadium is on the N.E. of the town, but all its seats have been removed, only huge masses of concrete remain, in which the rows of seats seem to have been fixed.

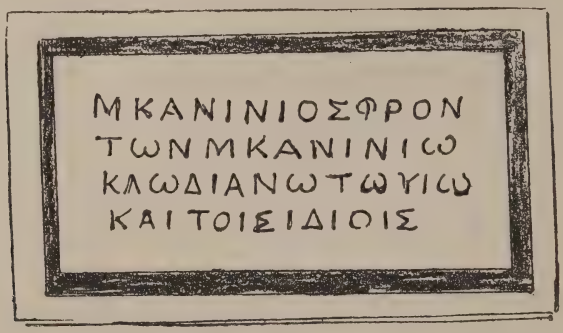
The inscriptions of Messis have been often before described, few now remain, and those neither new nor interesting. On a large slab of grey limestone in the village the following was cut in bold letters :—



The other inscriptions were in the cemeteries to the N.W. of the village.

The implements carved on the column are perhaps a symbol of the man's trade; probably this was the monument of a stonemason, but it may be an Armenian tomb. In the Armenian cemetery of Adana is the tomb of a tailor, on which a pair of scissors and a pic measure are carved.

While making a sketch of the bridge I fell in with a Syrian whose parents had fled from Saida in 1839, during the war with Mehemet Ali. He was then only six years old. He complained much of the exactions of the Government officials; seeing my drawing he inquired with much interest if a railway was about to be constructed.



At 3 P.M. we started for Giameli Keui, at which we intended to remain for the night. The road, after crossing the bridge of Messis, follows the east bank of the Pyramus. The river measures here from 90 to 120 yards in breadth, higher up it is broader, but here

To face page 68

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

MESSIS (MOPSUESTIA)
and the Pyramus

deep, rocky banks confine it. Its water is of a redder tinge than the Sarus; cliffs of chalk and red loam 150 to 200 feet high, rise at some little distance back from the stream, and the strip of land between them and the river is very well cultivated. Yet farther back rise the steep, broken, ash-coloured, volcanic declivities of the Nour Dagh. I think the Pyramus is a finer stream than the Sarus, but there is no large city like Adana upon it, and from what these rivers now are one cannot accurately judge of their condition in the hot season. After riding up the river bank for about half an hour, we crossed a low spur of the Amanus, where it approaches the river closely, and entered a very extensive plain, part of the great plain; on our right it ran up to the foot of the Amanus, but it was separated from the rest of the plain on our left by the river. The soil here is of extreme fertility, a fine, black mould, without a stone or a pebble, and is covered for (literally) thousands of acres by the finest natural clover. Even our souriji could not forbear uttering a few words of admiration as he halted the horses to let them graze on it awhile.

In front of us were two great detached portions of the mountain, the more easterly crowned by a large ruined fortress with round towers, called Ilan Kalesi (Snake Castle), probably built by one of the Armenian kings, to check the incursions of the fierce mountaineers from the Amanus. Higher up the river, but on the opposite side of the stream, is another similar fortress, Toomlu Kalaat, which we were unable to visit, as there was no means of crossing the stream. A few hours farther to the east, in the mountains

beyond Ilan Kalesi, there is yet another fortress, called Kourt Kalesi (Wolf's Castle). It is in reality a fortified khan, built (it is said) by Sultan Murad III., about 1580, for the convenience of caravans passing between Constantinople and Aleppo or Bagdad. It could accommodate 2000 travellers, with their train of baggage animals, and is surrounded by a wall of hewn stone 30 feet in height; but though of the most massive and solid construction it has been long abandoned, and is falling to ruin. It was once the stronghold of Mustak Bey, almost the last of the Dere Beys. He was son of the famous rebel and brigand Aga, of Baias, "Kutchuk Ali," and was as successful as his father in defying the power of the Padshàh, until conciliation succeeded where force had failed. Mustak Bey, after having been confirmed in his father's possessions as a loyal subject of his sovereign, died about ten years ago, at the ripe age of eighty, one of the very few rebels who managed to escape destruction from the serpent policy of the Porte.

As we reached the middle of the plain, the clover was succeeded by some of the finest grass I ever saw, starred with countless beautiful wild flowers; enormous thistles 8 to 9 feet high, with great purple heads, were intermingled with clumps of honeysuckle and wild rose. Of the soil nothing could be seen, beyond the narrow and rarely-trodden track, and even this track was almost smothered by the rich vegetation. Clouds of bright-winged butterflies flitted from blossom to blossom. Myriads of little green frogs leaped backwards and forwards across the path; these little creatures are only about half an inch in length,

and are of the most brilliant grass green imaginable. Here and there we came upon a tortoise slowly waddling onwards; the little frogs would leap about him, and the butterflies flit around him, as if in playful salutation; the whole face of nature seemed to beam with smiles.

The only indications of man's presence were a few tobacco plants, growing luxuriantly, a patch of Indian corn, and one or two deserted shepherds' huts.

Even in the remotest corners of the plain, the artificial mounds already described rise at long intervals from the level surface, yet sufficiently near to each other for a good look-out to be kept up.

Ages upon ages have passed since this plain bore a harvest that was worth the watching; but its wondrous fertility still remains.

It is like some vast neglected garden, only Nature has avenged herself upon man for his neglect, and there is a terrible drawback attached to all this beauty and fertility; it is one of the most unhealthy districts in the empire. When once the heats of summer have set in, flight is the only means of preserving health and life, neither native nor stranger being able to resist the deadly malaria of this terrestrial paradise.

Wherever the virgin soil is opened, virulent marsh fever seems to burst forth and smite down all around, and nothing but generations of patient culture can subdue the soil afresh, and render this plain a safe abode for man. Wherever we approached the higher ground, the vegetation changed again into a perfect carpet of flowers, and everywhere the pasture was

most abundant, the lower slopes of Amanus being especially rich in herbage and grass. Amongst the bushes the yellow jasmine grew luxuriantly. There were fine cyclamens, abundance of brilliant poppies and veronica, the blue bugloss everywhere, with cystus, and anemones of many colours.

The whole of this district is well watered by abundant springs from the Amanus, and owing to the extensive marshes caused by them the route was rendered extremely difficult. Indeed, a few weeks earlier, this track would have been quite impracticable in consequence.

The country seems almost depopulated; during the whole afternoon we saw only two or three Turkman huts; it was not till we had come far out upon the plain that we saw the villages of the Circassians along the river. These men, immigrants from the Caucasus, were settled here about ten years ago; but they are not desirable neighbours. Everywhere the rest of the people spoke of them in terms of dislike; they are fierce and predatory, great cattle-lifters and horse-stealers. Most of them were low of stature, dark-complexioned and ill-favoured; their women have a reputation for beauty, but those whom we saw were by no means good-looking. The Circassian villages consist of scattered groups of houses generally made of wattle covered with clay or mortar, the roof of thatch secured by bands of plaited grass; fine fields of barley surround some of the houses; but the Circassians are rather a pastoral than an agricultural people. One of them conversed some time with us; he said that the soil was extremely fertile, but that not a fiftieth part of it is cultivated.

Giameli Keui is so named from its mosque, whose whitewashed minaret is conspicuous miles away. We were told that when the usual tax (the Dîme) was demanded of these people, they declared they could not afford to pay it; but that in lieu of it they would build a mosque. Strange to say, their proposal was accepted, and the mosque of Giameli Keui was duly erected.

We found a lodging in an empty house, but fleas, mosquitos, and the loud croaking of innumerable frogs from the marshes round the village, banished sleep. In the evening, some of the villagers came to visit us, as is customary, and in the course of conversation one of them, who seemed an intelligent man, told us the following legend about the old fortress of Ilan Kalesi, or "Snake Castle," which crowns one of the rugged spurs of the Amanus, and is plainly visible from Messis. Much of it is almost a verbal translation from the Turkish of our acquaintance, who seemed thoroughly to believe it all.

"Once upon a time, and a very long time ago, Sheikh Meran, as everybody knows, the king of the serpents, held his court at Ilan Kalesi, the Serpents' Castle, and ruled like our Padshàh over his numerous subjects. His head and his body down to the waist were like those of a man, but below he was formed like a snake, and was all tail.

"At that time there lived in Tarsus a king who was greatly afflicted with leprosy, of which he desired to be cured.

"Now there was in Tarsus a certain Jew, a very clever sorcerer, and he told the king that if Sheikh Meran could be caught, and his tail cut off and boiled, the grease therefrom would cure the king's leprosy, but that in order to capture him it would be necessary to discover a certain man with a black mark on his back between the shoulders, for he knew where to find Sheikh Meran in his castle. The king rejoiced at the prospect of a cure, gave secret orders to the Jew to watch

everyone who came to the public bath, in order to discover the man with a black mark between his shoulders.

"Sheikh Meran, who knew everything, because he was so wise, called the shepherd of the castle, who was really the man with the black mark on his back, and told him all that was going on in Tarsus, the advice the Jew had given to the king, and the secret order, 'and,' said he, 'if the Jew discovers you the king will try to force you to tell where I am, so you must promise that you will not tell.' The shepherd promised that he would not tell, and in order to make sure that the Jew should not find him he left the place altogether. Seven years afterwards the shepherd came to Tarsus, and, thinking the affair forgotten, and the Jew no longer on the watch, he went to the public bath; but the Jew, who had never given up his search, was there, and spied the black mark upon his back. Thereupon he carried him off to the king, who threatened to kill him if he would not show the place in the castle where Sheikh Meran was. The terrified shepherd consented, and accompanied the king, the Jew, and his people to the castle.

"Sheikh Meran, who knew all that had happened, made no resistance, but he called the shepherd aside and spoke to him thus: 'No one can avoid what is foreordained. I know you could not help telling, because they would have killed you otherwise. I shall allow myself to be taken, and have given orders to my subjects to bite no one. When they have killed me, my serpent part, from the waist down, when boiled, will cure the king; my head is rank poison, and the Jew will boil it and give you the soup to drink; my body from head to waist, when boiled, will make him who drinks the soup a great physician; the Jew will drink this himself unless you can manage to exchange cups with him without his seeing you do it.'

"Sheikh Meran allowed himself to be killed accordingly; the grease of his tail cured the king of his leprosy, the Jew boiled his head and body in separate pots, and pouring the soup into cups, he placed the one which he knew contained the head before the shepherd, and that containing the body before himself. The shepherd, however, drew his attention to the beautiful gardens of Tarsus, and whilst his head was turned, changed the cups. The Jew, turning suddenly, said: 'Let us drink! Let us drink!' in a brisk manner. They drank together, and the Jew died upon the spot.

"Then the shepherd returned into the mountains, where, to his astonishment, the flowers and plants beckoned to him, and whispered in his ear their several virtues, and as he did not know how to write he procured a scribe to write down all they said.

"They vied with each other in whispering their secrets, and the scribe could not write fast enough so as to set down all they said.

"One day a beautiful flower told him that one drop of her essence would restore a man that was nearly strangled. 'Ha! ha!' said the shepherd, 'that is a secret of great value; I will try it.'

"Accordingly he prepared the essence, and arranged a cord to strangle himself. The cord tightened, and just as he was half strangled he raised the cup of essence to his lips, when, alas! Satan dashed it out of his hand. And so the shepherd was hanged; but the scribe who had written down what the flowers and plants said, became the great physician."

Such was the legend of Ilan Kalesi.

The distance from Messis to Giameli Keui is about three hours; the view of the country along the route is magnificent; at every point of the compass except the east, high ranges of snow mountains border the great plain. But we suffered much from the intense heat in the river valley and ravines. In the hot season this district must be well-nigh uninhabitable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PYRAMUS. GIAOUR DAGH AND MARASH.

April 28th.—Rose at daybreak, and went down to the river. It is here fully 200 yards in width, and flows with a swift and even current of some five miles an hour. The banks are so hollow and brittle that it is dangerous to approach the water's edge, and anyone falling into the stream would certainly be lost.

We started at 8.50 A.M.; our road crossed a grassy plain, cultivated in a few little patches; the soil is magnificent, a rich black earth, equal to the finest part of the Delta in Egypt. Most striking is the lonesomeness of the country. We met a few wandering Turkmans, and saw only one little village, Azizlü, on the mountain side to our right. Below it is a large ancient cemetery, full of tombstones of lava, inscribed with Roman numerals.

We were now approaching the edge of the plain, which in this quarter is bordered by an immense marsh, full of tall canes, and traversed by a clear and rapid stream, a tributary of the Jeyhoun (or Jeyhāan, as the people of the country call it). The range of the Amanus here gradually sinks into low, rounded hills of lava, and the black and porous stone projects from the soil everywhere. In front of us, upon a lofty, conical hill, was a large castle, built entirely of black

lava. We halted near it at a Turkman summer encampment, consisting of half a dozen huts of sticks and cane, plastered over with clay; and after rest and refreshment, ascended the steep hill to visit the old fort known as Toprak Kalesi. It is a fortress of the middle ages, probably Armenian, and evidently constructed in order to command the approach to the plain on this side. It has a double line of walls (the inner line of very great solidity), and a keep, with great vaulted halls under it; all round the walls are small chambers, loopholed; below these are the stables and magazines, and in the middle of the great courtyard is a large cistern for receiving the rain-water. The whole surface of the hill is so thickly overgrown with brushwood and plants that it was not easy to make a way through it. In all these old Cilician fortresses snakes abound, many of them extremely poisonous, and half-way up the hill my friend pointed out to me a large black snake in the brushwood. Below the fortress had once been a considerable village, but all is now in ruin, excepting a handsome minaret of black lava and limestone. Several antique pillars had been used in building the mosque attached to it, and I noticed one handsome Corinthian capital of white marble.

Our arrival excited much curiosity among the Turkman villagers, but they were very civil, and the women came round us unveiled. Their headdress was a tall cap of white muslin, folded under the chin, and many had large gold or silver coins hanging at the temples.

The valley, at the mouth of which is the fortress of

Toprak Kalesi, leads into another wild and uncultivated valley, lying between the main chain of Giaour Dagh, and the low hills in front of it. The valley is watered by a fine little stream (the Arra Sou), but nearly the whole district consists of marsh land and pasturage, covered with low brushwood.

The aspect of Giaour Dagh from this side is very fine, the front range being thickly covered with forest, while behind it tower the main ridges, white with perennial snow.

In about an hour and a half after leaving Toprak Kalesi, we came to the village of Osmanieh. Near it we met some 150 recruits on their march down to Adana, a fine-looking set of fellows, though for the most part in rags; several of them saluted us very civilly as we passed. Nowhere, indeed, during my whole journey had I any reason to complain of the behaviour of the people on the score of politeness. I was a foreigner, a Christian; my appearance, dress, and manners, could not fail to present many distasteful, many ridiculous points; yet never once was I treated with rudeness, and once only, viz. in this very village of Osmanieh, was there even the smallest laugh raised at my expense, and even on the occasion referred to it was all in good humour. The Osmanli, whether of high or low rank, is naturally a gentleman; whatever may be his faults, low buffoonery or laughter at the expense of other people is not amongst them. I wonder what the experiences of a foreigner would have been under similar circumstances in many a village nearer home?

The village of Osmanieh is only about ten years

old, and was established under the following circumstances.

It is well known that at all times the border between Syria and Turkey has been one of the most disturbed and unquiet districts in the empire, owing to the mountaineers and robber chiefs who inhabited the Giaour Dagh. At present the country is tolerably safe, but this has only been the case for about five years past. Before that time the route we took would have been most dangerous, to a European perhaps fatal, as the fierce mountaineers would never have permitted a foreigner, and a Giaour, to pass through their country unmolested. Until about five years ago these men were completely masters of this district. They robbed, murdered, and made raids in all directions at their pleasure. Caravans could not pass; at times even a strong armed escort could not afford protection. At length even the inert authorities in Stamboul felt that something must be done, and about eleven years ago Dervish Pasha was expressly sent from Stamboul to take the command of a strong force, and put an end to this state of things. But the mountaineers made a stubborn resistance, and it required four or five years of active warfare before they were subdued. The loss of life on both sides was great, and Dervish Pasha was succeeded by Ismail, Jevdet, and Daoud Pashas in the operations against the rebels. The mountain villages were at length captured, the chiefs taken prisoners and sent either to Constantinople or "interned" in some remote part of the empire, the villages were destroyed, and the common people removed from the mountains

and forced to settle in the plains. For a long time small detachments of soldiers were kept in the mountains, at distances of three or four hours apart. Most of these are now withdrawn, and there is no one living in the mountains, but the passes are still kept by strong guards. Yet even now robberies and murderous attacks are common, especially on the side towards Alexandretta. We heard of a case which had just occurred a little to the south of Osmanieh, where the mountains are much lower, and the caravan route to Alexandretta crosses them. Indeed, if the Government at all relaxed its vigilance matters would soon be as bad as ever.

Osmanieh was one of the villages in which the mountaineers had been forced to settle. It is a primitive little place, with a cold, bracing air in winter, but in summer it is nearly deserted, owing to malaria. The people live almost entirely by their flocks and herds, and, although the soil is fertile, there is but little cultivation. From a distance its whitewashed houses and high minaret give the impression of a flourishing little place, but it consists of only 140 to 150 scattered houses.

We entered it just before sunset, and stopped at the shop of a Syrian tailor to rest, while our interpreter tried to find us a lodging. In a few minutes nearly all the population gathered round to stare at us; conspicuous amongst them was a fine-looking Keurdt, with a long beard, beautiful teeth, bright eyes, and a profile resembling the handsomest faces on the Assyrian monuments. He seemed extremely amused at us, and his observations caused a little

merriment among the crowd. However they were not rude, but we were glad to retire to a shed offered us by an Armenian. It was not a luxurious lodging, being simply an outhouse in his garden, with great holes in the wall and roof, freely admitting sun and air, but here at all events we were secure from intrusion, and so no doubt more comfortable than if we had lodged in the Government House, the usual resort of travellers like ourselves, and been obliged to hold a kind of levée, which to a tired traveller could not fail to be irksome, though meant in all kindness by the visitors.

Our host told us that there were only five Armenian families in Osmanieh, and complained much of the hard treatment they endured from the Muslims. He seemed a good, simple kind of man. He had lately lost his wife, and was left in a miserable state of poverty with two or three little children. He told me that owing to the wildness of the country, and the want of population, wild animals were numerous, and sometimes dangerous. A year ago a leopard had killed four children and a man before it was itself hunted and killed. In severe winter weather the wolves are dangerous; about three years back five persons had been killed by them in that neighbourhood. The cattle and sheep must be driven into the villages every night to secure them from wild animals and robbers.

In the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by the cry of a pack of jackals, and the furious barking of the village dogs.

April 29.—Left Osmanieh at 8 A.M. Rode up the

wide valley, which is marshy, but with here and there a bit of finely cultivated land. It is well watered. Half an hour from Osmanieh we crossed a stream running left to right, soon afterwards another flowing right to left. This our guide called Yalpouzi Tchai. The banks of these streams are well wooded, and literally alive with birds of many kinds, especially the thrush (or blackbird), and the nightingale filled the air with melody.

On our right was the village of Tchardak, and above it, on a towering peak of the mountains, the ruined fort of Tchardak. The mountains on either hand, thickly covered with oaks, pines, ash, myrtle, and arbutus, gradually closed up the extremity of the valley. At 10 A.M. we reached the military post of Devrishli, from which the pass has its name, Devrishli Bel. This pass traverses a chain of mountains connected with the Giaour Dagh, but not the main chain; this could be seen at intervals, rising far above all the mountains round it.

The Yalpouzi Tchai issues from the pass just at the point where we entered it, and the same stream (I think) enters the pass on the other side by a tremendous gorge, at the point of our exit from the pass. It is the same stream which flows down from Bagtche and above it, but it is there called by another name. Almost every village gives a different name to the river adjoining. Some of the peasants only know a river as "the river," e. g. in the Billali Pass above Bagtche I asked a man the name of the river, to which he replied "Neh olour? Sou olour!" "What should it be? It is 'the river.'" The entrance to the

pass is very marshy, and the road was rendered worse by a heavy thunderstorm, but we made our way through thick bushes of myrtle and jasmine rising high above the horses' backs, and began the ascent of the pass.

Though the Devrishli Pass has no very steep, precipitous ascents, as the mountain passes of Western Anatolia, it is very long and difficult, and in winter quite impassable. It runs across the crests of a succession of broken heights, the offsets of the main chain, but diving deep at times into ravines. The ridges along which the pass runs are separated from the rest of the mountains by deep ravines and river channels. The slopes on the other side of these ravines run up to heights more elevated than our path, but still far lower than the main range, the snowy ridges of which were visible at intervals. Many spots on the slopes, to all appearance almost inaccessible, were nevertheless cultivated, for there were here and there cleared patches sown with wheat.

The wanton and insensate destruction of the forest is very striking. In some spots spaces had been cleared by burning, and the blackened stumps formed a strong contrast to the bright verdure of the crops below them. In other spots the trees had been ringed, and then left to fall through time and decay; and in others, again, the axe had levelled a whole plantation, which still cumbered the ground, and would probably never be used, even for fuel. All the finest pines had been cut and fired at the base, to make "tcheragh." * It was melancholy to see such wanton and mischievous

* Resinous wood used for flambeaux, &c.

destruction. The Government is said to be taking up the question of the forests in earnest, and assuredly it is high time to do so, but it may be doubted whether anything will really be done.

We met many parties of peasants on their way down to reap the harvest in the plain of Cilicia. They were very poorly clad, and appeared a strong, lithe set of men; not one in twenty of them was armed.

One party seemed well off. They had their women with them, who were all well dressed, and wore no veils, but had many ornaments, amongst others two large bronze or silver medallions, hung at the left temple. Their headdress, like that of all the women in this district, was a tall, square coif of white muslin or cotton, the ends wrapped under the chin.

At about the middle of the pass, on a rock with precipitous sides from 400 to 500 feet high, and cut off by deep gorges from the surrounding heights, was a ruined fort "Keupèk Kalesi" (Dog Castle), perhaps one of the many robber holds destroyed by the Government troops a few years ago. So far as we could learn, these mountains are only traversed by the pass through which we came, and its continuation, the "Billali Pass." The whole group of mountains lying N.W. and N. of the high chain of Giaour Dagh, and E. and N.E. of the continuation of the Amanus, up to the south edge of the plain of Marash, forms one chaotic, intricate, and lofty mass, the scenery of which is of the grandest order. A few streams make their way through it, but their channels are impassable and their course only known by con-

jecture. No wonder that caravans and travellers, and all the country round, were at the mercy of the ruffian chiefs who lived in this great natural fortress.

The general direction of the pass, with but slight variation, was eastwards. It occupied us nearly three hours to traverse, and then we made our way through pleasant, winding valleys, watered by a considerable river, and amidst well-wooded heights to the village of Bagtche. This is prettily situated at the junction of two deep ravines, down which flow the head-waters of the Yalpouzi. It consists of a few solidly built houses, clustered round the village mosque, a graceful and pretty building, the whole buried in a grove of poplar and walnut trees. The inhabitants consist of fifteen Muslims and about one hundred and fifty Protestant Armenians, connected with the American Missions at Marash and Aintab. But the Mohammedan is evidently the dominant and established faith. The village seems new, at least we looked in vain in its extensive cemetery for any antique remains. The kaimakam, a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, who was in very bad health, invited us to drink coffee; afterwards we adjourned to the shop of the village dyer. The only food we could procure was a little very bad bread, and yet worse yaourt, and I was tired, cold, and faint with hunger, having only been able to get a little bread and coffee at 6.30 A.M. The villagers—evidently miserably poor—clustered round us, glad to exchange a few words with Europeans. They said they were twenty-four hours distant from Aintab, which lay to the east, and thirty-six hours from Aleppo. They had no resident minister, but

at stated times a native clergyman came round from Marash or Aintab, and sometimes one of the American Missionaries. They were not at all molested in their worship by their Mohammedan masters, but showed their dislike to them very clearly.

The land all round the village is thickly strewn with great blocks and boulders of stone, red, white, black, greenish, and yellowish, which rendered the paths intricate and difficult; some of these rocks were extremely beautiful in the clear water of the river.

After a short repose we entered the Billali Bel, (Whetstone Pass). Its general direction is N.E., and it is traversed by a comparatively good road, which is kept up with some care, but its declivities are numerous and very steep. Some of the slopes across which it passes are at so steep an incline, that a stone could be thrown down directly, and without effort, into the roaring river hundreds of feet below. The scenery is grand and beautiful, with lovely views down the pass of the great ridges of Giaour Dagh. All is well wooded, especially the river ravine, which is full of fine planes, walnuts, and other trees, few as yet in leaf. The stream itself is very lovely, clear as crystal, now roaring along in rapid torrent, now foaming in cascades over great masses of green or red marble or dolomite, now curling round roots of gnarled and aged trees, now sleeping in a placid pool, and every side valley brings its tribute of waters.

Here and there are lonely cottages, with a few patches of cultivated ground round them, perched high up in positions almost inaccessible on the sides of the

ravine. What a life their owners must lead! And yet I am convinced that on the whole it is a far happier life than that of most persons of a similar rank in Western Europe. Though poor, their wants are few, and at least they can enjoy the bright sun and free air of heaven, and are not condemned to pass an existence of monotonous toil and trouble—only varied by an occasional drinking bout—in the thick, murky, joyless atmosphere of some great manufacturing town, or in the close courts and reeking alleys of some populous city.

They are a simple-minded, honest, and really religious race, free, moreover, from many of the vices of civilized society.

After all, life is a system of compensations!

I thought we should not require more than two hours to traverse the pass, but it occupied us four and a half hours. We followed the course of the river till it received a large tributary from the east, and then we approached the water-parting, which, according to my friend's mountain barometer, was about 3500 feet above the sea, and was formed by a series of low, rounded hills, full of magnificent pine forests. Just then darkness came on; our cavass hesitated, he had lost the way, and we had the unpleasant prospect of spending the night out in the cold. But presently we met a party of woodcutters returning to the village, who took us back in quite a different direction, and at 8 P.M. we reached the Armenian mountain-village of Kizil Aghadj Oldousou, and alighted at the house of the mukhtar, a rich Armenian landholder, named Toros Chakrian, welcomed by the

fierce baying of a pack of huge wolf dogs; but I was so cold, so stiff, so exhausted by fatigue and want of food, that I could scarcely mount the staircase of wood that led up to the house. The hospitable host kindly helped me up, and we entered a handsome room, well carpeted, well lighted, and with cushions and silken coverlets on the floor. A raised daïs ran along one side of the room, and a blazing wood fire cast its cheerful gleam over the company. Nothing could exceed their hospitality. I was so benumbed that I could not take off my boots and riding gaiters (a necessary piece of etiquette for a guest), so that the master himself kindly helped me, and I was soon seated at the fireside. Two more candelabras were brought in, and coffee and cigarettes offered. Two splendid silver narghilehs succeeded, which Toros himself lighted for us. Then, seeing that I was still shivering with cold, he ordered glasses of hot tea to be prepared, but it was long before I could recover the natural heat, so chilled was I by the sharp mountain air and by want of food; and our host, with the best intentions, kept us waiting till nearly eleven o'clock for an elaborate supper, instead of giving us what was at hand. In the meantime we sat and conversed. Our host was a well-made man of about thirty-five years of age, with handsome features, splendid teeth, bright eyes, and a look of great determination. His dress was of the Marash style, a maroon-coloured woollen robe, heavily embroidered with gold and crimson silk, a waistcoat of the same, thick cloth trousers, and a Syrian silk turban round his fez. He had been indulging in a

little raki, and was very voluble. He seemed delighted to welcome us, and repeated twenty times at least, "memnoûn im̆," "I am thankful" (i. e. that you are come). Now, pleased at finding that I could converse a little with him, he would take me by the hand and squeeze it affectionately. Anon he would order one of his children, or servants, to bring out something for our honour or amusement, a plate of preserved violets, Samsoun and Latakia tobacco, fresh narghilehs, a bag of antique coins (very few of the least value, but I saw one good Demetrius Theos), a Persian decoration—an order of some kind, but I forget how obtained—a handsome rifle, which he said he had taken about eight years before in the attack on Zeytin, a semi-independent Armenian village, where he had served under Atesh Pasha. In the meantime his tongue ran on incessantly. He told us about his land, his cattle, his business transactions, how at times he drove down herds of his own cattle to Alexandretta for sale, and only a short time back had been attacked by robbers on the road, whom he had beaten off, but not before one of their shots had wounded his horse in the breast. He had been to Constantinople, and showed us his photograph taken at Sabah's, with all his "accoutrements" on, and with his captured rifle in his hand. Our interpreter said that Toros had an income of about $4000 a year, a very large revenue for this country, but the Government taxes absorb a considerable part of it. With the remainder he lives a happy life enough, keeping open house, and exercising the greatest hospitality. It is a pity the Government do not employ men like

this in the public service. This man I am sure would serve the State well, and as an officer would lead his men valiantly. But they dare not give power to men of this stamp. If they did so to any extent, the present miserable system of misrule would soon come to an end.

Supper was at length announced, and our host took my hand, led me into an adjoining room, and placed me near the great copper tray on which the dishes were arranged. Small pieces of calico were given to us as napkins. Raki and home-made wine were served, the latter very palatable. It is invidious to criticise the *cuisine* of an hospitable host, but the result after three hours' preparation was but poor. The only really good things were the bread and the yaourt.* The rice pilaff was gritty, the meat so tough that one could not eat it, and one dish so strongly flavoured with garlic that I did not venture upon a second taste of it. By way of grace before meat, a young Armenian, who acts as schoolmaster to the village, and as a kind of extra servant to Toros—no very pleasant berth, by the way—chanted the Lord's Prayer in Turkish; the children accompanied him, and I noticed that they turned the palms of their hands upwards all the time ("manus supinas"). Then, while we were eating, they stood in front of us and chanted hymns in Turkish, with those peculiarly loud and nasal intonations which are only to be heard amongst the Eastern Christians. The master of the house kept time during the intervals of eating by gently waving his spoon, and when the hymn languished he would rap the dish

* Curdled milk, a very common article of food amongst the Turks.

sharply, and utter a loud "ha!" with a few words of command, which acted like an electric shock on the performers, and set them off again vigorously. I did not eat as much as I could have eaten, in pity for the chorus, and so rose hungry but warm. The attendants quickly finished the remains of our supper. We returned to the "salaamlik," * smoked a narghileh, and at midnight lay down to sleep.

April 30th.—Rose at 6 A.M.

Toros Chakrian's house is of two stories, the upper used as the lodging of the family. The projecting roof, supported by great pine trunks, forms a covered gallery extending along the front of the house, and into this the various rooms open. The house is stone built, and one of the best I saw in the country. In front of it rise mountains thickly covered with forest, and with a great quantity of snow only a few hundred feet above us. Our host was sitting in a summer-house, near which lay a number of pretty white marble capitals, which he told us he had brought from Anazarba, and meant to use some day in building a church.

The morning was bright and sunny, but the wind was piercing, and we waited so long for breakfast that we all became miserably cold, but, *en revanche*, Toros supplied raki and cigarettes in abundance. Breakfast consisted of rice soup, some milk, and another garlic-flavoured dish, so that I only took bread and milk. The same prayer and hymn as the evening before accompanied our meal. After breakfast our host brought his children to show us. They were one boy and two girls, the eldest a fine girl of

* The reception room in a Turkish house for male visitors.

thirteen to fourteen years, with handsome, strongly marked features, and dark, rich complexion. She wore a thick necklace of gold coins, and made haste to escape when the inspection was over. When we left, Toros escorted us a little distance, and I noticed that the wound in his horse's breast was even yet not thoroughly healed.

We descended through hills, partially cleared and sown with grain, the direction of the pass being still N.E., but after mounting a ridge the road turned S.E., and we began to descend. Before us in the plain was a lower mountain, which our guide called Giaour Dagh, and a lake of considerable size, which we were told abounds with splendid fish, but few are ever brought to market, as the Turks do not like fish; they think it produces fever. The fish of the Jeyhoun and Sarus are of very poor quality.

The road gradually descended into a valley full of oak, and of hawthorn in full bloom, and with a beautiful little river, the Imalu Sou, flowing towards the lake. The extensive plain that runs up to Marash was so inundated that we had great difficulty even in skirting the edge of it owing to the marshes. The number of brooks and streams is very great; besides the Imalu, we passed two large brooks, and soon after I observed another large and rapid stream running parallel with the road. Our cavass, whose pronunciation was very imperfect, called it the "Keulpoir Sou" (i. e. "Keulpongar Sou" = the Ash Springs River), and said that it burst all at once out of the ground. Soon after, we passed the villages of El Oglou Tajirlis and Tchakallu and came to the "Ak Sou" (which our

cavass called the "Āāsi"), a rapid, eddying torrent, turbid and muddy, spanned by a bridge of six arches, none of them even or alike. It is of the same style as the bridge of Messis, and is doubtless a work of Justinian, but repaired at various ages since. Marash was visible a long way off on the hill side across the plain, but we were obliged to make a long détour to avoid the marshes along the Ak Sou. We reached the town at 4.30 P.M., wet, tired, hungry, and shivering from the cold north wind, which swept down from the mountains.

Our choice of a khan was unfortunate, our room very bad, the khanji's *cuisine* detestable, and the people, especially the Armenians, impertinent and inquisitive. I was obliged literally to close the door in their faces, but I slept soundly, for I was exhausted by cold, hunger, and fatigue.

May 1st.—The khanji inclined to be troublesome, but he changed his tone considerably, when he found I could talk with him in his own language.

We have made a most unlucky choice of lodgings. The bazaars are close beneath, and all night long the "bekjis" (watchmen) keep up an intermittent sound of howls, fifes, and whistles. Our door is exactly opposite the staircase, up which people came to stare at us. They would calmly take a bench or chair, and watch us for half an hour at a time. Then, too, an inspection of the weights and measures of the town was being held, and this khan had been chosen as the place in which the examination should take place, so that all the tradesmen of the town were obliged to bring their weights and endazeh (measure) to have

the Government stamp fixed upon them, and loud and long were the protestations, reproofs, abuse! All these people could look directly into our room as they came up the stairs, and it was laughable to see their surprise and curiosity. The "endazeh" measured exactly 2 feet 3 inches, but it may be a local measure.

Marash is the chief seat of a most flourishing American Protestant mission (United Presbyterian), with branches at Killis, Aintab, and throughout the whole district as far to the west as Nigdeh. The number of Armenians in Cilicia is estimated at 153,000 souls, and nearly 14,000 of these are Protestant, with twenty-six churches and chapels, many of them having schools attached. In Marash alone there are four chapels and eleven schools (large and small), with an attendance of 450 children for five days in the week. In each chapel divine service is held twice on Sundays and twice during week days.

I called upon the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, who is in charge here. He was absent, but I was most kindly received by Mrs. Montgomery, form whom, and from some of the principal members of the congregation, I gathered much information about this town. Marash contains from about 25,000 to 30,000 people (this is a probable estimate). Of these 7000 to 8000 are Christians, principally Orthodox Armenians and Protestants — the Protestants being about 2700 in number.

Of Greeks, there are scarcely any, and only a few Roman Catholics, although there is a Jesuit mission here, which expends much money, and has a large and

finely built college, situated on a hill in the middle of the town. On the other hand, the success of the Protestant mission is surprising. I was told that even many Muslims would join if they did not fear the persecution that would assuredly result. Much depends on the case of a Muslim named Mustafa, who had become a Protestant Christian, but had suffered severe persecution. Indeed, his life had only been spared at the strong instance (so at least I understood) of the American and British ambassadors—this probably was an exaggeration on my informant's part—but he had been exiled to Smyrna.

The American mission lives on good terms with the Orthodox Armenians, but, with few exceptions, the leading Muslims, and indeed all classes of Muslims, are hostile. Sometimes the governors are favourably disposed, but dare not display their good will to any great extent, lest the influence of the rich and powerful Beys should be used against them at Constantinople; and a fear was openly expressed, that should any disturbance or war of Europeans against Turks take place, the native Christians would be the victims. The bitterness of the Osmanlis had much increased of late. Above all, the influential Turks are opposed to the opening of schools.* Yet Mrs. Montgomery spoke highly of some of the Turks, and said that very often men of high probity and honour were found amongst them. The condition of the poorer

* It would appear, however, that *practically* the Protestant Armenians here enjoy complete religious freedom, as was evident from what I saw on the following Sunday in their schools and churches, and their fears of a Muslim outbreak against Christains, if not groundless, were certainly exaggerated.

Christians is very pitiable, and they suffer extremely at times, more so than the poorer Muslims, the latter being here greatly assisted by their own people, who are better able to afford help. The bedeliyeh, or exemption tax from military service, presses heavily upon the poorer Christians, although its amount is trifling, and cases of Christians becoming Muslim were not uncommon; sometimes an Armenian would apostatize in order to spite and vex his relations.

Except during a part of the summer, the town is healthy. This is chiefly due to the fine supply of water, which descends from a group of springs in the mountain above the town, and flows in many channels down the declivity on which the town stands, thus also the place is kept tolerably clean. A surprising quantity of water bursts out from these springs, which give to the river its name "Kirk-geuz-pongar Sou," "the river of the Forty-eyes Springs."

The people suffer much from ophthalmia, doubtless caused by damp and the sudden changes of temperature, but they attribute it in great measure to the violent winds which prevail at certain seasons. These winds are almost entirely local, for at the summer station of the mission, a place called Kara Khan, two hours up in the mountains, they are never felt, and seldom far beyond the town; Kara Khan is situated in a gorge of the mountains, and whenever there is a thunderstorm in the high ranges of Taurus, a violent gust of wind sweeps down through it upon the plain. The local wind is doubtless caused by some peculiar formation of the mountains round the town. The people look robust, but all the weakly die out before

they are three years of age, and the loss of a child is very little thought of.

The height of the town above the sea is about 2500 feet; the heat in summer is great, and changes of temperature are very sudden. Living is extremely cheap. Meat in winter costs 3 T. piastres per oke (equivalent to about 7*d.* per $2\frac{3}{4}$ English lbs.), in summer, $1\frac{1}{2}$ piastres per oke. Milk, in summer, 30 paras per oke, in winter, 40 to 50 paras (equivalent to about 2*d.* per $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.). Eggs very cheap; peaches $5\frac{1}{2}$ piastres per batman of $2\frac{1}{2}$ okes; apples not of good quality, about the same price; grapes are amazingly cheap, viz. 30 paras per batman. But in the town the fruit sold is not of good quality, owing to the mutesarrif, who, with the best intentions, and with a view to benefit the poor, has fixed an arbitrary price on all fruit brought to market, in consequence of which law the cultivators send only their worst fruit into the town, and consume the best at home. All octroi duties are now removed.

At present the trade of Marash, as also that of Adana, is suffering in consequence of the famine in the interior. The chief trade of Marash is the manufacture of woollen fabrics used for clothing. Some of these are very beautiful, being embroidered or interwoven with gold and silk, and all are wonderfully cheap, so great is the lack of money in the country. The leather work of all kinds is excellent, and we saw some fine specimens of saddlery inlaid with gold. The boots are very good, being strong and well made, but the waste of leather in them is strange. In the goldsmiths' bazaar I saw some jewellery, princi-

pally bracelets and brooches; it was strong but not elegant.

Marash contains about twenty mosques, some with very graceful minarets in the style usual in Cilicia. In one mosque, which bore some resemblance to the beautiful Olou Jamaa of Adana, was a fine Norman zigzag arch. There are twelve Christian churches, but some of these are rather houses used as churches.

The old fort stands upon a conical hill to the west of the town; it is Saracenic, but built, I think, on earlier foundations. The arches of the gateways are made of stones, mortised in the style so common in Cairo, but less elaborately. The stones, which are cubes of limestone, yellow and brown, cause the whole building to appear, at a distance, of a deep orange colour. On the wall near the great gate are the statues of a lion and a panther, exactly like the lions of the Alhambra. The fort is dismantled and ruinous, but the thick iron ribs with which its ponderous gate is covered, pitted and dented all over with balls, testify to many a desperate combat for its possession. The sentry at first refused us permission to enter, but through the kindness of the second surgeon of the Military Hospital, an Italian, we were allowed to visit the interior. The hospital is very clean, and well kept, and the diet and treatment of the sick soldiers good, but the dispensary seemed poorly furnished.

The site of Germanicia is a little to the east of Marash, but absolutely no remains, except a few lines of foundation wall, are to be seen; nor did I notice any antiquities in Marash, save one or two sarcophagi,

used now as water troughs. At the mission house, however, a curious bronze statuette was shown to me. It was the figure of a woman wearing a tall, conical cap, and mounted on a bull or ox, hunched like the Brahminy cattle. It had been washed up by the rain, in a ravine upon the mountain behind the town. I bought a similar figure of an ox only at Karaman, the figure mounted on it had been lost.

May 2nd.—Went at 8 A.M. to visit the churches of the Protestant community. The first church, a plain but very spacious building, contained a congregation of 380 to 400 people, the men together on one side, the women on the other, all seated on the ground, and listening to the reader, who was reading a Psalm. The order, the cleanliness, the devout attention of these poor people was truly admirable. At the conclusion of divine service they formed into little circles of fifteen to twenty each, with the instructor of each class addressing them from a book, either a Catechism, or some portion of Scripture. The quiet, unassuming attention of all was in strong contrast with the noisy confusion usually prevailing in a Greek or Armenian church. In an adjoining building was a school of about 150 children.

From this I went to another and larger church, where a congregation of at least 450 were present. The spectacle was exactly the same, and a school of not less than 200 children was attached to this church. All the books used are in Turkish, but printed in the Armenian character. Lastly I visited the Theological School. The instruction is from a translation of the United Presbyterian Theological Catechism. A small

class of little children was here also, and the pupils were being catechized on "duty to parents."

These people are all served by their own native pastors, and the churches are self-supporting, the American clergymen simply directing and superintending; the only support sent from America is for the Theological School. A piece of land had been bought for the purpose of building a Theological College, but permission to build had not yet been obtained. The land is "wakf" (mortmain), and the Muslims of Marash object to buildings being erected on it, as they say "no fruit can then be grown from it," their real reason probably being their dislike of education for the rayahs. At the same time it is only just to say that in Alexandria I have known most advantageous offers of purchase for "wakf" lands refused for the same reason alleged by the Muslims of Marash. Mr. Montgomery was then at Aleppo, endeavouring to obtain the Wali's permission to go on with the building.

The students, after graduating, are sent out as preachers to the various villages throughout the district. Their farthest station on the west is Nigdeh, on the east Aintab; at Killis and at Kashab (on Mount Cassius) are flourishing little Protestant communities, but at Aleppo very little is effected.

The ladies of the mission used to take part in the work, but from ill-health and other causes had ceased to do so.

It was truly a touching sight to see this zealous little community of Christians. Many of the women had brought their little children with them, some

quite infants, and there were many lovely children's faces to be seen. A great number of elderly men and women, too, were present. The whole congregation was most attentive, and though in large part poorly dressed, of exemplary cleanliness.

After the inspection I paid a visit to the mission house, which is on the hill above the town, and commands a most extensive view of the plain of Marash and the mountains round it. Looking south, one sees on the extreme right two peaks of Karajah Dagh. This mountain is visible from Adana. Next, Dourbin Dagh (Telescope Mountain); lower than this, and between it and Marash, is Seurr Dagh; next Giaour Dagh, sweeping off towards the S.W.; then the long line of Kapujan Dagh, across the extremity of the plain; lower than it, and between it and Marash, the smaller Giaour Dagh and its lake before mentioned; almost due south, and faintly visible, is what is called in Mr. Montgomery's manuscript map of the country "Saddleback Mountain"; one of the Armenians called it "Keurdt Dagh." The higher ridge of Achyr Dagh, the mountain behind Marash, cannot be seen from the town; only its nearer and lower ranges are visible. Its continuation (Nadjar, Sakar, and Kanlu Daghler) stretches far away to the N.E., and forms a long wall of snowy heights.

I sketched out a conjectural map of our route through the Devrishli and Billali passes, and was told that we had taken a long and difficult road, that the easiest way of coming to Marash is from Osmanieh, to a place called Tejli Ova, which is five hours from Baghtche, on the side towards Adana. Then from Tejli Ova to Baghtche. From Baghtche four hours through the

mountains to a place called Kazan Ali, which is on the edge of the plain, six hours farther from Marash than the spot at which we came down upon the plain. The reason why muleteers preferred the route we took was that the descent to Kazan Ali was very abrupt, and did not suit their loaded animals. This route, moreover, was very interesting, because the pass between these two places had been closed up by an ancient fortification, of which considerable remains yet exist. About one hour and a half from Baghtche, on the side towards Kazan Ali, was a deep gorge, through which the road passed; on the left or north side of this the mountain ended in a vast, precipitous cliff, and a wall of great hewn stones had been built at an angle with this precipice so as completely to block the passage. This wall had been pulled down, and through the breach Mrs. Montgomery had once travelled with her husband; but a piece of the wall some thirty to forty feet high was still standing, and on it were several Greek inscriptions. Mr. Montgomery and another of the American missionaries had examined the whole line of the mountains, and thought that this must be the true Pylœ Amanides, which are usually placed much farther south. I afterwards asked our muleteer about these passes, and he confirmed what I had heard from Mrs. Montgomery, only he declared there was no other pass from Osmanieh to Baghtche except the Devrishli Bel by which we had come.

There is a bed of extremely fine slate on the tableland at the top of the pass between Baghtche and Kazan Ali.

I took leave of my kind hostess with regret and a

To face page 102.

Standards Geog[l] Estab[t]

MARASH
Giaour Dagh in the distance

feeling of high esteem. She is a good, zealous woman, very sympathetic, and full of sound good sense. Unfortunately her health is not strong, perhaps from the malaria of the climate. Her two sons were fine, healthy little fellows, speaking Turkish better than English, and often employing Turkish idioms when speaking English, which had the oddest effect.

There is a direct road from Marash to Alexandretta (36 hours) through a place called Islahiyeh, marked in Mr. Montgomery's manuscript map. This is one of the villages formed by the forcible settlement of the mountaineers removed from the Giaour Dagh after the government troops had subdued them. It was a very marshy and unhealthy place, and *corvée* labourers, masons, and carpenters, had been sent from Marash to build houses for the forced immigrants. The health of the place had, however, now much improved. The country is so level (until the road reaches the pass of Beylan above Alexandretta) that very little would be needed to make a good carriage road, and there are fine oak forests along the route. But the unhealthiness of the country would be a great obstacle to colonization.

CHAPTER V.

THE KURSOULOU AND KAYISH RIVERS. BAZAAR. BOUDROUM.

May 3rd.—We had forgotten to engage our muleteer for the return journey to Adana; we had some difficulty in finding him again, and could not start till 10.45 A.M. Of all the unpleasant khans it has been my lot to inhabit, this of Marash is amongst the worst. The inspection of weights and measures had not ceased when we left, so that the staircase was always full, and a group of curious idlers was constantly inspecting us and our doings. After crossing the bare hills which extend from the foot of Achyr Dagh we came, at 12.30, to the little village and mill of Oongoot, and at 1.25 we reached the bridge over the Jeihaan. It is of pointed arches, the main arch very wide and high, and five small arches. The remains of another bridge are still to be seen in the stream a little above.

Close to the bridge on the west side of the river is a range of conglomerate hills intersected by great veins of sandstone. Some of the conglomerate may vie with the Dunuk Tash of Tarsus in hardness, and it contains the strangest variety of stones of all sorts, sizes, and colours. The geological features of the district were most varied. The great rib of conglomerate extended far back into the country to the foot of the mountains. It was plainly to be distinguished by its

deep colour, by the rounded forms it assumed, and the complete absence of vegetation.

After crossing the bridge, we turned towards the left. Before us rose the serrated, broken summits of Khadj Bel Dagh, over which our route lay. Delik Tash was on the N.W., and great ranges of snow mountains were visible in every direction. The country is full of bush and pasturage, and with a considerable breadth of land sown with grain; some peasants were at work, but there were few houses, and until we came, on the evening of May 5th, to Ajemli there was nothing deserving the name of a village, only scattered houses and Turkman huts (summer). This scarcity of inhabitants is the more remarkable, as the district we were traversing must be extremely fertile, to judge from the aspect of the crops. The soil is a rich yellowish-brown loam, with scarcely a stone or pebble in it, thickly overgrown with bushes, and falling in steep slopes towards the river, or towards the little brooks, of which there was one at the bottom of every ravine we passed. These ravines were numerous; no sooner was one rounded height surmounted, than we had to mount up from the ravine to another. For some distance our road lay along the river, but the difficulty of advancing was very great, owing to the continual and extensive landslips. Wherever a spring bursts forth or a rain gully descends, there a landslip occurs, often so marshy that it could not be passed except by making a long détour. It seemed as if the whole surface of the hill side was slipping downwards bodily towards the river, and hence it is that the waters of the Pyramus are so thickly charged with mud.

As I was descending one of the banks a brace of rock partridges rose with a great clamour, and the moment afterwards I caught a glimpse of a wild cat as he rushed off. This is the only game I saw; the scarcity of game is caused by the peasants, who kill the game in season and out of season. We had started so late, and the passage of the banks, full of landslips, delayed us so long, that we were forced to stop at a small Armenian (Christian) hamlet called Tchairlan Tchiftlik, at the confluence of the Kursoulou River with the Jeihaan. Here the river is forded when the water is low; but now both rivers are furious, deep streams, swollen by the melting snows. The family with whom we lodged consisted of a weaver, his wife, a good-looking young woman, and two children. They were so poor that, as the man told me, they never drank coffee, and his wife did not seem to know what it was, for it required much persuasion from the interpreter before she would accept a cup. After a long search the villagers found us a few eggs, which our interpreter at once put aside for our breakfast. But he made a large rice pilaff from our stores, to which all did justice, and then I unadvisedly slept inside the house, which was spacious enough, but by its very look indicated fleas! Slept, did I say? No! it was a wretched doze, and when I arose I was covered with innumerable bites. My arms presented twenty bites at least to the square inch. The man is a weaver of native cotton cloth, which in this district they make very strong and good, and his trade no doubt encouraged fleas.

May 4th.—Started at 6.30 A.M. Our course led up

the Kursoulou River, in order to cross the bridge, and then returned along the opposite bank to the spot over against our last night's lodging; a loss of two and a half hours, but unavoidable, as that is the only line by which loaded animals can cross the Khadj Bel. The number of ravines and small streams is very great, in some places there is a ravine every 200 or 300 yards, and some are deep and with abrupt banks.

Much more use seems to be made of the streams for irrigation than in West Anatolia. We were forced continually to cross dykes and deep currents of water directed to some distant cornfield, and this rendered our progress slow and difficult. The birds are very numerous in this district; I noticed this especially, because in some parts we rode for hours and saw scarcely a bird, but here the bee bird, oriole, and blue jay were seen in great numbers, and the thrush or blackbird was as numerous as in England. We reached the bridge at 7.45 A.M. It spans the river by a single pointed arch, broad and high to allow free passage to the swollen stream. Long, sloping banks of earth, generally at a steep angle, border the river, some of them 700 to 800 feet in height, and the soil is being constantly washed down by the river; one perpendicular bank was kept in its place by horizontal bands and veins of sandstone.

At about nine o'clock we reached the mouth of the Kursoulou, and from this point began the ascent of the pass. As we mounted we could see the respective courses of the Jeihaan and Kursoulou for many miles. The river enters what appears from the heights above, a narrow ravine between Dourbin Dagh and Khadj

Dagh. The mountains seem as if they rose straight up from the river, but from the river valley the highest ranges could not of course be seen, as the nearer heights would obstruct the view. But we could see all, and grand and vast indeed was the prospect! The summits and deep ravines of the mountains were covered with dense forests of pine. Here and there, far up the mountain side, were patches of cultivation (cornfields). But although we carefully examined the whole range of country before us with the telescope we could see only one small village. On our side of the Pyramus there was a little hamlet called "Kaia Sholi," just under the ridge of Khadj Bel, and below the pass the village of Dŭngălă, or Dunkalaat, and that was all, in a district rich enough to support a large population. The highest point of the pass was still high above us, the ascent to it was along a great rib of sandstone, and we reached the top about 1 P.M. Here we bade adieu to the plain of Marash, and a new prospect opened before us. In front rose the high and jagged peaks of the main chain of the Giaour Dagh; they resembled huge slates set edgewise, and the range stretched backwards till it culminated in the rounded, snowy Dourbin. These jagged peaks are so abrupt that the snow only lodges in the deep crevices on the mountain sides, and it looks like a number of narrow white streaks on the dark blue-grey of the limestone or lava ridges. Whilst the horses were resting I made a pencil outline of the scene, but it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the wild beauty of these mountains.

From the bottom of the first great descent, on the

other side of Khadj Bel, a deep ravine runs up without any break to the top of this great mountain wall, so that there is an uninterrupted view of the rugged edge, towering far over head, and supported by its mighty rock buttresses, like so many huge, square, projecting towers. The descent occupied us nearly as long as the ascent, at length we reached a narrow and beautifully wooded valley, watered by a little river that took its rise in the watershed of the mountain pass. We were still encompassed with lofty and well-wooded mountains; but after leaving the top of the pass we could not see the higher snowy ranges. Scarcely a human habitation was visible, and during the whole day we did not meet more than two or three peasants or travellers, the country seems almost a wilderness. At last, just as night was closing in, and after we had been nearly twelve hours in the saddle, the muleteer halted, saying that it would be impossible to reach any village to-night. There was not even a house for a long distance; if I liked he would try to go on still, but it would soon be dark, the road was bad, and we had better rest here until the morning. The spot was evidently often used for a resting place, as the remains of camp fires testified. It was a group of large rocks in the forest; from the side of one of them a shelf of rock projected six or seven feet, thus forming a kind of shelter. The river was near, and a beautiful spring of ice-cold water burst from the rock close by. There was abundance of firewood, so we kindled a huge fire, prepared our well-earned evening meal of pilaff and tea, spread our mattresses, and slept comfortably enough; the night was exces-

sively damp, but I found that my mackintosh spread over the blanket kept off both cold and dew, and a silken keffieh protected head and eyes. The "keffieh" is an effectual protection against sun and damp, and an invaluable defence to the traveller in the Levant. The river by the side of which we bivouacked is called the "Sara Toprak Sou" (Yellow Earth River).

May 5th.—Left our bivouac at 6.30 A.M. Whilst at breakfast two travellers came up and stopped to warm themselves at our fire, for the early morning was cold. The muleteer had told me the road was bad, but I little expected how bad. The track passed over sheets of smooth limestone lying at a considerable inclination. I have seen similar roads in Anatolia, but there at least there is much traffic, and in the course of ages holes have been worn in the rock into which the animals can place their feet, and so scramble along; such roads are difficult, but not dangerous, at least with a sure-footed horse. But here the traffic was only enough to render the surface of the stone slippery. These sheets of rock extended for hundreds of yards together, and sometimes the only means of passing over them is to follow the fissures up and down. Here and there, in the worst places, a few loose stones had been placed in a row to catch a little earth as it was washed down by the rain, and so form a footway. In most places no such pains had been taken, and riding over these smooth surfaces would have been a nervous matter at any time; but, added to all this, my horse was very restive, and a great enemy of my friend's horse, continually trying to bite or kick him, and then rushing off without noticing

in what direction he went. Many times we slipped a yard or more at a time, once, especially, he rushed on to a large sheet of smooth rock that sloped rapidly to the river, and stood fast in the middle of it, afraid to move, and trembling in every limb. I dared not try to dismount, but gathered up my feet on the top of the saddle, so that if he fell I might not have a leg broken. At length he slipped down to a slight crevice, and thus we escaped from this dangerous position. After about an hour's riding over rocky slopes of this kind we entered a district of stiff, yellow clay, tenacious as pitch, and filled with great angular pieces of black lava, which rang like metal under our horses' hoofs. Into this pudding-like mass of tenacious clay, mud, and stones, the horses plunged up to the knees, at times up to the belly. The river had to be crossed continually, where it flowed over sheets of smoothly worn rock. For hours the poor animals floundered along in this way. No epithet can be too strong to describe the difficulties of a road like this. At length we emerged from this district, and entered another of clay and limestones. I noticed here a number of fossils, mostly like the scallop; others, of a round form, seemed as if vitrified and embedded in the stone.

Next came a succession of grassy meadows, with some ploughed land, where a peasant was turning up a rich humus with a wooden plough and a pair of half-starved oxen, but the soil was so sodden by long rains that the horses' feet sank deeply into it at every step. Altogether it was a most wearisome and painful route, trying alike to temper and to physical endurance. Our animals, however, did their best, and if

anyone would form an idea of the pluck and strength of these hardy little Cappadocian horses, and of the dreadful tracks over which they will carry their riders, let him make the journey from Marash to Sis by the same road as ourselves.

After leaving the cultivated ground we passed through a tract filled with nodules of black lava as large as a man's head, and polished like glass, and with other lava of many and varied colours. But this was not a difficult road, as the disintegrated lava formed a dark soil over which the horses moved in full security. Beyond this was a region of great, rounded limestone hills, but their surface cloven into innumerable blocks, and these again split up and cracked into countless fissures and crevices. It seemed as if these hills had been forced up in a state of glowing heat from the earth, had been suddenly exposed to the action of intense cold or water, and so had been riven into innumerable fissures great and small. The term "ragged" rocks exactly expresses their appearance. The supply of water from these rocky hills was plentiful, and of good quality. The hills were covered with large oak and ash trees, but with the exception of the pines on the higher ranges, and the plane trees in the river valleys, the country for the most part produced no finely grown trees. Three-fourths of the soil, even in the plains, is covered with brushwood, and only affords pasture for great herds of goats, which gnaw off and destroy the young trees, while the axe strikes down all the larger specimens, often, as it seemed, in sheer waste. All this fine land, which now only supports a scanty and poverty-

stricken population by means of goat pasture, might grow great crops of grain, and doubtless did produce them in the old times.

The whole region is very wild, but the absence of birds and wild animals is remarkable. The natives never stir out without a long flint-and-steel gun at their back, and being merely pot-hunters, nothing comes amiss to them at any season, for a meal of flesh is an attraction they are unable to resist.

At midday we came to the little hamlet of Sooranji Oushara, inhabited by Armenian Christians. It is at the side of one of these ragged rock mountains, and overlooking the plain, but high enough to enjoy a cool and healthy climate. For hours we had been hoping to find a place in which to rest, and obtain some food and a draught of milk, but one rough mountain ascent and dangerous descent followed the other, until we were quite exhausted. At last the muleteer told us that after passing one more mountain ridge we should reach the long-expected village. The latter part of the way was most dangerous, and my spirited little horse again gave considerable trouble.

Our route followed the course of a small stream, which here descended into the plain; and the path passed along the face of steep banks 200 to 300 feet above the river, so that the stream appeared almost under our feet, without even a fringe of bushes or vegetation to mask the descent; in such spots the path seemed to run in a kind of shallow track at the side of the bank, over and around great masses of rock, and along a narrow rim of earth. One

false step would have sufficed to roll both horse and rider to the bottom. In the middle of this difficult passage the baggage horses were jammed, and unable to advance; my own horse began to be restive, and nearly backed over the precipice. Becoming aware of his danger, he rushed forward up a small goat-track above the path on which we were standing, and could neither go forward nor backward. To look down was enough to make one giddy, so I hastened to slip off on the side next the bank, and left him to take care of himself; this he did by drawing his feet together, trembling all the while, and then slipping down to the path below, where we had some difficulty in securing him again. Very serious, if not fatal accidents, might easily happen in places of this nature.

The women of the hamlet gathered round us, and brought some milk and a little native bread. They were tall and good-looking, somewhat masculine in manner, and, in spite of their poverty, wore many ornaments, large silver armlets, gold coins hanging at their temples, and belts of bright red, or yellow, or green leather, studded with large knobs of silver, and with a great silver clasp in front. Their hair was plaited in a number of tails, secured at the end with silk and with small silver coins attached.

The descent from Sooranji to the plain was long and tedious, and the heat intense; the sun's rays nearly all day had been absolutely scorching, but once fairly upon the plain we felt the oppression less, as the sea-breeze can penetrate thus far, while the ranges of hill and mountain prevent it from reaching

the valleys, which, as summer advances, are like so many furnaces. Yet, owing to the abundant rainfall, the verdure of the plain, and of the hills round it, is very lovely.

On the edge of the plain were the ruins of a small church and of a castle; with some difficulty we found a ford upon the Andren Sou, the river which here flows through the plain, passed it, and after about another hour's ride through hills covered with brush and low trees, all bursting out in their spring foliage, we came to the village of Ajemli.

We had been nearly eleven hours in the saddle, and both men and horses were exhausted. The house in which we were lodged was inhabited by three brothers, Armenian Christians, each with his wife and family, and, strange to say, they seemed to agree very well. I may observe, indeed, that never once in Turkey have I heard bickering, quarrelling, or abuse amongst the people, either Christian or Muslim; this seems to me a very creditable trait in their character. Each of these families had a separate portion of the house, but at present all were lodging, both day and night, in the open gallery which ran along the whole front of the house, some fifty or sixty feet in length, the heat of the lowlands being already too great for sleeping inside the house. One end of this gallery was assigned to us, our hosts occupied the other end; the lodging was clean and airy, but the pertinacity and inquisitiveness of the visitors was very annoying, and at last I was obliged to request them to leave us, as we required rest.

Our interpreter killed a large brown centipede

just before he retired. The people say its bite is worse than the sting of the scorpion; one of the children who had been tending sheep had been stung by a scorpion, and was crying bitterly from the pain; a little ammoniac and a plaster of moist earth relieved him, and the people wrote down in Turkish characters the word "ammoniac," in order to procure some from the Greek pharmacy at Adana on the first occasion any of them went to that town. The hot weather is bringing out all these venomous creatures. In reply to my inquiries, the people said there were many poisonous snakes in the country, and that the old ruined forts, of which there are many in Cilicia, abound with them. They mentioned two kinds as sometimes giving mortal bites; one rather black, but not very large, and a smaller thin snake, of grey or "dust" colour as they called it. The black one puffed out his neck when about to strike. If true, can this be the cobra? I asked them whether they actually knew any instance of a mortal bite, but from Orientals precise information can seldom be obtained, and with them it was all hearsay. However one of the minor exports of Cyprus is a kind of wooden shoe, for the peasants of Karamania, said to be used on account of the dangerous snakes that abound in their province.

Our hosts' principal means of livelihood seems to be their flocks. A large quantity of milk is brought in every evening to be turned into "yaourt," and their bread, eggs, milk, and yaourt are excellent. Their house is a large stone-built edifice, situated in a most beautiful position, but looking south, which

causes it to be very hot in summer. It commanded an extensive view down the river valley of the Kayish Sou and the plain along its banks, bordered with low hills on either side, low mountains in the middle distance, far to the south the Amanus, and on the east the romantic, jagged ridges of the Giaour Dagh, with vast sheets of dazzling snow on the rounded summit of Dourbin Dagh, above 10,000 feet in height.

In answer to my inquiries about the antiquities of the country, one of the villagers said he knew a place called Boudroum, lying about ten hours south of Ajemli, where he had seen many columns still erect, and very many prostrate, besides old buildings, &c., so we decided to go there next day, and thence to Bazaar (or Kars, as it is also called). The man agreed to guide us all the way for 1½ mejidiehs = about 6*s.* 3*d.*

May 6th.—Rose at daybreak. Took a paper impression of a Greek inscription carved on a block of limestone built into the wall of the gallery where we lodged. The inscription had been inserted upside down. The letters are cut in relief, and between each line is a rib, also in relief. It was brought from a village to the west of Ajemli, not far distant. Our guide could not be found, having drawn back, owing, it seemed, to his fear that we should not be able to ford the Kayish. A second, however, offered his services, and as the people thought the river would prove to be fordable, we started at 8 A.M. The heat was great, and the sun's rays very powerful. We passed due southwards over the same kind of hills as

yesterday, thickly covered with brushwood and low trees. Our route lay along a range of low heights in

AMENDED TEXT.

Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν
θεός
τῶν θεῶν πάντα διά ἀυτοῦ ἐγένετο
Ἔτους πέμπτου καί δεκάτου φ Ἰν
δικτιῶνος ιδ' † Θεοῦ θέλοντος
καί τοῦ ἁγίου Ἰωάννου συνευ
δοκοῦντος ἐγένετο το εργον
τοῦ ἁγίου Ἰωάννου † ἐπὶ τῶν
γαληνοτάτων καὶ θεωφυλάκτων
ἡμῶν βασιλέων Μαυρικίου
Καὶ Θεοδοσίου τοῦ υἱοῦ αὖτοῦ
Καὶ τοῦ ὁσιωτάτου ἐπισκόπου Πέτρου
Γεώργιος ὁ μεγαλοπρέστατος συν
Ἰωανναλίῳ τῷ υἱῷ ἀυτοῦ ἐπλήρωσε
τὴν εὐχήν, κ. τ. λ.

TRANSLATION.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God of Gods; all things through Him had their being. In the fifteenth year (i. e. of the Emperor's reign) in the fourteenth year of the indiction (i. e. the current indiction), God willing (it), and S. John approving (it), the work of S. John was accomplished (i. e. probably a church dedicated to S. John) in the time of our most serene and God-protected Emperors Maurice and Theodosius his son, and of Peter the most holy Bishop, Georgius the very magnificent, with his son Joannalius fulfilled his vow, &c.

"In the fifteenth year" (i. e. of the reign of Maurice), Maurice reigned twenty years, from A.D. 582 to 602; this fifteenth year was, therefore, A.D. 596.

"Ινδικτιῶνος ιδ" (i. e. in the fourteenth year of the current indiction).

The "indiction" was a period of fifteen years, or thrice the Roman lustrum; perhaps originally some fresh arrangement of taxation or new assessment was made every fifteen years. The imperial indiction was established in memory of Constantine's victory over Maxentius on VIII. Kal. Octobres, A.D. 312, by which entire freedom was given to Christianity. The Council of Nice, in honour of the emperor, ordained that account of time should no longer be reckoned by olympiads but by indictions.

The indiction of Constantinople, established by Constantine, was calculated from Sept. 1st, A.D. 312.

From 596 subtract 312 = 284. Divide this by 15, the result is 18 full indictions, and a remainder of 14 years, which belongs to the 19th indiction. It is strange that in inscriptions of the Byzantine times the number of the indiction itself is not given, but only the year of the current indiction (as here).

Ornamental signs are often found in Greek and Latin inscriptions of the times of the Emperors in the middle or at the end of a line in order to fill up a vacant space. The φ in the third line is an instance, it is not to be considered here as a letter.

the middle of the plain, and on all sides stretched a rich and beautifully green pastoral district; the hills that bounded the plain being wooded to the top, while beyond, as already described, were the high ranges. After passing a Turkman encampment we came to the Turkish village of Bahadurli. The villagers thought that we could pass the ford, but when I saw the rapid stream, with its sinuous course and muddy, snow-fed waters, I began to have misgivings. However, we descended to the plain, and for nearly an hour rode through thick brush and low trees. The country in front of us and on the west side of the

"ἐπί τῶν γαληνοτάτων," &c., &c. "In the reign of our most serene and God-defended emperors."

In the Byzantine language γαληνότατος means "serenissimus," βασιλεὺς means αὐτοκράτωρ—"Imperator": thus βασιλεύς Ρωμαίων = Imperator Romanorum.

In contradistinction—Kings were styled Ρῆγες: thus, the King of France was Ῥηξ Φραγκίας, Rex Franciæ; Ῥηξ Ἀγγλίας, the King of England.

Γεώργιος ὁ μεγαλοπρεπέστατος, "Georgius magnificentissimus," a title equivalent to "illustrissimus," which was borne by high functionaries of equestrian rank. Ιωανναλιω = Ιο(υβεν)αλιω, i. e. Juvenal.

The faults of grammar and orthography in this inscription attest the barbarism of the age, and of this province, at the end of the sixth century.

The Emperor Mauricius Tiberius was dethroned in A.D. 602 by his revolted troops, who proclaimed Phocas Emperor. The ex-emperor endeavoured to escape with his family by sea, but a tempest forced him to land at a place about eight leagues from Constantinople. He was there captured, and his four sons Peter, Paul, Justin, and Justinian successively beheaded before him, Nov. 27, 602 A.D.; last of all he was himself slain. There is a very affecting account, that as in each case the fatal blow was struck the unfortunate emperor exclaimed, "Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and upright are Thy judgments" (Psalm cxix. 137). Theodosius, his eldest son, escaped for the moment, but was arrested whilst endeavouring to make his way to the Court of Khosroes II., King of Persia, and put to death, with his uncle, by order of Phocas.

Two years later (in 604) the ex-empress and her five daughters were beheaded at Chalcedon by order of Phocas, and thus the family was exterminated. It is perhaps the most hideous amongst the many hideous tragedies in the history of the Byzantine emperors.

Kayish was well wooded with trees of a size uncommon in this district, and in a dell on the other side of the river was one of the old border fortresses in ruin, which our guide called Koum Kalaat.

About half-way to the ford we passed the remains of an ancient bridge. Two of its piers, and much masonry of solid construction, still stood on our side of the river; the opposite pier was destroyed, and lay in huge fragments on the bank. With a very little expense and engineering skill a wooden bridge might be thrown across the stream, and thus save the trouble, delay, and at times even danger of crossing the ford, for our guide admitted that three persons had been drowned in trying to cross it during the last five months. At length we came to the spot. Our guide, after long hesitation, entered the water. It was very rapid, and soon reached above his waist, so the interpreter went in with his horse, and the guide holding by the stirrup, they struggled to the opposite side, the water coming up to the middle of the saddle. That was enough; the ford was certainly not passable for the baggage horses, and dangerous even for a single cavalier; but when the interpreter reached the opposite bank he found that the stream had hollowed it away beneath, and the water was so deep close in shore, and the ascent so steep, that it would have been impossible to climb the bank. A horse would probably have fallen back in trying to do it, both the horse and its rider would have been washed away by the rapid stream, and the man at least would inevitably have been drowned. With some difficulty our interpreter came back, his clothes

and saddle-bags all wet, and we returned disappointed, after losing six hours in this vain attempt. We were exhausted by the heat, and my friend's horse having broken down, we determined to remain at Ajemli, and go on to Bazaar next day. Such is the stupidity of these people, and the general carelessness of a dragoman, that I found out afterwards from the guide that had we gone "up" the river about three-quarters of an hour's distance we should have found a bridge, and that he knew the way on that side also. When I asked the dragoman why he had not found this out, he stoutly maintained that there was no road on that side, although the guide had just told me there was, and that he had gone by it. So the antiquities of Boudroum are left for some more fortunate travellers to explore. The heat did not abate till six o'clock.

May 7th.—Awakened early by a great splashing, and discovered that the mistress of the house was engaged in churning. The churn was a large goat-skin full of milk, and suspended to a triangle of three small poles; in this she was working up and down a wooden churner. It seems that they have now but little cows' milk, as the pasturage is beginning to become scarce. What they now use is goats' milk, and out of this large skin of milk only about 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ okes of butter (about 4 lbs.) could be made, and this is entirely for home consumption. The butter is worth upon the spot about 16 piastres per oke, a price which seemed to me very dear for Turkey, being at the rate of nearly a shilling per pound.

We left Ajemli at 7.30 A.M.; course N. and N.E., over a series of lofty hills, such as those

which bound the plain on every side. The material of these hills is a conglomerate of black lava mixed with stones, in great part limestones rounded by the long action of water. About half an hour north of Ajemli is a bridge over the Kayish, of two small and two larger pointed arches, which seems to be of the same age as the bridge of Adana. After crossing it we went up the course of a beautiful and clear stream (towards west), called the "Akar Jarun Sou." This whole district is thickly wooded with oaks of considerable size. After crossing the stream many times, we left it at 8.45. From this point for a long distance there was no spring or water of any kind. Our direction was N. and N.W. The ground was covered with rounded limestones, disintegrated from the conglomerate. Here and there sandstone and chalk, with red loam, are mixed with the conglomerate. Very little of the surface of these hills can be cultivated, except where the earth has been washed down into the ravines, the rest, forming forest or scrub, serves only as a pasture for goats. There was a thick undergrowth of myrtle and other shrubs; some of them had bright magenta-coloured flowers, and others a flower like the snowdrop, which has a faint, sickly fragrance, like honey. The absence of birds, indeed of all animal life, was strange. I only saw the blue jay, some hawks and vultures, and one or two small birds; even insects seemed rare, and the deep silence of these forest hills was very remarkable. The flora, too, was poor. I saw variegated trefoil, salvia, cystus of various colours, but scarcely any other flowers, and no cyclamens, so plentiful in the Khadj Bel. At 10.20 we reached the top of the

ridge, and again beheld the great plain stretching out level as the sea, with its border of hills, and a few heights rising here and there in it like islands. The Amanus was faintly visible; the Bulghar Dagh veiled in vapour; Kizil Dagh and Giaour Dagh clear. The temperature here was delicious, affording a striking contrast to the stifling heat of the less elevated districts, and so exhilarating was the air that our muleteer, who rejoiced in the name of "Kesh," burst forth into one of those melancholy, howling, nasal songs of which the Turks are fond!

As we approached the end of our journey the oak woods gradually gave way to woods of red arbutus. We reached Bazaar at 1.40 P.M., and found the heat in the plain by no means so great as it had been in the valleys we had traversed during the preceding two days. There was not a tree to be seen on the great plain, but many Turkman tents, and great herds of cattle and sheep attended by the shepherds, all armed with gun and yataghan. We were so exhausted by fatigue, heat, and hunger, that we at once lay down and slept till nearly six o'clock.

The lodging provided for us by the kaimakam was a small room in the house of a dyer, having on either side a raised ledge, used as a seat. The walls were of unplastered mud bricks. Before taking possession of the room we had it thoroughly swept and then washed out, but despite this precaution the fleas were very annoying, and to add to this inconvenience I was troubled with fever, in consequence of the bad food and heat of the last few days. The utmost care and precaution are needed in this malarious country, and from its position and its filthy

condition Bazaar must be exceedingly unhealthy. When summer has fairly set in, the place is nearly deserted, and the people enjoy the purer air of the mountains.

In the evening we went out to see the place. Bazaar is one of several small villages known by the general name of Kars. It is on the edge of the great plain, surrounded by fine fields of barley, already nearly ripe. All these villages together may contain about 700 houses, and Bazaar is the largest. It occupies the site of some ancient town, which, to judge from its remains, must have been a place of considerable importance. Everywhere are columns, whole, or in fragments, pieces of white marble, architraves, &c.; wherever any excavation is made large hewn stones are found, even to the depth of 10 to 12 feet.

The principal ruin is that of a church or monastery, containing in its enclosure a smaller church, now used as a mosque; both are of late date, probably the monastery of about 500 A.D., the church still later, and both are constructed of fragments from earlier buildings. The monastery measures about forty-four paces by twenty-three (a parallelogram); at the end is a fine apse, still in good preservation. The whole building is made of massive hewn stones of all sorts and sizes. To the apse, the Christian church, now the mosque, had been attached at a later period, but the church is much smaller than the original building. A kind of corridor, entered by a number of strong arched doorways, runs round both sides of the court thus formed. Above the corridor are square windows in the wall. I had examined the south side, and was proceeding to examine the north, when I was inter-

rupted by the Imām of the mosque, who came up in a state of towering indignation. For some time I allowed him to proceed, till having quietly written down my description of the place I turned to him, and addressing him in the most polite Turkish I could command, told him that I had a firman from the Sadr-el-Azum (Grand Vizier) to examine any building in the country, and if I pleased could even enter the mosque. I have always found it produces the best effect, when one is able to converse a little with a Turk in his own language. So it was now; the man was quite mollified, permitted me to draw the apse and the doorway of the mosque, and we parted good friends. My guide said there were inscriptions inside the mosque, but defaced. Not far from the church was another large building, constructed of old materials put together *pêle-mêle*, large blocks with small portions of ornamented work inserted in the wall, &c., &c. This also was a reconstruction of a later age; and there are vaulted remains of some large building near the church, the arches pointed. The walls and courtyards of the houses are full of funereal inscriptions (much defaced), pedestals, sarcophagi, &c. In the courtyard of the village school are several finely preserved inscriptions, carved on polished pedestals of grey limestone.

ΑΓΑΘΗΤΥΧΗ	ΙΚΛΑΔΑΙΟC
ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΙΚΑΙΣΑΡΙ	ΙΛΛΑΡΕΙΝΗΙ
ΚΟΜΜΟΔΩΘΕΩ	ΤΗΓΥΝΑΙΚΙΚΑΙ
CEBACTΩI	ΠΟΠΙΔΙΑΝΟC
ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟCACΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ	ΤΗΑΔΕΛΦΗΚΑΙ
Γ ΤΟΥΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΥΙΕΡΕΥC	ΔΟΜΕΤΤΙΑΗΜΝΤΗΡ
ΤΟΥΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΟC	ΜΝΗΜΗCχΡΙΝ

The name Commodus has been carved in place of another name erased.

Round the courtyard of the Government House are columns, to the number of twenty-five or thirty; none rise more than a few feet from the ground, some are quite level with it. It is not possible without excavating to say whether or not they are on their original site. A small statue was shown to us, it was about 1½ feet long, of inferior workmanship, and broken; probably it had been part of some monument, for it represented a youth asleep, reclining on his left elbow. A number of antique coins were brought for sale, but none of any value; amongst them I noticed two false silvered coins (as if electroplated), perhaps antique forgeries. A considerable river, the Savroon, runs through Bazaar. There is no bridge, but we saw a few remains of the old bridge. Nearly all the population of Bazaar are Muslim; there are, however, a few Armenian Christians, and amongst them from twenty to thirty Protestants, connected with the American mission. In reply to my questions, the guide told me that the Muslims here were not bad or oppressive, and that the Government behaved with tolerable justice and fair dealing, "only they are 'up,' and we Christians are 'down.'" The "Bedeliyeh" (exemption tax for military service), is paid by every Christian of military age, till he is seventy years old. It amounts to 35 piastres per annum, equal to about 6*s.*, not at all a heavy charge, considering the benefit it secures to the Christian payer; our guide of yesterday told us that he paid 30 piastres, and that he preferred "not serving," but if it must be so, he would go and serve

with a good will. This I found to be a very general feeling. The misfortune is that so much depends upon the personal character of the Wali, Mudir, Kaimakam, or whoever may be the superior Government official; the whole administration will take its tone from him. It is not just to conclude that there are not upright and good officials, but unfortunately they are in a hopeless minority.

May 8th.—Our host confirms what we had heard about Boudroum, and says it is easily reached from Bazaar, so we determined to go there, and engaged a cavass as guide. We started at 7 A.M. Our direction was southwards, towards a low conical mountain. On a spur of it stands the fort of Hemita, close to the Jeihaan. After riding about an hour, we had Anazarba on our right; between us and it, so that all were in a line south by west, were two villages, Waiwai and Nazli; farther off on our right, and N.W. from Anazarba, is a large village Kereli. Great flocks of goats and sheep were feeding on the plain, but not a tenth of the land is cultivated, much being covered by a kind of wild lily.

A pleasant sea-breeze was coming in, the sky overcast, and the air so full of mist, that even the high snow mountains could not be seen. Anazarba, and several other rocky heights, rose from the plain like so many islands in the sea. At 9.15 we reached Bozkoyou Keui. There is here a magnificent cistern of excellent water, doubtless antique. The name signifies "the village of the ice-well." At about 10 A.M. we were opposite the rock of Hemita, but we turned away from it towards our left, in a S.E.

direction, through some wild valleys. Here were some very extensive and ancient Muslim cemeteries, but the villages to which they once belonged have disappeared. The country is gradually becoming a little more peopled, though even yet it is almost deserted, but a dozen years ago there was not a house, much less a village, in all this district, and the marauders from the mountains around, and the wild Turkman tribes, rendered the passage through it always more or less dangerous. For about two hours we continued to pass through valleys filled with dense herbage, amongst it acres of fine clover, as deep as the horses' knees, growing as nature sowed it. There was not a tree nor a bush for miles around, and scarcely a living being to be seen, only at long intervals a boy or an old woman tending a little flock of goats, and watching a patch or two of barley. At length we crossed a rocky ridge to our left, and at about mid-day saw before us the fort of Boudroum on a lofty spur of the mountain, faced by deep precipices of dark grey rock, and all down the slope of the hill beneath it, the remains of the old city. Between us and it extended magnificent fields of wheat and barley. Opposite to us, on the east side of the Pyramus, we could see the country through which we had ridden on our way to Marash. We could see Toprak Kalesi lying S.W. by S. from Boudroum; even the white houses of Osmanieh were faintly visible; and the opening of the pass of Devrishli. We left our people with the baggage, in a patch of deep clover, to which the baggage horses began to do ample justice, and passed on towards the ruins. The first building was a

solid masonry tomb. It had once borne an inscription, now obliterated. As we approached we could distinguish the row of columns, and almost in a line between us and them, were four sepulchral buildings, one of which had been a large and handsome edifice, like the temple tombs at Isaura. Its inner wall was of rubble, faced with hewn stone blocks, but it had no inscription. The other tombs were not remarkable. Crossing a marshy brook at the bottom of the bank, I mounted the slope towards the left. The whole space under the S.W. side of the cliff on which the fort is built is full of tombs quarried in the rock, on the surface of the ground, intermixed with tombs of solid masonry, vaults, and many sarcophagi. All the sarcophagi have been overturned from their bases of native rock, or masonry, and smashed to fragments; not one remains in its place, or is left entire. There were also some funereal pedestals, like those at Bazaar. This resemblance, coupled with the name Commodus on the monument at Bazaar, and the general similarity of these ruins to those of Pompeiopolis, would seem to show that this old town was of the time of the Antonines, but other ruins prove that it was subsequently reconstructed, and later still again renewed, on the last occasion during Christian times, as appears from the remains of the two large churches near the colonnade. There seems to have been a double row of columns, as at Pompeiopolis, passing entirely through the town; they begin not far from the bottom of the hill, run all up the slope, and extend for some distance beyond the top. Their direction is nearly due east and west. Of the row on the north side

only two perfect columns still remain erect, these are immediately under the fort; portions of five others still stand. One of the perfect columns has a bracket for supporting a bust, or statue, the only example of the kind we saw here. Of the row of columns to the south eight perfect columns still stand, and two without their capitals; of the rest belonging to this row portions of sixteen or eighteen still stand, the remainder of the colonnade is lying broken in pieces, amidst heaps of huge stones, portions of the architrave and capitals, few of which last remain unbroken. The material employed was limestone and conglomerate, the latter rock being very common throughout this district. There was no marble, but a few columns of granite near the top of the bank. I saw no monolith; the shafts are of two, three, or four pieces. The capitals are Corinthian, less ornate than those of Pompeiopolis, but the bases Ionic, and placed on a low plinth. The diameter of the shafts was on an average 2 feet 8 inches, their height 20½ feet, the two rows sixteen paces apart, and the entire length of the colonnade nearly 320 yards. So far as I could make out, each row had contained seventy-eight columns, and the portion at the bottom of the hill seems to have belonged to some building, as a very massy wall, now level with the ground, connects their bases. Just at the brow of the hill, and in the line of the colonnade, appears to have been the Agora, on a site slightly elevated above the level of the colonnade, and now covered with huge blocks of stone. On one side of it ran a line of square pedestals, with doorways at intervals between them. The colonnade seems to have extended beyond this over

the brow of the hill, but it is difficult to trace; and fragments of columns are scattered in all directions. Just at the brow of the hill, and on the south side of the colonnade, are the ruins of a church. It has an angular apse with three arched windows, the apse had been domed, the stones being cut to follow the inner curve. This church has been built of fragments from the old city, some of the capitals of the colonnade having been employed in the windows; and an entablature of egg and abacus work runs round the apse, and serves as the window sills. In a line with the church to the east is a building of Roman brick-work faced on the west with great hewn stones; under it is a large arched vault, the entrance to which is on the south side.

At a distance of about 200 yards to the south is another church, which is almost a counterpart of the first; the west doorway still in part remains. From the north side of the church another line of colonnade once ran, in a direction E.N.E. and W.S.W. The north row of this has entirely disappeared; of the south row portions only of seven columns remain; but there are many bases left in their original site. The theatre is at the east end of the town, and faces south. The scena is gone, only a few stones remaining; there is no sculpture, except one or two masks, defaced. An arched corridor on either side opened on the proscenium—both now blocked up—and from the corridors again were arched doorways to the scena. I counted fourteen rows of seats from the ground to the diazoma, others probably are buried; the rows of seats above the diazoma are nearly all removed or

destroyed. There are two arched passages from the outside to the diazoma, and many scalæ; these are simply steps, cut in the stone seats; the height of each seat is 1 foot 3 inches, and the row immediately below the diazoma had a high back. The breadth of the scena is about 44 paces, the depth of the orchestra about 36. The latter was entirely covered by a fine crop of barley, nearly ripe. I could find no inscription. The priest of the Armenian church at Sis told me that he had seen an inscription in the theatre ("steps," as he called it), on a small marble slab, but it has doubtless been removed. The thermæ and gymnasium, constructed of rubble faced with brick, was about 150 yards south of the theatre; its thick and solid walls are rent and shattered, and the roof has fallen in. A ravine runs up through the city towards the east, becoming shallower as it rises; at distances walls are built across it.

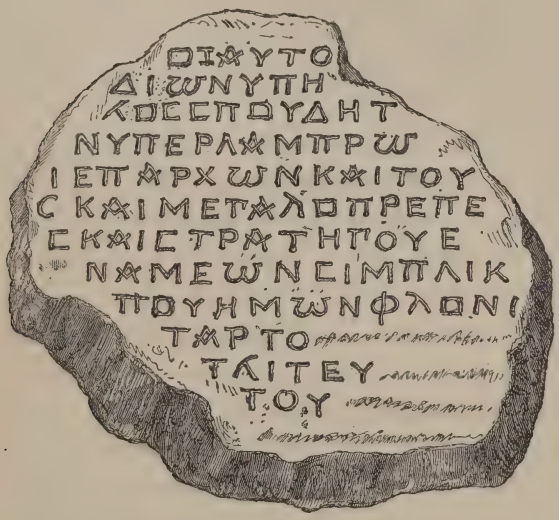
There did not appear to have been in the old city either a town wall, stadium, arch of triumph, or aqueduct, nor did I observe any cisterns. We searched carefully for inscriptions, hoping thus to discover the name of the town, but found only one, on a broken slab, at the south side of the colonnade, and in about the middle of it. (See page 133.)

The Pyramus is from a half to three-quarters of a mile distant towards the south. It runs here nearly due north and south, and many miles of its course can be seen from the top of the sloping hill on which the old city stood.

The whole site of the city is overgrown with rank vegetation and thick grass, and it was no easy matter

to drag the horses after us, over the loose blocks and amidst the masses of ruin.

We did not ascend the rock in order to examine the fort, for evening was fast approaching, and our guide was impatient to be gone. For some time he had seemed ill at ease, and at last insisted on our leaving this wild and solitary place before nightfall, as he



said that the whole of this border country was far from safe, and both mountaineers and Circassians would have but little scruple in plundering us if the occasion offered. Accordingly we contented ourselves with looking at the castle from below. It is one of the many mediæval border fortresses of Cilicia, built probably by the Armenians (unless, indeed, it be one of Justinian's fortresses). It is constructed of reddish yellow limestone, in hewn blocks, obtained from the ruins of the city. It stands on a projecting spur of the

neighbouring mountain; on three sides the rock is quite precipitous, like a huge slab of dark grey slate. It is separated from the mountain on the fourth side by a deep cutting quarried in the native rock. A round tower to the S.E., immediately overhangs the upper end of the colonnade, and here was the gateway of the fort, though it seemed almost impossible for men, much more for horses, to mount up to it. I made a conjectural plan of it by walking round the base of the rock and carefully noting the position of the walls.

We left Boudroum at about 5.30 P.M., and followed the bank of the Pyramus towards Hemita. In about an hour and a half we came to the summer encampment of the villagers of Hemita. The village, which was on the other side of the mountain, consisted of about fifty houses. The banks of the river are here low and marshy, and the stream appears to be often changing its channel during the season of inundation. A great number of horses were tethered in the plain, the property of the Circassian villagers in the neighbourhood. These people are great horse-breeders, and we were told that their head Bey had as many as 2000 horses for sale. In a cleft of the rock on the right side, as we neared Hemita, I noticed a palm tree, the only one we had seen since leaving Adana. We were received with the usual hospitality by the villagers of Hemita; a large hut made of a framework of wood, with walls of reeds, and thatched with reeds and rushes, was our lodging. These summer encampments are generally clean and comfortable, and our present resting-place formed no exception. Yorghans were

brought out, a fire kindled, the usual fussy ceremonial of coffee-making gone through: a boy seated himself near the fire, placed some coffee berries in a large iron spoon hinged in the middle. When roasted, the berries were placed in a wooden mortar, the boy took an iron pestle, and with much ceremony and noise pounded the coffee. In about half an hour we were presented with a few teaspoonfuls of a bitter muddy mixture, without sugar. Our interpreter prepared a pilaff; some yaourt was brought, and after the usual amount of staring had been gone through, and the usual style of conversation kept up, our hosts left us, and we slept.

CHAPTER VI.

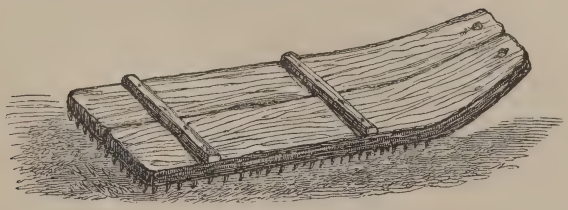
THE SAVROON AND SOMBAZ RIVERS. ROCK FORTRESSES OF ANAZARBA AND SIS.

May 9th.—Awakened by the sound of many goat-skin churns all around us. The women of the village were hard at work churning last night's and this morning's milk. In another place milking was going on, and in a third bread-making. Two women squatted facing each other, each with a small round wooden table in front of her, by her side was a mass of well-kneaded flour and water in a wooden bowl; taking a bit of this, as large as the fist, the woman dexterously rolled it out flat on the table, by means of a small rolling-pin, about as thick as a ruler, and then presented it, hanging on the roller, to a third woman, seated near a fire close by, over which stood a tripod, covered with a round plate of iron, slightly convex,

on this she laid the thin sheet of dough, which she had dexterously received from the other woman upon a similar rolling-pin. It was just warmed through, and then the baking was sufficient; soon a heap of these thin cakes was piled at her side.

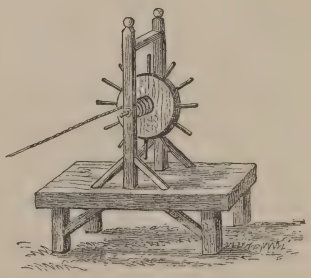
Near the door of our hut was one of the native threshing machines. This primitive instrument is a thick piece of pine wood, thickly set on the under side

with flint stones, fixed along the grain of the wood (Isaiah xli. 15); on this a man sits and is dragged by a pair of bullocks round and round upon the heap of grain which is to be threshed out.



The fort consists of a large square keep and another square tower, at some distance towards the S.W. of the cliff. On the N.E. side is an enclosure, surrounded by walls, and a small tower, with a gateway and pointed arch. The cliff is as steep but not quite so high as Boudroum. The line of turf was in strong contrast with the deep red of the rock.

I observed here the only ferry on the river for several days' distance (as we heard), but there was at present no boat. It consisted of a wooden stage, with upright posts, and a windlass on which to roll the tow rope, set horizontally between the uprights; the bars were fixed in the roller. It would not be easy to punt or row a boat at present across the rapid stream, and this, perhaps, may account for the extremely few boats there are on the river. Although both the Jeihaàn and Seihoun have fish, though not of good quality, and abound with enormous eels, there are



no fishermen; the Osmanlis are not fish-eaters, at least in Cilicia.

We started at 7.30 A.M., passing along the river bank, between the river and the foot of the cliff. Then turning round the S.W. corner of the mountain, we made for Anazarba. The immediate neighbourhood of the mountain, and the plain for some distance round it, is covered with fields of fine barley, which seemed especially luxuriant under the mountain, owing to the shade and moisture it afforded; there was abundance of clover, equal to the sown clover of an English field, as deep as the horses' knees (of course growing wild), and a perfect parterre of brilliant flowers, red, blue, white, and yellow, colouring the whole surface of the plain, and filling the air with their scent. The marigold, buttercup, poppy, and bugloss of an intense blue, were the most plentiful. Although the sun is very powerful, the stiff, tenacious soil has not yet parted with its moisture, and the heavy night dews, with an occasional thunder shower, keep every place full of verdure; still, rain is much needed for the cotton and sesame crops.

Anazarba is about four hours distant in a direct line, but the plain was full of marshes, and the Savroon,* a deep and rapid stream, had to be crossed. There was a bridge on the direct road, but it had been broken down, and, it is needless to add, not repaired. We were obliged, therefore, to make a long détour. Every now and then we turned towards Anazarba in hope of being able to cross to it, but at every encampment we heard the same report, namely, that it was

* Also called by the people of the country Saureen.

impossible to cross the river or the marshes. At length, after passing through Endal and Boz-Koyou Keui, and retracing our road nearly to Bazaar, we came to Orta Oglou Keui, about one hour S.W. from Bazaar, and were told of a ford, a little below Bazaar, by which we should be able to cross. The Savroon here separates into two branches, which unite again a little below. We crossed the first branch, the water being up to the horse's belly, and the stream very rapid; a number of cattle and people were also crossing, amongst others a Turk and his wife; the woman was supported on either side by her husband and another man. Fords such as this are sometimes very dangerous, so easily may one be carried off and drowned when trying to cross these rapid mountain streams. The second ford was about one hour to the S.W., but this was easy to cross; we rested awhile on the opposite bank, but there was not a tree, scarcely a bush, to afford shelter from the scorching sun, and then continued our way, always keeping the great rock of Anazarba on our left till we had passed three-fourths round it. Then we turned towards it, and at 2.50 P.M. crossed the Sombaz by a bridge of two arches. This, too, is a deep and rapid stream, but less of a mountain torrent than the Savroon. Its source is a great spring, or collection of springs, in the mountains at Boujak, six hours from Anazarba, on the edge of the plain to the N.E., and its water is clearer than the Savroon. It flowed from our right to our left at the bridge, and its general course is towards the south. These streams unite not far from Anazarba, then the Sombaz sweeps round the east end of the

mountain and falls into the Jeihaàn, about three hours from Anazarba.

We reached Anazarba at 4.30 P.M., having been eight hours and a half in the saddle. This great rock fortress, once the chief stronghold of the earlier princes in the Armenian dynasty of Roupen, is on the top of a high mountain, which in most places presents only precipitous walls of rock. The site of the ancient city is under the precipice, and a double line of wall with an exterior ditch surrounds it. After passing through a ruined sally-port in the wall near the great gate, which is itself blocked up, we alighted at the house of a Syrian of Tripoli, named Nicola Arslan. This man had been a farmer of the revenue, and had purchased the dîme of the district round Anazarba. The speculation turned out badly, and according to his own account, which is probably exaggerated, he lost 70,000 piastres (nearly 660*l.*); not discouraged, however, he bought from the Government the land round Anazarba, including, I suppose, the site of the old city. The price paid seems ridiculously small, it was fifteen Turkish piastres (about three francs) per "douloum" (the douloum equals about forty square metres). The conditions of purchase were as usual, payment of the Government dîme, and obligation to keep the land under cultivation; if left uncultivated for five years (*I think*) the land "ipso facto" reverts to the Government.

Arslan is said to be a very daring and resolute man, so that even the thievish prowling Circassians avoid him; and I should say, judging from his looks, that he would not hesitate to shoot down any one of them whom he might catch stealing his cattle.

A little colony of Syrians (Greek Christians) has gathered round him here, nearly all of whom are in his employ, and they suffer no Muslim or Circassian to reside amongst them. We heard that before this man settled in the place, Anazarba was by no means secure, owing to marauders from the Circassian villages around; now however it is safe. The village consists of some twenty houses, built inside the circuit of the wall; and the houses are much superior to those in most of the villages we had seen. Arslan lived in a long low house of one story, with an open corridor all along the front. From this corridor the door opens into a wide barn-like place, the roof of which is supported by stout timber pillars. One portion of this is used as a stable, another part as a storehouse, where the grain, &c., is kept, and a third part serves for a kitchen; the flooring of all this is earth. At the farther end is a small room with a floor of planking, fitted up with cupboards, &c. This serves for Arslan's parlour, bedroom, and everything else. Like most of the rooms we saw, it is low and dark, its small windows only admitting a feeble light, although the sun may be shining brilliantly outside. It was furnished with a number of fine yorghans, carpets, and cushions. We were hospitably received, and I kept up a conversation with our host in Arabic. He said he hoped for a good harvest this year to make up for some of his losses. He did not like the country, but what could he do? The inundations of the past few months had caused him much damage, and he had not been able to bring down his supply of firewood, so deep and wide had been the flood on the plain. His land was very fertile, and never required manure.

He sowed cotton one year, the next either barley or wheat, but in consequence of want of water, no second crop could be grown in the year, so that the land lay fallow three to four months. The villagers never grew beans or peas because "it was not the custom."

Arslan did not indulge in the luxury of knives, spoons, and forks, but ate with his fingers, in the native style. He seemed a soured and disappointed man, and his athletic form, and strongly marked and gloomy features, as he sat smoking his narghileh, testified that he would prove an awkward customer in a "difficulty." He was, however, very polite to us. After a long conversation, and pledging us repeatedly in some "raki" which we had brought with us from Bazaar, he lent us some yorghans, and we lay down to sleep, but the heat of the room, and the multitude of fleas, kept me awake nearly all night!

May 10*th*.—Rose at sunrise. A dense fog over the whole country. Asked my host if this place was healthy; he replied, "Yes! he had lived here some six or seven years, and had always enjoyed good health; the heat was not excessive, as it was tempered by the sea-breeze. They had only cistern or well water, somewhat brackish, but abundant, and not unwholesome."

As I have before said, the great rock of Anazarba forms on one side a line of vast precipitous cliffs, which sink like a wall to the depth of some 600 to 800 feet. Under this stupendous rock lay the old city enclosed by a double wall and ditch; the latter, although almost filled up, can still be plainly traced;

the outer wall also is quite ruined, and in some parts very little of it is left. A great part of the inner wall is still in excellent preservation. It is a thick wall of large hewn stones, with upwards of fifty square towers at regular intervals, the towers being about 33 feet square. It is entirely a restoration of a debased age, and constructed from the ruins of the former city, all sorts of fragments having been inserted in it in course of building. The general outline of the site is an irregular parallelogram, of which the precipice forms one side, the end of the wall at either side being built up to the precipice. The interior presents nothing but a confused mass of ruins, overgrown with brushwood, turf, weeds, and long rank grass. Scarcely a portion of any building stands erect and perfect. There are the ruins of a large church and of a gymnasium, great shapeless masses of rubble wall faced with brick. Four gates remain. The principal is the great gateway near which we entered; this is blocked up, and only a small broken sally-port is now used; opposite to it is the triumphal arch. Between them ran a line of street, once bordered, as at Boudroum and Pompeiopolis, by two lines of columns. But not a column remains erect, and not one is perfect; indeed, it would appear as if they had never been finished, for I did not observe a single capital. Most of them are of limestone, some of grey granite, and they are scattered about the town in the strangest manner, as if rolled out of the way after the earthquake which destroyed the town, and there left.

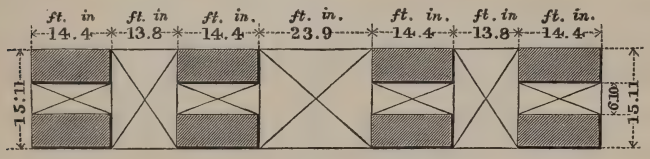
Anazarba has suffered from earthquakes almost

more than any city known. Three great earthquakes are recorded, each of which almost utterly destroyed it; the first was in the reign of Nerva, the second and worst was in the reign of Justin. In the reign of his successor, Justinian, it was again destroyed in the same way, and the existing walls of the town were built by order of the Emperor. Strangely enough one edifice alone of the old city seems to have escaped destruction. It is the Arch of Triumph, which still stands—magnificent, though shorn of its original grandeur—at the other extremity of the colonnade, and within the circuit of Justinian's wall. It contains a central arch of ornate Corinthian style, and two smaller side arches of plain Ionic. A wall on either side, with Corinthian pilasters, forms an approach to the archway, and is as high as the archway itself, thus making a kind of large open court in front of it, but this is cumbered with huge masses of carved stone and fragments of columns that have fallen from their bases; all three arches, however, are still perfect.

Each of the piers at the side of the great arch was once faced by two granite columns, resting on a base that projected from the general frontage of the archway. These columns had supported a massive architrave, adorned with wreaths of foliage, &c. Above the architrave was an equally massive pediment, ornamented in a similar way, and although the columns have fallen, much of the architrave and its pediment still remain in their place, so great and solid are the blocks of which they are carved, and the huge stones by which their weight is still partly sustained.

The whole upper portion of the Arch of Triumph is in ruin, its great stones dislocated and threatening to fall; but it is strange how even so much of this fine monument should have survived the many shocks of earthquake by which this country has been convulsed. Besides the three arches, an arched passage traverses the piers from side to side.

The subjoined are the measurements which I took of the dimensions of the gateway, but I find that they



differ both from those given by Texier, and from the measurements of my companion, which themselves also widely differ.

There is no inscription upon the Arch of Triumph, but it is of a style common towards the end of the second century, and in many respects it resembles the architecture of the Roman part of the temple at Baalbec.

On the left-hand side, beyond the Arch of Triumph, and close under the precipice, is the site of the theatre. Only its general outline can be made out, nothing is left of it but a few pieces of granite columns and fragments of rudely carved architrave. Behind the theatre is a roughly hewn rock staircase, which forms the shortest ascent to the first enceinte of the fortress. Directly in front of the archway, but at a distance of about 200 yards, is the site of the stadium. It was formed by cutting away some projecting pieces of

rock, and the precipice formed one side of it. The position of the seats is still visible.

Three aqueducts supplied Anazarba with water, all derived from different spots in the mountains on the edge of the plain northwards from the city. One of them is of pipes carried underground, the two others were on arches. Of one, thirty-two large arches are still standing, a little way outside the north gate by which we entered, and its line of fallen arches may be traced all across the plain till lost to sight. The line of the other may be traced, but none of its arches are standing. In front of the gate is a building into which these aqueducts led, and which seems to have served for the distribution of the water. The construction of the remaining aqueduct was simple, but strong, of rubble masonry, cased with hewn stones. The water-way was of brickwork lined with cement. A great accumulation of stony deposit from the water has formed on the piers and in the arches.

The "prise d'eau" of the great aqueduct is about six hours to the north of Anazarba, near the village of Boujak. A vast number of springs rise here, and the source of the Sombaz is at this spot; there is also not far from the village one of the border fortresses. The "prise d'eau" of the second aqueduct is at a place called Hammamkeui, some two hours distant N.W. by W. of Anazarba. The "prise d'eau" of the underground aqueduct is about two hours distant to the N.W., at a place called "Allahpongar," or, as my informant pronounced it, "Allahpoir." The Sombaz sweeps along the N.E. side of the mountain, and falls into the

Savroon, and their united streams enter the Jeihaàn, about three hours from Anazarba.

After breakfast a guide came to show us over the fortress; the easiest way of ascent is by the rock steps behind the theatre, but he said there was another path up a ravine, a little way outside the Arch of Triumph. The ravine winds upwards amidst great fallen blocks of rock, and under smooth overhanging rock walls; a little distance up it are some inscriptions, apparently funereal, but scarcely legible. After emerging from the ravine, we began to mount the rock. The whole surface of this rock and of the neighbouring mountain slopes are covered with huge sarcophagi, all broken and displaced, and with many arched tombs of masonry. About half-way up to the fortress are the remains of a church, the lower part of which (fully half) is quarried in the hard blue rock; the upper part was built of extremely massy blocks of the same materials. It had three apse windows, and pilasters of the Ionic order. Bulky and heavy as are the blocks of which it was constructed, they have been thrown or rolled to some considerable distance, and testify to the violent shocks of earthquake, which have destroyed the town. A road quarried in the rock, and bordered by sarcophagi, led us at last to the outer wall of the first enceinte. This wall is of yellow limestone, with towers at regular intervals, and extends quite across the mountain top, from the cliff above the city to the cliff on the other side. The gateway, now in ruin, is on the left-hand side over the city; all the towers are of like construction, the upper story is vaulted, and each one has a large cistern

under it for collecting rain-water. A way, which is reached from the inside by a number of flights of stone steps, runs all along the battlements. The wall along the edge of the east cliff, on the side away from the city, has fallen down in places, and although on that side the precipices are not perpendicular, as over the city, yet they are practically inaccessible. The garrison, however, must have had some means of descent, as there is a gateway on that side. It was closed by folding doors, which of course have long since disappeared. On either side of the doorway are strong stone sockets, to receive the upright bar on which the gate swung, and there is a deep orifice in the wall at the side of the door, into which to push back the bar which fastened it, exactly as one sees on a smaller scale in the native houses in Egypt.

In the middle of the first enceinte is a small square church, the sepulchral chapel of the Roupenian barons of Cilicia as long as Anazarba was the capital of the country. It is composed of a nave and two aisles, arched and vaulted with brick. The roof was supported by four square pillars of hewn stone, one of which has fallen. It has a triple apse at the east end, in which and in other parts of the building, traces of fresco painting may be seen, but all imperfect. It has three doors; round the arch of the south door is a pretty Arabic ornamentation, and a long Armenian inscription runs round the building on the outside under the eaves. In other respects this chapel is of extremely plain construction.

Between the first and second enceinte of the fortress is a large tower standing alone. It is possible to reach

this tower, and we succeeded in doing so, by climbing over a rock at the left-hand corner, but it requires a steady eye and foot, for the edge of the great precipice above the city is at the foot of this rock, only a few yards distant, and slightly concealed by a thin fringe of grass and herbage. On a stone high up on the near side of the tower is a long Armenian inscription. The inner enceinte is quite inaccessible from this side, for between it and the tower the rock has been cut away so as to form a kind of ditch, over which a drawbridge afforded a passage in the old days. The rock at the bottom of this ditch is not flat, but cut to a sharp angle like the high pitched roof of a house, and even if this could be crossed, there is no direct access to the fortress beyond, except by a most dangerous path at the foot of the wall, where the least false step would inevitably prove fatal, as close below, the great precipice descends like a wall. I should have supposed that nothing but a chamois or a mountain goat could traverse such a path, but our guide said he had passed along it several times. There is an easier access from the other side of the old city below, but we did not visit this inner enceinte, the heat of the sun and the fatigue of mounting being very great. There are a few Armenian and (we were told) Italian inscriptions in it.

I observed no inscription inside the city, but in the rock, about 300 yards beyond the great gate, on the road to Sis, and opposite the arches of the aqueduct, is a bas-relief, the upper part of which is still in tolerably good preservation. A long inscription had been carved in the rock below it, but only a small portion

of it remains, the whole of the lower part being obliterated. I give it as well as I could decipher it, but it is high up, and in the brilliant sunlight very difficult to make out. In front of the first figure in the second compartment is carved what appears like the head and beak of a vulture.

After resting awhile at Arslan's house, we started at about 2 P.M. for Sis. We followed the line of the aqueduct till we came to the village of Hadjilar, about one hour from Anazarba. The villagers had gone to their yaila in the mountains, and there did not seem to be a single inhabitant left to keep watch over the luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, round the place. Here we crossed by a bridge one of the tributaries of the Sombaz, a deep and sluggish stream, but were obliged to make a long détour to avoid the deep mud in front of the bridge. If this be the con-

dition of the road, now summer is so nigh, what must it be during winter! The arches of the aqueduct, which had been gradually diminishing in size, and becoming constantly more ruinous since we left Anazarba, continue in a straight line towards the mountains. We left them on the right, and turned towards the N.W. A short distance beyond Hadjilar we entered the hills, and a succession of smaller plains, at a higher level than the great plain.

The country is covered by the flocks and herds of the Turkmans. At several of their encampments I noticed fine greyhounds. Although the heat was great, these dogs had a covering on the back and loins.

These Turkmans are the makers of the Karamanian "Killim" carpets, which they weave on an upright frame. The designs are traditional, and probably have been handed down from generation to generation for thousands of years. The material is entirely of sheep's wool, spun by the women; the dyes are mostly vegetable; the red, of the madder root (kizil boya) and cochineal insect; the yellow, of the yellow berry; the blue, of indigo; the green, a preparation of copper or arsenic, is imported from Europe. They have also a beautiful deep brown dye, but I could not learn what it was. Although these carpets are inferior to the carpets of Persia or Khorassan, their beauty and brilliancy are remarkable. A number of very fine "Killim" carpets (I heard) had been exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition, by a Greek merchant of Adana. They had attracted much attention, and gained a prize, but the poor weavers themselves appear to draw but little profit from their skill. "Sic vos

non vobis," is the rule in Turkey. At one of the encampments the people showed me some specimens; they asked a price for them at the rate of 3*l.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* for a carpet measuring about 13 feet by 4 feet. But I was told by our interpreter that their selling price was less than this. Of course it is the Oriental custom always to ask more than the amount for which the article will be sold.

The approach to Sis is very beautiful, from the picturesque appearance of the great red rock, with the fortress on its top, backed by a broken range of mountains of the deepest purple tint. A little stream descends the valley, along which the road from Anazarba passes, and its course is marked by gardens and orchards full of orange and lemon trees, an uncommon sight in Cilicia.

The town of Sis is on the steep slope at the base of the mountain. It looks well from a distance, but like most Eastern towns its beauty is all external. It is a wretched decaying place, consisting of ruinous stone houses, filthy in the extreme, and (unlike Marash) appears to have no special industry. The people, who are chiefly Armenian Christians, present a very wretched appearance.

We alighted at the khan after about four hours' ride. The appearance of our lodging was not very inviting, and I preferred to sleep outside on a bench, rather than in the room which the khanji offered. The room was fitted up with a stage about 3 feet high, but in place of stairs a loose stone was placed. This was the only help for mounting the stage, so that every time one descended there was a risk of spraining

To face page 152.

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

TOWN AND FORTRESS OF SIS
(Afternoon)

the ankle, and every time one mounted it was necessary to be very cautious not to strike the head against a beam placed exactly above the edge of the stage, and carefully arranged as to height above the stage for the head to dash against it; my friend, who was tall, struck his head against the beam several times.

And here I must digress, in order to make a few remarks on the stupid "insouciance" of the Orientals. If, as was the case at Sis, a stage be placed in a room, it is usually so high that there is difficulty in mounting, and risk of a fall in stepping down from it, and very seldom is it thought necessary to arrange two or three steps, by which to go up or down. I noticed in several places flights of stairs, stone and wood, the upper step of which is less in width than the others, so that a stranger descending in the dark is very apt to fall, for who could anticipate such a perverse arrangement? Holes in stairs or floors are never repaired, and if you put your foot through one of them and hurt yourself, so much the worse for you! Nothing will be done until the stairs or floors are so utterly ruined that they cannot be repaired, but must be renewed. Again, if there be any inconvenient place in which to fix a nail, or a piece of wood, in itself utterly useless! so that it may wound hand, or face, or eye, or head, there, where one has least reason to expect it, it is certain to be found.

The Oriental, however, is seldom or never "in a hurry," and by reason of his slow, deliberate, movements suffers less from such inconveniences than the more impetuous European. Still, all these *little* matters mark the general character of the people, and if there

are two ways of arranging anything, or doing anything, the one easy, safe, and convenient, the other difficult, inconvenient, or dangerous, the latter is that which these Orientals will prefer to adopt; and I am convinced that the Osmanlis, if left to themselves, would go on for centuries exactly as they go on now; there would be no change, no improvement, nothing but stagnation and decay!

May 11*th.*—The fatigue and heat of the last two or three days had quite exhausted us, and we felt but little inclination for the hard work of ascending to the top of the mountain, on which is the old fortress of Sis, an expedition, as we heard, far more laborious and difficult than the examination of the fortress of Anazarba. But besides this, my friend was already suffering from the first attacks of the disease which a fortnight later, alas! was to prove fatal to him. We therefore determined to give up to-day to comparative rest, and on the morrow to make the best of our way to Adana, where some degree of comfort, and medical help if needed, could be obtained.

Excepting the fortress and the Church of the Patriarchate, which is on the site of the old palace of the Armenian kings, Sis offers nothing whatever of interest. Although Sis is the seat of the Patriarchate, the Patriarch prefers to reside at Aintab, only coming to Sis at intervals "because (we heard) the Armenians of Sis do not show him much respect or regard."

The monastery containing his palace, with its garden, and the church, is some hundreds of feet above the town, and the whole forms a triangular space, surrounded by a high wall.

Although unable to exert himself to any great extent, my friend paid a visit with me to the church. We were received by the resident priest, a man of about fifty, with an extremely handsome face, aquiline nose, and bright piercing eyes. We saw no other ecclesiastic, and he appeared to be living almost alone, in this dreary solitude.

After entering the lower gate of the enclosure, we passed, by means of successive flights of steps, from one platform to another. The whole is a confused assemblage of courtyards, corridors, rooms large and small, but all in a dirty and neglected condition. The priest received us in the house of the Patriarch, which is at the highest point of the triangular enclosure, and looks down upon the town, with its flat-roofed houses built in terraces, one row rising above the other. The monastery with most of the church was built by the Patriarch Kyriakos in about 1810, but already is falling to ruin, being in a sad state of neglect and disrepair. This Patriarch was afterwards murdered by the chief Turkman Bey of the district.

The church is a spacious square building, with a flat roof supported by square pillars of masonry. At its east end are the usual three apse-like recesses, each with its altar. Over the central altar is a canopy of Italian stucco work, covered with gilding, all in very bad taste. The walls at this end of the church are inlaid for some feet from the ground with porcelain tiles resembling those in the mosque of Sultan Suleiman at Constantinople. There is another shrine on the north side of the church, to which a steep flight of stone steps led up. This shrine also was richly orna-

mented with stucco work and gilding. The Patriarch had a seat there, as well as one in the nave. Pictures of the usual quaint style were hung in various parts of the church. In front of the central apse, the floor of which was raised high above the floor of the church, are a number of quaintly carved bronze lions, which serve as stands for two large and rather fine brass candelabras. The most remarkable thing in the church is the marble chair in which the kings of Armenia sat at their coronation. On the back and sides of the chair is carved their blazon, a lion rampant, and a double eagle. In the north-west corner are the tombs of several of the patriarchs. The portico along the west front of the church is in a most dangerous state of disrepair, and may fall at any moment. Our guide said that on the return or next visit of the Patriarch it would be repaired; but it appeared doubtful whether it would remain erect for many days!

Against the wall, under the portico, were hung what served as the bells of the church (for the Muslims in general hold bells in the utmost abhorrence), viz. a large piece of iron, a large and thick piece of wood, and a smaller similar piece. These are sounded at different times, according to the divine service that is to be celebrated.

Although I put many questions through our interpreter to the Armenians with whom I came in contact, not one could give me the least information about the history or antiquities of their town; so that, though there are several other churches (all, however, in a ruinous state), I could find out nothing about them;

my account of Sis is, therefore, of necessity very incomplete.

The fortress, as seen from below, appears to crown the rugged points of the mountain in several places, and a high wall enclosing the whole follows the undulations of the surface. It has precipices of enormous depth on almost every side, and must have been nearly impregnable in the old days. With the capture of the fortress of Sis, by El Melek el Ashraf, Sultan of Egypt, in 1374, the Armenian dynasty in Cilicia ceased to reign; for, although the king, Leo VI. (of Lusignan) succeeded in escaping to the mountains, he was blockaded in the fortress of Capan, which is to the N.W. of Sis, and after a siege of nine months was forced to surrender by famine, and with his family sent prisoner to Cairo. To my great regret I was prevented from visiting the fortress, owing to the intense heat and to my friend's ill-health.

May 12th.—Left at 9 A.M. for Adana. We crossed the river of Sis, the Kesik Tchai, by a bridge of ten arches, some round, some pointed. Messis, and the fortress of Toumlo Kalaat, were in a line S.W. by S. The number of springs in the mountain range to the north of Sis must be very great, for we crossed no less than three large streams and several brooks in the course of the morning, all flowing southwards toward the Jeihaàn. At 10 A.M. we crossed Deli Tchai; at 10.30 A.M. another stream equally large, the Kara Pongar Tchai; at 11 A.M. the brook of Idam, near the village of the same name. We passed the sites of several ancient villages. At 11.30 we came to a single standing column amidst many fallen columns

and bases "in situ," with cisterns and rock tombs, amongst them several blocks of rock roughly carved into the form of steps. The route was dreary and uninteresting. None of the high mountains could be seen, as they were enveloped in mist and vapour. The heat was intense, and there was not a tree, nor even a bush, to afford the slightest shelter from the burning rays of the sun. At 1 P.M. we came to a deep muddy brook bordered by bushes; on the outside of the parapet of the bridge which spanned it, was a single tree, but it cast no shade on our side, and there was not a bush large enough to afford cover, so that I was obliged to hang my coat upon the highest I could find, and crouch beneath it for shelter. At 1.50 we crossed another large brook, and from this point the country became more broken and mountainous. At 3.30 we crossed a large brook fed by melted snow, and having a considerable village near it.

We were now in a district of the most beautiful hills and downs, with dells full of pasturage rich and green, and watered by an abundance of small streams. These hills are of conglomerate, covered with clay, and the stiff, tenacious soil parts with its moisture very slowly, so that, although the sun is fierce, the verdure is still fresh. A cool breeze from the S.W. was blowing, and we had emerged from the dull, stifling heat of the plain. It is strange how quickly air and vegetation change as one ascends; the air becomes pure and bracing, and the cystus, with the snow-drop tree and other mountain shrubs, again begin to appear. We had intended to halt for the

night at a khan called Khan Deresi, but a peasant whom we met told us it was closed, and no one living in it. After continually ascending we reached at 6 P.M. a district of poor and rocky soil, covered with brushwood, and dismounted at the summer encampment of the villagers of Keumerdli Keui, this was merely a few huts of wattle and brushwood, and there were no tents. The villagers offered us yorghans, but could give us no kind of shelter, except a goats' hair rug stretched upon poles. It was but a poor defence against rain, but it was all they could provide, so we piled our baggage under it, hoping thus to secure it in some measure from wet, and prepared to bivouac. Yaourt and milk were brought. Our interpreter made coffee and pilaff, but no barley could be had for the horses, so they were tethered out at a little distance from the camp to graze, and, for fear of thieves, two of the villagers were told off to keep watch over them during the night. In the midst of these arrangements the headman came up to say that two suspicious characters, known to be thieves, had come into the camp. Hereupon a council was held. Nothing would have been easier than for such rogues, when everyone was asleep, to make a dash upon the horses, to escape with them, and to sell them for anything they would fetch in some remote village, where there would be no danger of inconvenient inquiries. In order to prevent such thefts, it is the custom at night to fetter the horses' fore-legs by means of a chain, with clips passing round the leg. The chain is fastened by a very ingenious contrivance, which, however, it is not easy to describe. At one end of the chain is a small

cylinder of iron, closed at either end by a plate pierced in such a shape as to admit the passage of an iron bolt, which is attached to the other end of the chain. To the sides of this bolt pieces of iron are fastened, like springs, which, as the bolt is forced in, close up, and so all can pass through the opening in the cylinder plate. After passing through it they again expand, and thus the bolt cannot be withdrawn except by means of the key, which is inserted at the other end of the cylinder, and has notches or angles exactly fitting the springs, so that when this key is forced down upon the bolt the springs are again closed up, and the bolt can be withdrawn. After awhile the headman came to me, and asked if they should "put on the irons." "Yes," said the interpreter, "you must do it." "Of course,' I said, "then there will be no danger," thinking they meant to fetter the horses' legs. Hearing a scuffle soon afterwards, I went up to see what was the matter, and great was my surprise at finding that the two rogues had been clapped in the irons instead of the horses! They did not, however, seem at all indignant, as honest men would have been, but laughed, and took it all good-humouredly enough. By-and-by one of them drew out a kind of fife, and began to play a tune.

We appointed another watchman to look after them, and then lay down to sleep. It rained heavily in the night, and the most vivid lightning was playing in all directions along the distant mountain ridges, displaying their jagged crests and peaks for a moment in brilliant light, to be succeeded instantly by pitchy darkness. The thunder was extremely heavy, but I slept at intervals. In the morning the villagers gave our

prisoners their breakfast, and let them go. I went to take a look at them, and was convinced that the headman had done wisely in securing them. Thief and vagabond were written on their faces. They did not seem at all disconcerted, but laughed at me, when I came up. One was dressed in an old cotton quilted gown, the other in a dress of sheepskins with the wool inside. They had been lying out in the rain all night, but seemed none the worse for it, and accepted all as a matter of course. The headman said he was sure they had come with the intention of stealing anything they could lay hands on, and had he not put them in irons, we should probably have missed some of our horses in the morning. I fear such an interference with the liberty of the subject would hardly have passed off so easily in Europe!

May 13th.—Left our bivouac at 6 A.M. The route was over hills of conglomerate covered with stiff clay, a very difficult road in wet weather. The horses slipped continually, sometimes even to the very edge of the deep ravines cut by the streams. In about half an hour we passed the khan; a small party of travellers had taken shelter in one of the buildings belonging to it, but the people of the khan were absent; and here began a succession of thunderstorms, which, with brief intervals, lasted all the day. The lightning, thunder, and rain were most violent; the passage of the valleys was literally through miles of mud and water; sometimes the road crossed a ridge of hills, where there was a rocky or sandy soil, but it was extremely difficult to advance at all through the valleys, and over the clay slopes. At length, amidst incessant rain, we reached

the edge of the great plain, and came in sight of Adana. It was still about an hour and a half distant. For more than seven hours on that day we had suffered, with but slight intermissions, from a violent tempest of rain and hail, with lightning and thunder, and now the storm raged more heavily than ever. The road was a perfect quagmire, covered with water a foot deep. The ditches became great running streams, and we could only advance step by step. We passed many of the country people; their condition in wet weather is wretched in the extreme. Their food, their clothing, and their lodging, are ill adapted to resist the inclement weather that sometimes prevails here in winter and spring; and at seasons like the present, fever and dysentery commit great ravages amongst them. Some of them were toiling up to the middle in mud and water, under great loads of firewood, others were tugging along camels that looked as miserable as their owners! There was no shelter for miles: even the very cattle were shrinking together from the pitiless storm! The entrance to the bridge of Adana, and the bridge itself, were crowded with flocks of sheep and goats driven in from the neighbourhood of the town, and the poor little lambs and goats, only a few days or weeks old, were cowering under the parapet to shelter themselves from the storm. We rode through the town to our lodging amidst a deluge of water-spouts from the roofs, and were highly contented at finding ourselves once more in the comparative civilization of Adana.

The interpreter who had hitherto accompanied us was a young Greek of Antioch, named Hanna (John),

who could speak a little French He had received a month's wages in advance before we left Mersina, and on the journey I had given him various sums. I must admit that hitherto he had behaved extremely well, but either he was tired of the rough life and hardships we had been obliged to endure of late, or perhaps he had received some more eligible offer. However this may have been, he left us at Adana; but with the usual shifty and cunning spirit which seems innate in the Christians of the Levant, he could not do it in a straightforward way. After supper he came in and asked for another advance of wages, which I very unwisely gave him; then later on he returned, said he wished to go to Tarsus to see his family, and promised faithfully to return on the morrow. My companion was most unwilling to consent, but as we should not be able to start again for some days, I persuaded him to agree, although of course it was very embarrassing to be deprived of our interpreter in such a place. I found out afterwards that Hanna remained at the khan, gambling and drinking raki, till near midnight, and then took one of our poor tired horses and started for Tarsus, without any intention of returning; of course, had he said plainly that he wished to leave us, and had he not drawn more money than was due to him, I should have had no ground of complaint whatever against him. Fortunately, I was able to manage tolerably well without him, and our excellent friend Mr. Schiffmann gave us his assistance; so that the man's conduct did not cause any serious inconvenience.

May 14*th*.—A day of rest. All the afternoon, I

was vainly expecting the return of our interpreter, according to his promise. At evening we accompanied Mr. Schiffmann to some gardens a little way out of the town, a very general resort of the Adaniotes. Here they sit among alleys of vine, lemon, and orange trees, and listen to the music of some Cypriote Greeks, which is superior to most of the music to be heard in Turkey. The Christians drink small glasses of "raki" (a spirit distilled from grape "must" and flavoured with gum mastic, and which is in consequence called all over Turkey "mastica"), the more sober Muslims drink only coffee. All alike smoke the Syrian water-pipe (narghileh). Very few ladies appear, and even they are veiled up to the eyes, and for the most part keep away from the gentlemen.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN ADANA.

May 15*th.* — Early this morning a young Syrian entered our room, and handed me a note. It was from our interpreter Hanna, to say that on the way to Tarsus he had fallen from his horse, had broken his leg, and therefore could not come; he had, however, sent back the horse by the bearer of the note, his brother, and if we pleased to take him instead as our interpreter, he would be happy to serve us. The young man looked far too young and inexperienced, and moreover spoke only Arabic. I saw he would not suit us, so at Mr. Schiffmann's recommendation I telegraphed to Mersina for another interpreter, a native of Beyrout, named Michel Sabbagh, but whom I shall call for the future "Nahli," which is the Armenian equivalent for his Christian name "Michel." He was a man whose worth I soon discovered, and whom I cannot praise too highly, a thoroughly good, honest fellow, a capital companion, who knew how to manage the natives admirably, and with whom I would willingly travel through any part of Asia Minor. As yet I believed in the truth of Hanna's story, but soon afterwards, chancing to walk through the bazaar, I met the Greek cavass of Mr. Tattarachi, the British Vice-Consul at Mersina, who had been sent by his master to Adana on some business, and as

he had come through Tarsus, I inquired after Hanna. To my great disgust I found that Hanna's story of the broken leg was a fabrication. He had probably gambled away the money received in advance, and not caring to come back, had invented this lie to excuse himself. On previous occasions whilst travelling in the Levant I have had considerable trouble, in consequence of too readily advancing money for prospective services, and experience has taught me that, if possible, a traveller in these countries should always be in debt to the people whom he employs; so long as this is the case, he is master of the position, but if ever, through too great complaisance, or from any other reason, the relation is reversed, and he becomes a creditor, good-bye to all comfort; the tables are then turned, the servant becomes the master. But I admit that it is difficult, indeed almost impossible, to avoid becoming the creditor, for the Oriental has cunning and inveigling ways for extracting money in advance, and the European is no match for him on that point.

May 16*th.*—My poor friend suffering from slight dysentery, and too unwell to leave his room, but unwilling to admit anything more than a passing indisposition. Knowing from long experience how insidious and how dangerous are the special diseases of these lands, I urged him to employ the treatment usual in Egypt; and above all, to send at once for the Greek doctor of the vilayet. But he had always hitherto enjoyed the most robust health, he was a traveller of considerable experience, and could not be induced to believe himself really ill. By dint of importunity, I persuaded him to lie up, and submit to

something like proper treatment, but he refused to see the doctor, for he had a very low opinion of the medical skill to be obtained in Turkey. In this particular instance he was much mistaken, for when at last he allowed me to bring in Dr. Parascevopoulo, the governmental doctor of the province, he was treated with all possible skill, and with the most friendly and unremitting attention; but, alas! the disease was then too firmly fixed and too malignant for any human means to combat successfully.

There are at present only three residents in Adana of pure European descent (for as to the Greeks they are in effect Orientals), amongst them our friend Mr. Schiffmann, and an Englishwoman married to a Syrian merchant named Schalfoun. This afternoon I was introduced to the lady; she is a tall, handsome woman, and speaks English quite grammatically, but with the same strange accent as the Smyrniote British. She left England with her parents when only six years old, was educated at Smyrna, and had ever since lived in Adana or Beyrout. On the way back, I called at the khan, to take a look at our horses; they seemed starved and hollow, so I fear that our muleteer, "Kesh," is stealing their food, although he is charging exorbitantly for them. He made a clumsy attempt at imposition by declaring that our interpreter, Hanna, had only given him on account T. 1*l.* instead of T. 2*l.* as agreed; but when I refused to pay it, he remembered that Hanna had paid him, but had afterwards borrowed it of him. But neither did this serve, and at last he came to say that Hanna's brother had repaid him. It was a little attempt at extortion, but the Turks are

not so cunning in such matters as the native Christians. Afterwards he said that two of the horse coverings were missing, "Hanna had given them to Arslan at Anazarba," but when I reminded him that I had seen them all at Keumerdli Keui the night before we reached Adana, and that if they were missing the price would be deducted from his pay, he managed to find them.

May 17th.—In the course of the day my friend's condition became so much worse that he allowed us to remove him to the hospitable roof of Mr. Schiffmann, and we sent for Dr. Parascevopoulo. His diagnosis was most unfavourable from the first; the disease, very serious in itself, had been much aggravated by delay, and neglect of proper treatment. He told us that it was a malarious time, and that there was quite an epidemic of dysentery both amongst the general population and especially amongst the Redif (militia) encamped near the town; and he attributed it to the late unseasonable heavy rain and the damp steaming exhalations from the whole country caused by it. Rain as heavy as that which fell upon May 13th is most unusual so late in the season. A few showers in the spring are enough to secure the crops, and sometimes even these fail, in which case the harvest is either deficient or almost entirely lost. Heavy rain is always unhealthy in this malarious plain, because of the damp it causes, and even in winter, when the cold is sometimes severe, the inundations of the river, besides doing much material damage, cause great mortality amongst the inhabitants from fever and dysentery. But the people are forced to live in a

miserable way through their poverty, and the sudden and violent changes of temperature in spring and autumn tell very severely upon them.

The residents of Adana say, however, that its air is healthy in spite of the great heat in summer; it can however, only be so, in comparison with such places as Tarsus and Mersina. The water of the river (Sarus), though turbid, is wholesome, unlike the water of the Cydnus. There was a terrible epidemic of typhus in 1873 and 1874, caused by the immigration of the poor starving people from the interior; not less than 20,000 came to Adana last winter, of whom fully one-half died, and typhus is still prevalent in the town; also, during about eight weeks of last year (1874) a most fatal outbreak of small-pox occurred; for a considerable time thirty to forty children of Christians alone died of it daily; as for the Turks, no account of their losses was taken. About half the population of Adana is Christian, chiefly Armenians; there are about five hundred Greek houses, but very few Roman Catholics. The Muslims of Adana are fanatical, the rich and the higher classes being extremely bigoted, and the poorer classes of course follow their example. In fact, the society of Adana is a relic of the old state of things; all the women—not excepting the Christians — go out veiled up to the eyes, not in the semi-transparent Stambouli "yashmak"; and even the Christian women never meet strange male society, but lead a life as retired as that of the Turkish women.

The ignorance of all classes is, of course, intense.

The town is really well paved (I have before related

how the improvement of the place came about, see p. 55), the streets are kept well swept every night and in some places even lighted; of course much more might be done; still, all this is creditable. The houses are of brick, set in clay; much wood is used in their construction; the better kind of houses have large open galleries in which the people live during summer. The roofs are flat, and the people are now obliged to sleep out "à la belle étoile," in consequence of the heat inside the houses. On the roof of nearly every house is a crib, or summer bedstead of wood, in which the inmates sleep, thus securing a cool night's rest. It is curious to see the people rising early in the morning, all about you, and tossing off the mattresses by which they had been covered. The whole family generally repose together in the same great crib.

The street cries of Adana are very curious, but I can only remember a few: Dymasoon! (Look out!), Donderma! (Ices!), Kar istyan? (Who wants snow?). The town is well supplied with frozen snow, which is brought daily on mules from the high chain of the Taurus, some nine to ten hours distant. Regularly at about 3 A.M. the muezzin of a neighbouring mosque used to begin the call to prayer; the chant lasted for about half an hour; it was extremely beautiful in itself, and the man had a remarkably fine voice; he always began very softly, and the effect of the sound coming from the lofty minaret in the deep silence of night was quite entrancing; the end of the chant was always abrupt and in a high note. My poor sick friend did not like it, it seemed to disturb

him, and he would mutter, "Those madmen!" but to me the effect was extremely beautiful. Sometimes another voice could be heard far off in the darkness, from the minaret of a more distant mosque.

May 18*th.*—Market day. A vast number of labourers and villagers entered the town soon after daybreak. On this day wages are paid, and the rate of wages for the following week settled, as the hiring is by the week. The great cultivators fix the rate, others follow their lead. The pay this week was, for grass cutters, $1\frac{1}{2}$ piastre per day; for reapers, $2\frac{1}{2}$ piastres—equivalent to about $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ and $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ per day, but as the number of piastre in the mejidieh or silver dollar varies continually, I only give this as an approximation. Gold is seldom or never seen, except in the largest cities; even silver, though it has become a little more plentiful, is scarce; the usual money is a debased coinage of alloy that had once been silvered over (one of the heritages of the Crimean war). Endeavours have been made to call it in, and replace it by a silver coinage, but, like the many other good projects and intentions in Turkey, the success of this attempt had been very partial.

The food of the labourers is also found by the employer, such as bread, soup, pilaff of "burgoul" (i. e. pilled wheat), onions, &c., &c. Sometimes wages are very much higher than now. On one occasion, a few years back, they were at 10 to 12 piastres a day—a heavy cost to the farmers. The rate depends upon the number of labourers and the state of the crops. So great and sudden is the heat, that the whole crop must be reaped almost all together, otherwise there

is great loss by shedding of the grain. The mortality amongst the labourers is high. These poor fellows come down from a pure mountain air to the deadly heat of the Cilician plain; they are exposed all day to the burning sun, often with very insufficient protection on the head or body, and all night to the dews and damp, in a climate always more or less malarious, with nothing but the chance shelter of a tree—and trees are very rare in the plain—or their own poor clothing, as their covering, so that sunstroke, fever, and dysentery, are very common and fatal amongst them. A man feels a little ill, headache and shivering come on, he is obliged to retire, and in an hour or two he is dead; for though strong and stalwart men enough, they seem to have no great vital power.

From 50,000 to 70,000 labourers annually come to reap the harvest in the vilayet of Adana (i. e. the great Cilician plain); of these, about 20,000 are Syrian Arabs, from the districts of Latakia, Tripoli, Antioch, &c. Some 30,000 to 40,000 are Keurdts (Koords) and men of Marash, Aintab, Kharpout, or Diarbekir. Some even come from Aleppo. In a few weeks all is finished, and many of these men return to their homes with enough ready money to keep themselves and their families for several months in this cheap, because moneyless, country. Most of them probably have each his own cottage and his little plat of land, and his little flock of goats or sheep in his native mountain village. Naturally, there is at times a great deal of bickering amidst this motley multitude; and on such occasions knives and reaping hooks and

clubs are freely used, but the tranquillity and peaceable demeanour of the great multitude assembled in Adana on the 18th, certainly not less (so I was told) than 20,000 men, was truly admirable; and at evening, all had gone off to the country to their work; no riotous, drunken companies remained, "making night hideous." By sunset the town was as quiet as if no such assemblage had taken place. How many countries of civilized Europe could present a similar spectacle?

It may be unfashionable to say so, but I confess that I see much to admire in the character of the Osmanli people, as distinct, of course, from their government and their political system. To an impartial observer, not without some experience in the matter, the senseless outcry against them as a people, which prevailed in England in the latter half of 1876, could hardly fail to appear both cruel and unjust. There are many points in their character, which it would be well could nations of higher pretensions than they, imitate and practise.

I saw no reaping hook like our own bill-hook, and very few indeed of the sickle shape. When engaged in cutting the grain the reaper wears a wooden defence, like a finger-stall, on several fingers of the left hand. When not in use, it is usually hung by a thong to his belt.

There were five executions in Adana in the year 1874, all for murder; two by hanging, three by beheading. The Wali has not the power of life and death. An order for an execution must come from Constantinople—I believe from the Sultan himself; and the usual way in which the punishment of death

is inflicted is by beheading, although sometimes criminals are hanged. A tree on the road to Tarsus was pointed out to me, which in the old days used to be the gallows. It happened to be in the line of the new road, and the engineers wished to remove it, but the feeling of the population was in favour of sparing it, and it was spared accordingly. Generally, however, the criminal is hung up in any convenient place, without ceremony; in the bazaar, to a lamp-post, to the projecting eave of a shop, &c. The usual place of beheading is in the open space at the entrance of the bridge. A horrid scene took place there last year, on occasion of the execution of a Persian for murder. Great exertions were made to induce the wife of the murdered man to accept blood-money. The Persians of Adana even offered her as much as 300*l.* Turkish (= 260*l.*) to spare the criminal, but she was inexorable, and stood by, all the time. The executioner, either nervous or wanting in skill, mangled the poor wretch horribly; he did not, however, stir or cry out, the first stroke having probably stupified him. The first stroke cut his cheek and the side of his neck, the second his shoulder; the rest was a horrid chopping and sawing. The body, with the head under the arm, or, if a Christian, between the legs, is exposed an hour or so, and then buried. The wife of the murdered man looked calmly on till all was over, and then exclaimed, "Now I am satisfied." In similar cases, when the relatives of a murdered man have insisted on the utmost penalty of the law being inflicted, it is no uncommon incident for the nearest relations to take up with the hand some of the criminal's blood and

smear it on their faces, thus taking his blood upon themselves. The Persians in this district give the authorities much trouble. They used formerly to enjoy a kind of extra-territorial jurisdiction, but this is now much curtailed. It is only by severity, and keeping a very firm hand, that the Government maintains order in this turbulent border population.

There are two prisons in Adana, one for debtors, the other for criminals; debtors to the State are invariably treated with severity, for whatever may be done in the case of private debts, arrears of taxes, &c., are exacted, if possible, to the last "para." The debtor prisoners are obliged to provide themselves with food through their friends; no bedding is supplied, each man covers himself as well as he can, and sleeps on the ground, which in a close prison is very unhealthy. After three months' imprisonment, if it is evident that the debtor (private) cannot pay, he is liberated. Thus a creditor rarely keeps his man in prison for the whole three months, so as not to lose his right of imprisoning the man again should there appear any chance of recovering payment later on. This system, which is apparently humane, is the mainspring of innumerable abuses, petty tyranny, and corruption. A debtor, if he be poor and defenceless, is clapped into prison at once, on the demand of the creditor, if the latter have any influence. The execution of the law in this respect is scandalous beyond all belief; on the other hand, it is practically impossible to imprison a rich or powerful debtor; he is protected from harm, and is the pet of every official, high and low. False swearing, corruption, and oppression, is

the rule throughout; the meaning of "right" and "wrong" is not understood; no sense of truth seems to exist in the ruling class, and when such is the case, how can truth be expected from the governed? True, there are men who would be just if they dared, but either they yield to intimidation, or if this fail, intrigues are set on foot for their removal. The Vice-President of the Medjlis told one of my friends, "I know the law and I know my duty; in the morning I point out what is the law in a certain case, but before evening I have a dozen warnings that I must not administer the law! What can I possibly do?" Criminal prisoners are chained, excepting such as have committed petty offences. There are, however, various grades of chain according to the sentence against the man, but these grades are of "term" not of "weight," the chains being all of the same weight. The chain is fastened from leg to leg at the ankle, and another which encircles the waist has a pendant attached to the centre of the leg chain; the leg chain is sufficiently long to allow the man to walk. Three-quarters of an oke of bread (=300 drams) per day is allowed to each criminal prisoner, and nothing else, but occasionally charitable people send a "pilaff," or food of some kind, to the prisoners. The prisoners of all classes are obliged to keep the prison clean; the two prisons in Adana are thus swept regularly, but yet they have a bad odour and must be most unhealthy.

A man who falls sick in the debtors' prison is taken to the hospital, but from all I could learn, little or no care is taken of a sick criminal, he is allowed to live or die as nature decides!

May 18th to 23rd.—A sad, dreary, monotonous time. I shall remember Adana to the end of my days. Heat intense, from early morning till sunset. My time is fully occupied in attending on my sick friend, whose condition gradually becomes worse in spite of everything that can be done. Dr. Parascevopoulo proposed a consultation with the doctor who has charge of the troops. He is a Greek, speaks French, and has a very good professional reputation in the town. By his advice a change was made in some of the medicines, and for one day there was a decided improvement in the patient, but the good effect was only transient. The treatment pursued was nearly as follows:—No food, except rice soup, rice water, gum water, a little tea; nothing else did he take, and very little even of these from 17th to 22nd inclusive. Castor oil, bismuth, and opium, emulsions and lavements continually; hot cataplasms of linseed meal, fresh every hour; tinct. opii. and ipecac. pulvis. 21st and 22nd, acetate of lead and opium; external applications same. 23rd, another change in the medicines, and symptoms of peritonitis having appeared, vesicatories were applied.

On 23rd there was an improvement, but he was so weak I begged the doctors to give him some support in wine and food. After a long consultation they said his only chance of life was to take nothing solid or disturbing, they could not, therefore, recommend anything but the same diet, and although there was but little hope now, even that little depended on the punctual use of the means they recommended. But he was rather a refractory patient, and would not

always submit to the treatment prescribed! Already a glacial chill had invaded his hands; he was easier—alas! it was but the ease that precedes death. On the 24th the patient was manifestly sinking, and the doctors allowed wine and a little chicken soup. His mind did not wander in the least, but both voice and sight began to fail, and he would not now submit to any further treatment. To-day he fainted twice, the last time as we were carrying him back from the balcony to his room. We attended him all night. At 8 A.M. on 25th we took charge of his property. I had before asked him if he was satisfied with what we had done for him, and he nodded yes! At eleven coma came on, and at two all was over.

The Armenian Protestant community took charge of the funeral. Their burial-place is an unenclosed spot just outside of the town, and there, close to the waving corn, my poor friend was laid. During the funeral a heavy thunderstorm came on. After all was finished, one of the pupils of the American Theological College at Marash, who was present and understood English, came up and remonstrated with me because during the funeral service I had uttered a short prayer that his sins might be forgiven. "But he was dead," said he. To confess the truth, the thought and words came naturally. It never occurred to me that in this I was departing from the practice of our Church. It seemed at the time a very natural thing to do. I turned off the conversation by quoting 1 Timothy ii. 1. "But," said he, "*that* was praying for the dead, and *we* are Protestants." In the evening another came to me, and, speaking through Mr. Schiff-

mann, began to say something on the subject; but I declined to enter upon any discussion with him, and would not converse upon the matter. Possibly the doctrine of the Reformed Church on this point may be more orthodox, but the Roman doctrine is more loving and tender. Such was the end of my poor friend and fellow-traveller. He contributed very much to his own death by his neglect and imprudence. Had he taken proper and timely remedies, he would no doubt have still been dangerously sick, but perhaps his life might have been saved. As it is, the climate of Cilicia, unhealthy enough assuredly, will have a yet worse reputation.

During all this sad time the only relief was a ride now and then, towards sunset, through the gardens in the neighbourhood of the town. They were pretty, but neglected and wild. Some of them were full of fine oak and ash trees. Grape-vines trailed from tree to tree, and clambered even to the topmost branches. Sometimes I rode up the west bank of the Sarus. A line of conglomerate hills here borders the river, and from them the distant view of Adana, backed by mountains, is very pretty. But our usual resort was a café on the river side, to which was attached a very fine garden. Here, under the shade of vines or orange trees, we could sit and watch the turbid, impetuous Sarus, as it rolled its waters swiftly past. A glorious panorama of noble mountain ranges surrounded us. Everywhere the eye rested on some object of beauty. The huge creaking Persian water-wheels turned by the stream; the floating mills; the tents of the wandering Turkmans on the opposite side; the cemetery, with

its countless grey stones; the fine groups of trees; the rich foliage of the gardens; the grand old bridge, with its scores of loungers, and its long lines of heavily laden camels, bringing in the produce of the harvest—such were the nearer objects. Higher up the river could be seen through the arches of the bridge the white tents of the "redif" encamped on a meadow called the "meidan." How shall I describe the glorious mountain scenery, from the graceful ridge over Messis and the hills of Kara Dash, all up the long Amanus range, through the distant Giaour Dagh, and round to the towering, jagged sierra of Kizil Dagh, resplendent with perpetual snow, and generally shrouded in mist? Once only, on the day before I left Adana, I saw it distinctly, unveiled by cloud or mist, when a heavy thunderstorm had cleared the distance.

We used to sit either on the river bank or on a stage in front of the café overgrown with vine. Sometimes there was music in the garden—Cypriote music, not unmusical, or the zoorna (Turkish fife), which if well played is really pleasing, with its wild, high-pitched notes.

An observant traveller might while away half an hour not unprofitably on the old bridge itself, and he would remark scenes and incidents which he would not easily forget.

In the clear bright sun, although not a ray of his light is perceptible to them, sit the blind, propped against the parapets, but always separately, never in groups. Each member of the fraternity appears to have one particular spot appropriated to him by

common consent; for the blind are never molested, on the contrary, nearly every passer-by bestows his mite (and few are rich enough to afford more) on one or other of these poor sufferers. All respect that misfortune which may some day be their own; for disease of the eyes is very common, and but little care is taken by the people themselves to arrest the malady (too often, poor fellows, the means of doing so are not within their reach), and many a well-to-do mechanic is suddenly deprived by blindness of the power to gain his livelihood. A blind man making his way through a crowded thoroughfare is not at all an uncommon sight, and he has to depend upon the kindness of others, which is never wanting, to avoid the difficulties of the road. Amongst the chief of these are the laden camels. This animal, unlike the horse, never turns aside, but pushes heedlessly forward, and although the animal himself may pass, his cargo is very likely to knock the pedestrian down. One of these blind men had trained a donkey, unbridled, to carry him to and fro between his residence and the bridge; and one evening, with a true spirit of brotherly feeling, he had invited a companion in affliction to avail himself of the opportunity, and to hold on by the donkey's tail! thus giving an amusing though pathetic illustration of "the blind leading the blind."

We often formed part of the groups of loungers on the old bridge, and I noted many an amusing, many a touching sight too, which, had some of our "public-meeting" orators of last summer been present, would, I think, have modified their views concerning the "unspeakable" and "anti-human" Turk!

Sometimes, again, we used to visit for a change the "Ajemi Kahve," or Persian café, which supplied the best coffee and narghilehs in Adana. This was a tumbledown structure of wood near the bridge; its walls were adorned with a grotesque series of paintings, in black and the three primitive colours, representing scenes in the life of Keur Oglou, the celebrated brigand and poet, who flourished some 300 years ago, but whose apparition, mounted on his famous grey horse, is said to be no uncommon sight in the lonely valleys and mountain passes of Cilicia. The company at the Ajemi Kahve was not very select, but it was curious and interesting, and never once did I experience anything but true courtesy and politeness from the guests, whatever might be their rank. Take him whence you will, the Osmanli is naturally a gentleman—a man who respects himself, and therefore respects others. My appearance was no doubt strange enough to them; the majority of them had probably never seen an European before, but not even an unpolite stare, much less anything approaching ridicule or amusement, could be discerned on the grave, and often strikingly handsome faces of the frequenters of the Ajemi Kahve. It was interesting to observe the different figures and dresses of the guests, and the people on the bridge and on the river. Sometimes a large raft of timber would shoot one of the arches of the bridge; it was brought down from the distant mountains by the woodcutters, and the stream would sweep it past with great rapidity. Beyond the bridge the great plain stretched to the mountains which bordered the horizon. Harvest is in progress everywhere. As

the corn is reaped it is piled up in the field in a great circular heap ("harmàn"), a space is left in the middle, and the threshing is begun from the *inside*. The grain is gathered in the open interior space, and so left till the ushirji—the farmer of the revenue—has come to take the dîme—the Government tax—which is not a tithe, but 12½ per cent., and as much more as can be wrung from the cultivator.

I will not attempt to describe the beauty of the heavens. Nothing that I have ever yet seen can rival the cloud and sunset effects in this most beautiful but dangerous land. Especially beautiful they were on the evening before I left Adana. The plain, and the hills above Messis, were bathed in golden green sunlight, so clear that every ravine and inequality on their slopes could be distinguished. Kara Dash and its hills were of a deep violet tone, which formed a magnificent contrast with the masses of bright orange and golden clouds above them, illumined by the setting sun. Far off in the north, heavy thunder-clouds of deep purple and fleecy white, veiled the towering ridge of Kizil Dagh,* and after the storm had burst, the long outline of the jagged sierra shone forth, sharply defined in brilliant white against the murky sky beyond it.

May 26th.—The large public bath at Adana is one of the best I have ever seen in the East. But it is far inferior to similar establishments in Europe. I was occupied nearly all day in writing. At sunset we took a long ride up the Sarus and dined at the river-side café.

* Called in Kiepert's map "Kermes Dagh," but the Adaniots always called it Kizil Dagh. Both words mean "red."

May 27*th*.—Free trade is not quite the rule in Adana, e. g., the town council (medjlis) fixes the price of bread and meat, and butchers and bakers must obey. To-day no bread of the usual shape (a long thick cake) appeared in the market. On inquiring the reason, I was told that the bakers had struck, because the medjlis had ordered the price of bread to be reduced. As the price of wheat had fallen, the price of an oke ($2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.) of bread was fixed at 36 paras, instead of 40 paras (equivalent to about 2*d*. for $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of bread which is generally of very good quality). The medjlis summons the bakers when it is thought that their profits are becoming too high; a calculation is made, e. g. so much wheat will produce so much flour, from that so much bread can be made; the cost of production being computed, and the legitimate profit added, the council then informs the bakers at what price they must sell their bread. The unfortunate fellows vociferate and protest, but all is of no avail. Sometimes, however, a little incarceration is requisite, in order to bring them to a fitting state of mind, and they are not released till they submit. I wonder what our English tradesmen would say to such a mode of procedure! The same course is pursued with the butchers; e. g. in February and March, 1875, meat was 5 to 6 piastres per oke; a little pressure was applied by the medjlis, and it gradually descended to $3\frac{1}{2}$ piastres. In general, however, meat is very cheap. Good mutton in summer costs $2\frac{1}{2}$ piastres per oke (= a little less than 2*d*. per lb. English); in winter it costs 5 piastres per oke. But usually in winter only goat's meat can be obtained, and it is both

To face page 182

Stanford's Geogl Estabt

THE AJEMI CAFÉ AT ADANA

bad and dear. In the spring very few animals are slaughtered, as they are in bad condition, and also on account of the Greek and Armenian Lenten Fast, which is observed very strictly by the women, although not by the men. In October and November about 1500 head of cattle are slaughtered in the vilayet of Adana, and their flesh made into "Pastourma," i.e. dried and spiced beef highly flavoured with garlic. Very little fresh beef is eaten, as the meat is generally lean and tough, for no care is taken to supply the animals with good food, and only a little straw is given to them in the stalls; but in the ploughing season the oxen which do all the ploughing (no horses being employed), are fed with half an oke to an oke of cotton-seed in the morning, and again at night, besides straw. If cotton-seed be dear, barley is given instead. All through the spring and early summer there is a great abundance of grass. Very few vegetables are grown. Potatoes have only been introduced within the last year or two. The soil of Adana is too rich for them, but they flourish in the more sandy soil of the plain of Mersina. Excepting grapes, nearly all the fruit is poor and wanting in flavour, but all articles of food, such as bread, sugar, flour, milk, butter, &c., are pure. Adulteration would be severely punished. The coffee is seldom of good quality, but as it is bought in the berry and roasted immediately before being used, it cannot be mixed with inferior substitutes. Tea is never used, and seems almost unknown, although it grows wild in many parts of the mountainous interior. Mechanics' wages are rather high; carpenters, who are very inferior

to European carpenters, are paid 1 mejidieh, = 1 dollar per day. Ironworkers receive a little less, but should a mechanical engineer be required, his charge for the least job is T. 1*l.* These men are all European.

Mr. Schiffmann kindly gave me the following particulars concerning the produce and trade of the province of Adana. I must premise that the Turkish pound is worth about 18*s.* English, and here contains 106 piastres, but this rate constantly varies in different parts of the empire. In Syria I have found the £ Turk. worth from 112 to 115 piastres. A few years back a considerable issue of silver piastres was made; but of course since the sad events of 1876, paper money has replaced metal.

The kileh of Karamania = an English quarter; or eight Constantinople kilehs = about 480 English lbs.

In 1873 there was a general failure of the harvest from want of rain, and a Karamanian kileh of wheat cost 400 piastres = a trifle above 67*s.* per quarter. This high rate lasted till May, 1874; there was not sufficient grain for the population of the vilayet of Adana, and a frightful famine had begun in the interior, so that grain was urgently needed, even for the vilayet of Koniah. But the harvest of 1874 was extremely abundant; one grain produced from thirty to sixty fold, and prices would have been very low, only Europe needed grain, and scarcity still continued throughout the interior of Karamania. Prices therefore were steady at 200 piastres per kileh on the spot, and 240 piastres at the seaports, and might even

have risen had not the Wali of Adana, Mahmoud Pasha, afterwards Grand Vizier, prohibited exportation, in the month of August. This was done with a view of relieving the suffering districts; but it was evident that what was needed was means of transport into the interior—had this existed, the famine would have been stayed long before—and now the Wali's well-intentioned but mistaken prohibition caused heavy injury to the cultivators, for the harvest was much above the average, and not only sufficient for home consumption and the relief of the interior, but a large surplus would have remained for exportation to Europe. At present (May, 1875), last year's wheat of good quality costs 180 piastres per kileh at the seaports. Cilician wheat makes excellent bread, but it is not well suited for the English market.

The amount of barley exported is 100,000 to 300,000 quarters, according to the crop. It is sent principally to England. In this roadless land transport is a costly matter. In winter the country is well-nigh impassable, and the only road that can be used is the new road from Mersina to Adana, which has been finished this year. Already the Circassians do a good deal of business on it by means of their arabahs, and the Government proposes to establish a transport company with 2000 shares at T. 5*l.* per share, and to provide forty carriages with the necessary horses. Several meetings about this matter have been held at the Commercial Tribunal in Adana, but as yet nothing has been arranged. Camels hitherto have been the chief means of transport, and the transport varies from 15 to 35 piastres per kileh of grain, according to the

season and distance from the port. But now the road is opened it is hoped the tariff will be more regular.

Cotton, barley, sesame seed, and wheat are the staple exports of Cilicia. About half the cotton crop is usually sent to Smyrna, to which port there are lines of steamers, and thence exported to Europe. Cilician cotton is much used by manufacturers in Spain, and their mills have been specially adapted for it; it is of short staple, though beautifully clean and white. In 1872–3, the crop was 80,000 bales, of excellent colour and staple. In 1873–4 the crop was only about 30,000 bales; in 1874–5 owing to the ravages of the cotton worm, about 20,000 bales. In the last year its price was from 24 to 27 piastres in Adana or Tarsus, per "batman" of 4 okes = 1600 drams English. Cotton is made up in bales, weighing about 340 to 350 English lbs. each. It is pressed by hydraulic presses, of which there are six in Adana and two steam presses. There are in Adana five steam cotton-ginning factories; in Tarsus one steam and two worked by water power; at Giameli Keui near Messis one steam. The transport to Mersina, as I have said, varies considerably. It averages 20 to 25 piastres per bale.

Only about 2000 bales of wool are exported, chiefly to Marseilles. Sesame seed is sold either by the kileh or in okes delivered at Mersina. The kileh costs in the villages or at Adana, according to distance from the port, from 240 to 280 piastres. Its price is generally ruled by the price in Marseilles, to which port most of the crop is sent. The net weight of the kileh varies extremely according to the cleanness and quality

of the seed, so that it is more convenient for the merchant to buy it by the oke, the price of which varies from 2½ to 3 piastres, and he can thus clearly make up his account of cost. In buying by the kileh the buyer incurs much risk on account of the variations of cost in transport, and especially from the risk of excessive loss of weight after cleaning.

There is a large import of Manchester goods, chiefly prints and shirtings. These are mostly imported *viâ* Beyrout, i.e. the principal native commission merchants in Adana buy their goods from English and Syrian houses established in Beyrout. Strange to say, this pays them better than to import directly from England. The import of woollen cloths is inconsiderable. About 5000 to 10,000 small bales of cotton, each 50 to 70 okes, are annually sent into the interior for hand weaving, and the cotton cloth thus produced is a good and durable material. Very few imports come directly from Europe, but generally from Beyrout, Smyrna, or Constantinople. Only colonial goods, as coffee, rice, sugar, pepper, &c., come directly from Marseilles, often in sailing vessels chartered for homeward cargoes of grain or sesame seed. English manufactures come from Beyrout only; small wares chiefly from Constantinople.

Throughout Turkey the legal rate of interest is 12 per cent. per annum, but in practice it varies from 18 to 24 per cent. The interest paid by the peasants rises even to 15–20 per cent., for six months' use, as they only need money from March or May to September or October, when the cotton and sesame crops have been sold. Lending money to the villagers is

most hazardous; sometimes the borrower will bring a guarantor, or will deposit the ornaments of his wife, &c., as a security; but in effect, the security depends entirely upon the goodness of the harvest, and bad harvests are by no means uncommon. The Government never forces a peasant to sell his land or stock, in satisfaction of the debt due to a money-lender, although inexorably strict in exacting its own taxes, even at the cost of utter ruin to the debtor. The creditor is therefore obliged to wait for a good harvest to recover his money, and thus losses are often heavy. The dîme is nominally 10 per cent., but now that the internal transit duty of 8 per cent. has been abolished, it has been 12½ per cent. since 1874. Only land transport duty has been abolished. Strange to say, goods sent by sea are treated as foreign merchandise.

May 28th.—Life in Adana is not a little monotonous; the heat, and that a *damp* heat, is too great for exertion. Thermometer indoors, 32½° centigrade = 90½ Fahrenheit; in the sun it amounted to 130° or 140° Fahrenheit, and it is not possible to go out of doors until towards evening. To-night we had a pleasant break; the head of the telegraph, a young Armenian, Mr. Boghosian, had been very civil to me, both in helping to despatch the various messages rendered necessary by my friend's death, and in other ways. He had intended inviting my friend, when he had recovered from his sickness, to a sort of congratulatory feast; and I discovered that a lamb had been already set aside for the occasion, but to-night we begged him to become our guest. Most people have read in the 'Thousand and One Nights' of lamb stuffed with

pistachio nuts; this dish was our supper. The lamb is stuffed with rice, raisins, and pistachio nuts, then roasted whole, and is a very savoury and excellent dish. The table was spread under the boughs of a fine orange tree, laden with fragrant blossoms. The evening was lovely, and my friends enjoyed the entertainment, but not unnaturally I was in somewhat low spirits.

May 29*th.*—Occupied in packing and despatching home my late friend's property, and writing up my journal and letters.

May 30*th.*—Attended the Protestant Armenian chapel: a large room, well filled. The service was in Turkish. I could understand most of it, the more so as the preacher gave a plain, extemporaneous discourse containing many repetitions. Since I left Adana two Armenian Protestants have been admitted to the medjlis as representatives of the community to which they belong. It would be interesting and instructive also, could we see how such religious bodies as the Protestant communities of Adana and Marash would be treated in holy Russia, or Spain, or Italy, aye, and even in republican France!

I made some inquiries as to the state of education in Adana; and this, I think, is a fair sample of education throughout the more civilized portions of the empire, excepting in North Syria and the Lebanon, which are far before the rest of the Ottoman empire, owing principally to the efforts of the various missionary bodies. There are in Adana, of Orthodox Armenians, from 3200 to 3500 residents, and from 1200 to 1500 only temporary dwellers there; the

number of families is reckoned at 1700, which, if correct, would give less than four to the family, so that this estimate cannot be quite relied upon, but I believe the number is nearly correct. Very many of the Armenians, however, are unmarried. There are two Armenian churches, with two schools attached, the number of scholars ranging from 300 to 450, one-third of them girls. The instruction given comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Armenian language only. The community is in general very poor. There are also two small Orthodox Armenian schools, not connected with the churches, but the attendance of scholars is altogether irregular.

In answer to my inquiry why Turkish was not taught in any of these schools, the answer was, "Inability to raise sufficient money for the master's salary;" but I suspect that there is a dislike to teach it.

Of Protestant Armenians there are about 120 families, in general young people, and the families small, but it is an increasing community. Their school has sixty pupils, about a third of them girls, and the instruction at present is in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and the Armenian language only. This community is very poor, only five families being in circumstances at all independent.

From the Greek bishop, the following information was obtained:—There are in Adana about 250 Greek families; one church; one school, number of pupils 120 boys, 60 girls; instruction, Greek, French, history, geography, arithmetic and mathematics, grammar, writing, the Greek Church Catechism, and sewing for the girls. In one or two smaller towns of the province

there are schools attached to the churches. About 2000 Greek families reside in the vilayet of Adana.

The commerce of the province is almost entirely in the hands of the Greeks. The Armenians are generally either retail traders or agriculturists.

The Turks have schools throughout the country, but the only instruction given appears to be in reading, writing, and the Turkish language, and the girls seem to be left without any education whatever. There is, however, in Adana a government school, supported by the town council of Adana. The masters were Muslim, but well educated. They taught reading and writing in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic (but *not* in Armenian), and instructed besides in geography, elementary mathematics, and arithmetic. At first the school was chiefly attended by Muslim children. But both the town council and the Governor wished to throw the school open to all, and make it general. Accordingly, a large meeting was held of all religious persuasions, Muslim, Orthodox and Catholic Armenians, Greeks, and Protestants, and they decided that the school should be free for all. However, the Christians preferred their own schools, partly because of late the government school was not well managed, and for other sufficient reasons.

It may well be supposed that I was much shocked at the death of my companion, and for some little time was in doubt whether or not it would be advisable to give up the idea of travelling alone through a country of which I knew nothing, and when the season was so far advanced that the heat would certainly be great. But I reflected that in all probability the opportunity

would never occur again; I had an excellent interpreter, two good horses, the route would be chiefly in the mountains where there would not be much malaria, I could endure heat, and therefore I determined to go at least as far as Karaman, and then to proceed farther, or to return, according to circumstances.

And now came one of the great troubles of travel in this country, viz. transport. I should require two baggage horses, as it would be necessary to take at least six days' supply of barley for the animals, and the route lay through a part of the famine-stricken district where no barley could be had till the new crop was ripe. Accordingly I went to the sheikh of the sourijis (men who hire out horses) in order to engage through him a souriji with his two horses as far as Eregli. He received me in a flippant manner, and made, as I expected, considerable difficulty: "There were no men nor horses to be had in Adana just now, all were engaged in the harvest," &c. However, the promise of a bucksheesh removed that difficulty, and in the course of the day he came to say that he had found a man; but when he mentioned the terms, my interpreter declared they were double the usual rate, and though I was willing to agree to some extra payment, I could not accept such exorbitant terms; moreover, he insisted upon my paying a large part beforehand to himself, not to the souriji. Of course I demurred to this condition also, having regard to my recent experience of a similar arrangement; whereupon the gentleman was mightily huffed, and retired unceremoniously.

I saw therefore that it would be necessary to apply

to the authorities for help. The day after my friend's death the Defterdar (Treasurer) of the vilayet had sent his secretary to offer assistance. It seems that Sadik Pasha, then Minister of Finance at Constantinople, informed by friends there of my companion's sickness, had sent an order by telegraph to the Defterdar to help in any way required. The offer, though too late, was kind; but everything possible had been done for the patient. Accordingly I called on the Defterdar to thank him, and at the same time to ask for a "bouyourdi" (passport) from the Governor, and an order for horses. The Defterdar was a tall, handsome man, said to be a sad *mangeur* of the public revenue: this may be only scandal, but it is a common vice in all Turkish functionaries. He received me most politely, caused a bouyourdi to be written out, and promised to have the Governor's signet set to it. For the horses he sent me to the Prefect of Police, with an order to him to see that I was provided. Whilst waiting in the room I was witness to a scene between two of the subordinates, the sub-treasurer and the cashier. It seems that some defalcation had been discovered, and each accused the other of the robbery. If a man's countenance be any conclusive evidence against him, there could be no doubt which of the pair was guilty. I have seldom seen a more villanous expression than upon the face of the cashier. It was the face of an infuriated cat, a compound at once of fear, anger, and malignity; but the officials who were inquiring into the matter evidently suspected the sub-treasurer, a smooth, plausible gentleman, who put on an unctuous air of injured innocence.

I especially noticed here the cringing obsequiousness of the lower officials to their superiors.

The Defterdar's secretary took me to the room of Ali Bey, the Prefect of Police; a soldier in attendance drew back the curtain at the door and we entered. It was a huge apartment, with a beautifully-carved wooden ceiling. On the divans round the room were a number of officers in the army, and in the middle of the room stood unshod a dozen or more mountaineers from some out-of-the-way village in the Taurus, stout, stalwart men of all ages, with huge turbans and dresses of bright-coloured homespun stuff. After the case was over, the Prefect and some of the officers began to converse with me. Ali Bey asked the object of my visit to Karamania, and I observed that he appeared acquainted with all our movements since we had come to Adana on the former occasion; of course it was his business to know what two foreigners were about in the country. He is a tall, muscular, middle-aged man, with the eye and beaked nose of an eagle; said to be an able prefect of police, but by no means averse to bucksheesh.

After I had mentioned my wants he began to converse on politics. On several occasions Turkish officials have asked me about Yakoob Beg of Kashgar, and seemed much interested in him. I had to explain that just at present he was in greater danger from the Chinese than from the Russians; but Ali Bey seemed never to have heard of China or the Chinese. Like all the Turks, he had a deep dread and hatred of Russia. He complained of attacks of malarious fever, I recommended certain medicines, and then asked how it was

that "people did not build country houses upon the hills on the west bank of the Sarus, two or three miles out of Adana, and live there in an air that would be purer and more free from malaria." Whereupon those present smiled a grim smile, and, said Ali Bey, "Ah! of course you don't know, but only a year or two back the state of the vilayet of Adana was so bad that people hardly dared to venture outside the town. Now all is safe, but even now if people ventured to live in those solitary places they would run great risk some fine night of having their throats cut."

This city is a "colluvies omnium furum," Persians, Keurdts, Arabs, and mountaineers of all kinds, &c., and requires a very tight hand.

The sheikh of the sourijis was sent for. He came in with a very bumptious air, but changed his tone considerably, when told by Ali Bey that he must find me a souriji who would give me satisfaction, for if I telegraphed a complaint against him from Eregli, he, the sheikh, would be put in prison. The price, too, was arranged, high, but considerably less than at first demanded. After this all went smoothly, and I may here remark that our souriji behaved well. On the whole these men are good, inoffensive fellows, and I always managed them easily enough. Talk to them a little, give them a few cigarettes, and the remainder of your pilaff at night, and you will not have much trouble with them.

I sent Nahli in the afternoon for my bouyourdi, but the Governor's signet had not been set to it, so another day will be lost. What a procrastinating people these Osmanlis are!

CHAPTER VIII.

HIGHLANDS OF CILICIA. THE CILICIAN GATES. PASS OF BOZANTI.

June 1*st*.—Still no seal to my bouyourdi. Are we to lose yet another day in this dreadful city? Nahli had to run about nearly all the morning in the overpowering heat, for we could obtain nothing; the Governor's secretary had not given in our bouyourdi to be sealed, and no souriji appeared.

I was obliged to go again to Ali Bey, and after much trouble and vexation everything was at last arranged. The bouyourdi was not only a passport for the vilayet of Adana, but it contained also a recommendation of me to the officials of any other vilayet through which I might pass, and it was well I waited for it, as I am certain that I could not have gone on without it. In this part of Asia Minor it would be very difficult, indeed almost impossible, to travel without official assistance.

The heat of the plain is now so intense that no one who can avoid it travels by day, even the camel trains only work at night. It was therefore arranged that we should start in the evening; we should thus reach by sunrise a little village, Kazouk Bash, near the edge of the mountains, where we could rest till the afternoon, and so enter the mountains at the close of the day. Accordingly, at 7 P.M., Nahli and I started. Crowds of people were coming into town from the country, in

order to attend market next day. By the side of the road a sick man was lying. Two friends were bringing him into Adana. He was suffering from sunstroke, and appeared very ill, though able now and then to walk on a little with the help of his friends. The night soon closed in—a still, dark, starry night, without a breath of wind. Fireflies sparkled in all directions; not a sound broke the deep silence, except that now and then a troop of jackals would open out their long, wailing cry, sometimes close at hand; then another troop in the distance would take up the weird chorus. Everywhere the smell of the marshes—that damp, deadly, indescribable odour—was clearly perceptible. We passed several companies of labourers lying down on the roadside to sleep, without any covering. No wonder so many die, poor fellows! The intense sun by day is succeeded by the chill night with its deadly dews, and they have no proper protection against either.

I had taken a zaptieh (mounted policeman) to act as guard (!) and guide, and wherever it was possible on the journey I always engaged one. Some of them give great assistance; but of course, in case of a serious attack, they would be of but little use. Our present zaptieh was quite a young fellow, and though both he and the souriji knew the country well, they managed to lose the way, and after long wandering about, floundering through mud and water, and into and out of fields, we came back again to the Tarsus road, almost at the spot where we had left it! At last the zaptieh impressed into the service a man we found on the road, and for fear he should escape made

him mount behind himself on the horse. He put us in the right direction, and I dismissed him well pleased with a little bucksheesh.

We turned off the road again northwards, at a village called Zeyteen. The people of the village were sick of marsh fever, and we could actually "hear" the shivering and groans of the poor patients, many of whom were lying at their doors.

The darkness had now begun to pass away a little; but at least an hour before the first peep of dawn the larks and other birds were astir, and even beginning to warble. At 2.30 A.M. we halted in a corn-field, and our horses were turned in to graze, which they did with a will. If only the proprietor had seen them! But all my people assured me that the cultivators are very indulgent, provided their kindness is not abused. The men all lay down to sleep, but I did not care to do so, for both air and ground were very damp.

We reached our destination at 3.15 A.M., just before sunrise, and a few minutes after our arrival the moon rose in a bright silver crescent. It was a beautiful sight to see the thin line of silver rise above the horizon, till the resplendent colours of dawn effaced it.

The village was a miserable collection of mud-built houses. We chose a kind of open portico to rest in, but the flies and fleas prevented me from sleeping. There was an open-air sleeping place on a large scale (like the cribs at Adana) not far from the house, but some women and children were occupying it. These sleeping stages, raised a few feet above the ground, are a slight defence against malaria. The sun became very hot towards 8 A.M., so we removed to the shade

of a large fig tree, but even there the flies and fleas prevented sleep.

June 2nd.—Left Kazouk Bash at 1 P.M. The ascent to higher ground commences here, and as we mounted upwards from the plain the heat began at once to diminish. Our route lay amid low, rounded hills, parched and dry. Tarsus was in sight at a distance of about two hours, and the whole breadth of the plain, green, brown, and yellow with its magnificent crops, lay outspread before us. At frequent intervals we passed extensive cemeteries, which I have observed in every well-frequented mountain pass in Asia Minor. This pass is very much used, as being the chief passage to and from the interior. Immensely long strings of camels or donkeys passed to and fro; those coming down from the interior are mostly unladen, those going up carry loads of grain for the famine-stricken districts round Nigdeh and Kaisariyeh. There are many encampments of Turkmans throughout this district. Their tents, unlike the Yourouks, are of lattice work covered with thick felt cloths, and afford protection against the severest weather. They spend the winter on the plains, and gradually, as summer advances, make their way up into the mountains. Large flocks of their sheep and goats were pasturing along the hill-sides; each flock followed its shepherd wherever he led the way, and the melodious notes of the shepherd's pipe fell pleasantly upon the ear.

After passing through a region of chalky hills we came to the village of Melemendji, a settlement belonging to a rich Armenian of Adana. Near it, in a valley to the right, is a church much visited by Armenian

pilgrims. At 3.30 we reached a very pretty little spot, Yaramiz Chèshmé, where a fountain pours forth a slender, trickling stream, and forms, in consequence, one of the chief halting places on the passage through the mountains. Several tents were pitched here, belonging to a wealthy Muslim of Adana, and President of the Tribunal of Commerce there, named Abd-el-Kader, a native of Bagdad. He and his family were on their way to their summer quarters in the mountain above Kulek Boghaz. I had met him in the room of the Prefect of Police a few days before, and when he heard at what place I intended remaining that night he kindly sent me a large leg of mutton as a present, for he said I should "find nothing but stones there." Unfortunately the meat was very tough, but the zaptiehs nevertheless fully appreciated it. I have heard since that he met with great trouble in 1876, having been accused, with a dozen or more of the chief Muslims of Adana, by the Wali, of conspiring to get up a massacre of the Christians. Abd-el-Kader was imprisoned, but managed to send a letter to the principal Europeans in Mersina, in which he implored their help. "You know," he wrote in it, "that I am and have been always friendlily disposed to you and other Christians." They sent up a memorial in his favour to the Governor, who reluctantly released his prey, not however, in all probability, till he had wrung money from the prisoner. There may have been some suspicious circumstances which led to this arrest, for most of these men were pounced upon by the Wali in secret conclave, and at night. Soon afterwards several of the richest Armenians in Adana

were arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the Government; but this time the object of the arrest was evidently to extort money, and the Mersina Europeans sent a respectful but very firm memorial to the Governor, in which they said that, unless such proceedings were abandoned, they should feel it their duty to send a formal complaint against him to Constantinople, which no doubt, under present circumstances, would lead to his recall, whereupon the unlucky prisoners were released only half shorn. It is very creditable that a little body of Europeans should show so good a spirit as this.

Left Yaramiz Chèshmé at about 5 P.M., road still very good, through bare rounded hills and along a valley full of splendid fields of standing corn; large gangs of men were at work reaping, generally under the eye of the proprietor. In this district women do not labour in the fields as in Anatolia. The place at which we should halt for the night was in sight (Geuzlük Khan), but it was much farther off than it seemed. About half an hour out of our road was one of the old border fortresses, "Dorak"; we could not visit it, and, indeed, the whole of this district is full of similar forts. After riding along the course of a stream bordered by thickets of oleander in full blossom, we began the ascent of the Great Pass; by this time night had come on, it was too dark to see either the country round or the road, the latter was here very bad, being formed of great blocks of marble or dolomite, smooth and slippery as ice; but in some parts of the roadway the great blocks, not having been set in cement, had been washed up by the torrents.

We had to trust entirely to our animals, and my good little horse carried me safely through it all. The khan is a complete ruin and roofless, so we lodged at the zaptieh station close by, and, as Abd-el-Kader had told me, the place supplied nothing but water, firewood, and a share of a long wooden bench to sleep on. It was really laughable to receive the reply "Yōk! Yōk!" (No! No!) to every inquiry, and the zaptiehs themselves at last burst out laughing as they gave it. The night was windy and bracing, very different from the dull, enervating, sultry nights of the plain, but not unpleasantly cold. The pass is here a deep ravine, cleft in the limestone mountain, and all travellers must pass this spot, so that the zaptiehs know everything that goes on in the passage of the mountains. The ride from Kazouk Bash had occupied us nearly seven and a half hours, but we had come very leisurely.

June 3rd.—Rose extremely tired, after only about three hours' sleep; the loud talking of the people, and the burning rays of the morning sun, beating upon me as I lay upon my bench, soon roused me up. None but those who have travelled in these regions during summer can know the power of the sun's rays soon after he rises above the horizon; it is during these early hours of the morning that a sunstroke is most to be dreaded; when the sun is in the zenith the danger is much less. Breakfasted under a fine mulberry tree; some boys climbed it to shake down some fruit for me, but I found it of very poor quality. Left Geuzlük Khan at 8.30 A.M. The road, though now and then rough, is on the whole very good. As I have

before said, it passes up a valley, itself a huge cleft in the limestone mountain, hedged in by deep rock precipices, and all its slopes finely wooded. Although the heat of the sun is intense, the air is light and bracing, and I could feel that I was breathing mountain air. At 10 A.M. we reached the water-parting, and from it I had the first clear view of the central chain of Bulghar Dagh, its higher summits covered with an unbroken sheet of snow, resplendent in the clear sunshine with a dazzling whiteness, such as I have never before beheld; huge ribs of rocky heights, themselves great mountains, run out at right angles with the central chain. At 10.30 A.M. we reached two fine springs, "Tchatal Cheshmasi;" a great crowd of camels were drinking at the first, and in the café close by sat Abd-el-Kader, waiting for his family; we had passed two "taktrovans" (horse litters) containing the ladies and children. His young son rode ahead, and kept up an occasional fire with his pistol to let the father know they were coming. As the heat had been great, and no water was to be had on the road from Geuzlük Khan, the pure, cold water of these springs was very grateful. All the mountains round are finely wooded. At 11.30 we reached Sarichek Khan, situated at the bottom of a deep valley; here also was a noble fountain of ice-cold water. We halted at a little roadside café kept by a Greek, and were fortunate enough to obtain a luncheon of fried eggs; I noticed that his price for bread is only a trifle higher than the price at Adana, but we had not yet entered the famine district. A little rill of water ran through the garden, and we sat by it and smoked

nargilehs, whose bottles rested in the running stream. The cafeji seemed to be doing a good business, and we noticed a number of scattered tobacco plants in his compound, grown for home consumption, and which no doubt he hoped would escape the notice of the Tobacco Regie officials. After lunch I enjoyed a sound sleep on a bench by the side of the rill, the first "sound" sleep for three days. The zaptieh who had been our escort from Kazouk Bash began to tell us of his life; it seemed hard enough. The cavasses receive from the Government only 160 piastres per month (equal to about 24*s.*) and food for a horse, but they must provide their own horse; most of those we met complained much, and this man said that he would quit his present service if he could find any other way of making a livelihood. Several of the men took a great fancy to my horse, and one offered to give me his own horse and T. 4*l.* besides to exchange; but I suspect the poor fellow had never possessed as much as T. 4*l.*, at a time, in his life.

From Sarichek Khan begins the ravine of the Pylœ Ciliciæ (Kulek Boghaz); the road, which is well kept, follows the course of a small river; up the ravine on both sides are lofty walls of rock, their sides and tops thickly covered with fine forest trees; here and there they receded, and left a little plain at the bottom; in many places they came close up to the stream, leaving only room for a narrow path; at intervals were sheer precipices, sometimes quite overhanging, some 800 to 1000 feet high; everywhere the scenery is very grand. At about 3.20 we came to a large khan on the right-hand side of the stream, and

my interpreter entered it to inquire if they knew anything of an European who was living, as we heard, in that neighbourhood; the people said he was a "chichekji," a "florist" (i. e. botanist), and the khanji pointed to a little village high up on the mountain side, which he called Tchukour Bagh, and said "the man lived there, and we should find him at home; it would take us about half an hour to reach the village." As we ascended the side of the mountain I could not help observing the number and beauty of the flowers, but the season is already so far advanced that many varieties are no longer in bloom. The village consists of thirty to forty huts, embosomed in groves of fruit trees, and the village fountain is surrounded by a number of huge walnut trees; some of the women who had come for water directed us to the house of the European, a Mr. Haberhauer, an entomologist employed by the Imperial Museum of Vienna. He lived in the very house occupied about twenty years ago by the Austrian botanist Kotchy, and the man who had been servant to Kotchy was also his servant. He had just returned from an excursion, and was occupied in arranging the insects he had found. He received me very cordially, offered "schnapps," coffee, and tobacco, and we sat down for a long conversation; he had been a great traveller, having explored Persia, Russia, the Caucasus, part of Siberia, and a large part of Asiatic Turkey; he could not speak French, but spoke and wrote Russian, and speaks fluently Turkish and Persian. He had a beautiful collection of beetles and butterflies, all from this district, and intended to stay about two months longer. He apolo-

gized for the roughness of his room, "But what could a man do in such a position? Such a life was only endurable when occupied, as he was, *all* day. Life was hard in Turkey, but it was much worse in Persia; here, at least, one might always reckon on finding water, but in Persia, even that was often not to be had. In a few weeks, however, the Adaniots would come up to their country houses, and then supplies could be obtained at Kulek Bazaar." Then, speaking in Turkish, "At present the only thing the village afforded was 'water,' good and plentiful it is true, but to inquiries for anything else the invariable reply was 'Yōk! Yōk! Yōk!' (No! No!)," at which the villagers present laughed. After a long and interesting conversation I rose to go, and he came out to show me the view. It was indeed magnificent. We were at least 5000 feet above the sea, and could see all down the rock ravine to Sarichek; far beyond it spread the great Cilician plain, of a dull, greenish grey, and still farther, the sea, a dull, bluish grey expanse; all round us were the rock precipices of the pass, reaching their greatest height in Hadjin Dagh, just above the Boghaz itself. The village is very pretty, every house has a garden with fruit trees and walnuts, but the cultivated ground is scanty and unproductive, and the villagers, though they look healthy enough, are wretchedly poor, and can only afford to eat rye bread.

Mr. Haberhauer complained that he could find nothing, not even the commonest necessaries of life, in the village; even for his bread he was obliged to send down to the khan. He spoke of the indifferent,

procrastinating, careless spirit of the people; of the bad government; predicted the overthrow of the empire by the Russians; mentioned their great preparations on every frontier of the land which he had visited; asked if I did not think they had designs on India, a question, by the way, put to me many times during my journey. Ali Bey of Adana asked it, and all the better-informed officials seemed to think an attack on India very probable. It is curious how Herr Haberhauer's opinions have been confirmed by the course of events in 1876. The revolt in Herzegovina had not yet commenced.

After bidding our friend adieu, we ascended to the top of the ridge above Tchukour. On our right, upon a towering peak which overhangs the narrowest part of the pass, is an old Genoese fortress; from this, on the side opposite to us, one immense, unbroken precipice descends sheer down to the narrow cleft of the Pylœ Ciliciæ. At the top of the ridge, above Tchukour Bagh, and at the foot of the peak on the side towards us, are a number of pretty little country houses, built within the last few years by residents of Tarsus and Adana, who escape every summer to this pure and healthy air from the heat and malaria of the plain. Just over the brow of the ridge is another small village, Kulek Bazaar. From this point, the whole of the central chain, with its great projecting offshoots, is visible; and on the left (the west), far as the eye could reach, stretches a long extent of mountain pastures, green and fresh, the domain of the wandering Turkmans. From the top of the ridge a steep descent leads through magnificent pine woods

to the khan and the zaptieh station, which are only about ten minutes distant from the Pylœ themselves. The khan was so filthy that we claimed the hospitality of the zaptiehs. The chief cavass, a young and smart officer, received me most courteously, and advised me to sleep on the roof of the house, as the interior swarmed with fleas. Wood and water were brought; Nahli made a pilaff; but they had no lanthorn, so we were obliged to eat it by firelight. The night was clear but cold (this pass being more than 3800 feet above the sea), the smoke from the fragrant cedar was pungent, and the fleas tormenting, so that I did not enjoy much sleep. Before lying down I had a long conversation with the chief cavass, and some of the others who were off guard. They mentioned that the people of the district still spoke highly of Ibrahim Pasha's rule, though they did not like the Arab soldiery. There is a great deal of discontent with the present government (I have since heard that the despatch of the redif (militia) to the war has greatly increased it), and the people perhaps attribute to the Egyptian rule more virtues than it deserved. The head cavass said, that excepting a pass over Dumbelek Dagh (far to the west of this, and only practicable about five months in the year), absolutely the only way of passing from the interior to the coast is by the Kulek Boghaz, and the side passage over the ridge above Tchukour, by which we had come. Ibrahim Pasha's engineers had quite destroyed all the other routes, so that even for foot passengers they were well-nigh impassable, and for animals utterly impracticable. This had been done for a distance of many days'

journey to the east and west of Kulek Boghaz; even the foot-paths and mule-paths over the higher ridges had been carefully obstructed by blowing up portions of the cliff at the most difficult points. A guard of zaptiehs held the Boghaz itself, and there was another guard at the descent from Tchukour Bagh, so that no one could pass without their knowledge, and this contributed very much to the safety of the route. He said that a great many of Ibrahim Pasha's cannon were still lying in the forts above the pass, though the most serviceable had been removed at the time of the Crimean war; those that remained were of all descriptions. In the middle of our conversation a cavass came up, said a few words to him in a low tone, and he hastily mounted his horse and rode off. I suppose some suspicious passengers had been arrested, and that his presence was needed.

June 4th.—Rose at daybreak. After breakfast I mounted the hillside above the police station, and made a sketch of the pass. Afterwards we rode back through it; the rocky sides of the ravine, which had extended all along the route from Sarichek Khan, here almost touch. The Pylœ itself is formed by two immense rock precipices, 700 to 800 feet in height, which here, for the distance of about 120 yards, approach so closely that certainly not more than three carriages could be driven abreast between them. But this is only the bottom of the pass. On either side the mountains rise far above. By the eye, I judged the passage to be in places about 25 feet wide, in others, 30 to 45 feet, nowhere more, and the passage through is not straight but winding.

The vast rock, on which is the old Genoese fort, towers high above all, and the side towards the pass presents an almost precipitous scarp of 1500 to 1800 feet—like a wall. A little river ripples along through this deep cleft, over a bed of rounded pebbles of dolomite, and black marble veined with white. Huge blocks and masses of rock obstruct the road on the south of the Pylœ; on the north of it the valley opens wider out, but the same rock walls, only far higher than in the ravine above Sarichek, still border it on the east side. In a place so interesting, and so full of historical associations, one naturally expects to find inscriptions. But nothing remains, excepting, at the south entrance of the Pylœ, on the west side, a tablet, and a pillar by the side of it, roughly hewn in the rock. Both had once been covered with inscriptions, now utterly obliterated. (I thought this pillar might perhaps have been the milestone on which was once carved the distance of this spot from the great milestone in the Capitol at Rome?) On an isolated rock, which lies in the middle of the passage at the northern entrance of the pass, and a little beyond its narrowest part, is a similar tablet. The inscription upon this also is almost entirely obliterated. I could, however, decipher two or three letters, enough to show that the inscription had been in Latin; it was impossible to make out more. Doubtless Assyrian and Egyptian hosts must have passed through this defile, but no record of them remains; and if ever any memorial of such an event existed, it has perished in the lapse of time.

Left the police station at 9.30 A.M. The road leads up the course of the torrent, which passes through the

To face page 212.

Stanford's Geogl Estabt

THE PYLÆ CILICIÆ
(Sunset)

Boghaz, and the valley opens out. About half an hour from the pass are the forts and entrenchments of Ibrahim Pasha. The valley is here about two miles wide; on either side of it are mountain plateaux, quite inaccessible except from Kulek Boghaz, and the works of the Egyptian army extend all across it; so strong are they, that it would be almost impossible for an army from the north to force the passage if properly held. At present they are falling into decay, but the strong masonry batteries and entrenchments are still in good condition. The ground rises on either side from the middle of the valley up to the mountain precipices in successive plateaux, and the line of works is terminated on either end by a strong fortress with high round towers. Being on higher ground than the other works, these forts could command with their guns the whole front of the line, and an army advancing from the north would have been exposed to a direct and cross fire from more than 120 pieces of cannon and mortars, with which the works were originally armed. Many of the cannon are still lying in their places, and our guide pointed to a high peak above the fort at the west end of the works, and said that Ibrahim had even mounted a cannon there after immense difficulty, and that the piece was still there. Even to an unmilitary eye the immense strength of this position is evident. No serious attempt was ever made upon it by the Sultan's army, and it secured to the Egyptians the unmolested possession of Cilicia. The engineer who planned these formidable works was a Polish colonel named Schultze (Youssouf Aga), the same engineer who fortified S. Jean d'Acre for Mehemet Ali. The

road passes through the centre of the works, and the ruins of Ibrahim Pasha's house, and long lines of ruined buildings, magazines, &c., are still to be seen.

The great feature in the landscape here, is the tremendous front of Hadjin Dagh, on the east side of the valley. For many miles an unbroken, rocky wall, of the most brilliant red or grey, borders the valley, with precipices varying from 800 to 2000 feet in height. The plateau above is crowned with magnificent pines, cedars, and cypresses. The Lebanon cedar grows in some places in great groves, and on the highest declivities are deep green (almost black) forests of "ketràn" (pitch pine). In only one or two other spots did I see, during my entire journey, forests that could be compared with the noble woods round Kulek Boghaz. In front of us the view towards the N.E. was closed by a snow mountain, which our guide called Bulderoòhh, but which is part of the great range of Allah Dagh. Everywhere the landscape is of a grandeur and beauty that cannot be surpassed.

A short distance beyond the Egyptian entrenchments is the water-parting. From it the road descends into the valley of a little river called the "Haiwaabeh"; deep, sloping banks of red and grey earth border the stream, and in these the trees grow to an enormous size. At 11.15 A.M. we came to a mill, and two bridges over the river. Opposite to this, and high up on the mountain side, under the precipices of Hadjin, is the yaila of our acquaintance Abd-el-Kader. It must be a delightful place at this season! We could still hear the echoes of the boy's pistol shots as the cavalcade made its way through beautiful groves of

forest trees (as I could see by the glass), high up the mountain side, to their pleasant summer home.

The number of baggage animals, mostly camels and donkeys, that were going through the pass was very great; we must have passed in two days several thousands of them. At about 12.30 P.M. we came to an extensive cemetery, and rested under one of the cypress trees in it, and I began to draw another fine mountain in front, of a strange shape, but an approaching thunderstorm forced us to resume our journey. It appeared to be the crater of an enormous extinct volcano. The precipices on its inner edge are of vast depth, not less, I should imagine, than 2500 to 3000 feet, sinking abruptly down from the topmost ridge. Our guide called it Bel Amalik Dagh.

A little beyond the cemetery the road turns sharply to the left, and at about 1 P.M. we came to Bozanti Khan, just in time to escape one of the violent thunderstorms so common in the mountains at this season. The khan supplied nothing but bad water and a few live coals for our narghileh, but after awhile the servant of the khan procured for us a little bread, and some "petmez" (grape treacle), nasty and dear, for which he charged 7 piastres, and for the three little loaves of bread another 7 piastres, altogether about 2*s.* 6*d.* The bread is half of barley flour, but not unpalatable; it costs more than twice as much as at Adana, but we are now on the edge of the famine district. The people of the khan are Armenians, certainly not the least smart in a sharp, smart generation; they supplied us with very little and charged exorbitantly for it. Not content with the bucksheesh which custom obliged

us to give in addition to their high charge, the servant continued to pester me for more, till I was obliged to speak very sharply to him, on which he slunk off; and the khanji came to try if he could pump some information about me from my interpreter. But the extravagant replies he received made me roar with laughter, till the man, seeing he was only being made game of, followed his servant.

A little beyond Bozanti Khan the road reaches the Ak Sou, one of the head waters of the Sarus, and follows up the course of the river, which runs through a broad, open valley bordered by extensive oak groves, not yet in leaf. A quarter of an hour beyond the khan are the ruins of a bridge and some heaps of débris, marking the site of Podandus. And here one comes suddenly upon a bit of macadamized road, the work, we were told, of a former Wali of Adana, Taki ed-Deen Pasha, but it only extends for a short distance, and is practically useless; an excellent illustration of the aimless, purposeless way in which public works are often carried on in Turkey.

At about an hour's distance from Bozanti Khan begins another pass, which almost equals the Pylœ Ciliciæ in grandeur and difficulty. It commences at Ak Keupri, a good bridge of one large pointed arch over the Ak Sou, which is the division between the vilayets of Adana and Koniah. At this place the sides of the mountain on the west comes sheer down from a very great height to the river, like so many walls, and the road is only a narrow causeway at their foot. Just in front of the bridge a great source issues from the mountain side and bursts out into the river in a considerable

volume. Its waters, perfectly clear but *dark* in colour, contrast strongly with the turbid Ak Sou. Just beyond the bridge, on the left side of the stream, another very much larger source issues with tremendous force from beneath the mighty rock wall of the mountain, which rises sheer above it 800 to 900 feet, straight as a plumb line, and perhaps some thousands more above that in a very steep, though not perpendicular, ascent. This source bursts forth with a mighty jet and loud roar, casting its foaming waters high up into the air. The waters of this source also are clear but dark, and it is long before they blend thoroughly with the white river water. The Turks, who are very choice as to the water they drink, call all such springs "Kara Sou" (black water), and declare that they cause fever and many other kinds of disease. Beyond the bridge is a spot much resembling the Kulek Boghaz, but neither so long nor on so large a scale. The valley is sometimes a few hundred yards wide, at others only just wide enough for the river to pass between the mountain sides. The whole pass is full of the grandest mountain scenery; high precipices and peaks, on which human foot has never trodden, and never probably will tread, rise far above the valley, and are covered with forests of pitch pine, which appear from below of the blackest hue, while lower down the mountain sides are covered with dark pines, and with cypresses of a yet darker green. Here and there are a few oak forests; all the lower slopes and accessible spots have been bared of wood, cut in the usual wasteful way; the great timber rafts I had seen at Adana are brought down from this district, but much wood is left to

decay on the spot. The pine-wood timber is most solid, and of excellent quality.

At several places galleries had been quarried in the rock—apparently ancient work—as the river did not admit a passage. In general the road was very good, but occasionally there were difficult and even dangerous places, where the roadway is merely the native rock. By dint of traffic these places had become slippery as ice, and it was truly a nervous business to ride over them, especially where they were on an incline. The horses were obliged to slip from one hole to another, just large enough for the leg to enter, the stone ringing like metal under their hoofs. Happily the animals are very sure-footed and cautious, for a fall would be fatal. There were many such spots, but on the whole the road was very good. The geological formation is most varied, sandstone of various colours, red conglomerate, cream-grey limestone, and a great variety of trachyte occur. There are only two or three houses in the whole pass, and very few Turkman encampments, but a great number of passengers with laden animals were carrying corn to the famine-stricken districts of the interior; the animals bound towards the coast were mostly unladen. At about 4 P.M. we crossed the Ak Sou by a wooden bridge called "Tahta Keupri," its supports are fixed on stone piers in the bed of the river, and consist of rows of beams rising one above the other, and each row projecting a little beyond the row below it; close by it are the ruins of four piers, part of an ancient bridge. Some distance beyond the bridge, in a ravine on the right, about ten minutes from the road, is a hot mineral spring; a bath

of Roman construction stands over it, with vaulted roofs of masonry. This is somewhat ruined, and the cut stones with which it was once cased have nearly all disappeared; but it is still serviceable and much employed by the people of the country, families even from Adana resorting to it. The water of the spring is at about 105° Fahrenheit. It enters at a corner of the chief room, a large, vaulted hall, with a soft and gentle current, and flows into an oblong basin about 40 feet by 25, and about 6 feet deep. There seems to be no deposit from the water, and it had no bad taste or smell, it resembled the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle. The rocks here are thrown up in vertical layers, and present a variety of deep and rich colours. About half an hour from the bath is Tchifteh Khan, at which we were to halt for the night; we reached it after having been about seven hours in the saddle. It is situated at the junction of a stream which flows along the north front of Bulghar Dagh and falls into the Ak Sou. The highest peaks of the main chain that we had seen from Kulek Boghaz, streaked with snow, and having wide snow-fields in their ravines and on the flatter portions, here sink down, steep as a wall, some 4000 to 5000 feet into the valley of this little river. There must be a vast quantity of snow on this north side throughout the year. All the base of the mountain is thickly wooded, and great projecting ridges of rock, like huge and long walls, run up from the hills at Tchifteh Khan to the base of the precipices. Tchifteh Khan is a miserable and most unhealthy place. As usual, the khanji could supply nothing. There was plenty of milk and yaourt accord-

ing to his account, but when we asked for it we found that we should be obliged to send to villages several miles distant. A man who travels in this country without supplies, and trusting to such chance resources as he can find, runs great risk of fasting very often. Our room was utterly comfortless, but, thanks to the liberal use of flea powder, I enjoyed a refreshing sleep, which I much needed.

CHAPTER IX.

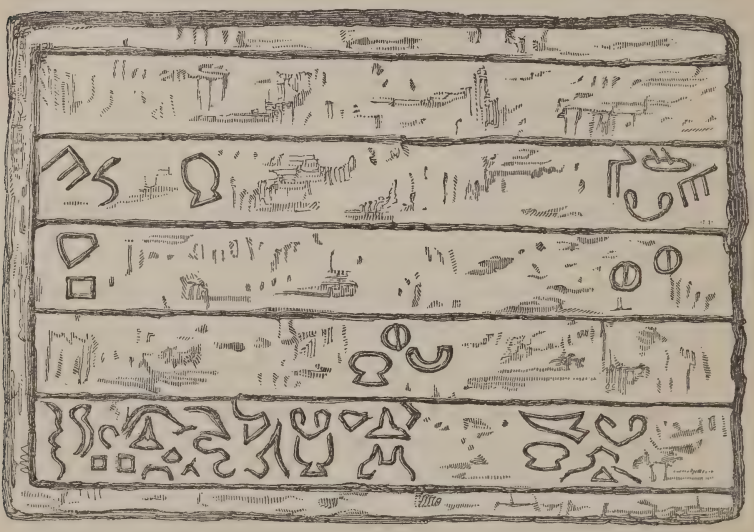
OLOUKISHLA. PLAIN OF LYCAONIA. EREGLI.

June 5th.—Rose at sunrise. No wonder this place is unhealthy; there is a considerable traffic, and all the camel trains halt here for a longer or shorter time, but of course the litter, &c., is never cleared away, the only purifiers are the sun and rain.

This is the nearest station to the silver and lead mines of Bulghar Maden. I did not see them, but extract the following particulars from the diary of a friend who visited them in 1876:—

"From Tchifteh Khan to Bulghar Maden, about four hours over a dreadful road; when about half way, halted under a sycamore tree. An old villager came up and told me of an inscription on a rock in the mountain above; I went to see it, and copied all I could of it. At Maden, stayed in the house of the head man, Kantarji Georgi. Visited the mines, and descended one so narrow that only one man at a time can pass along or work in it. The system here is that the concessionaire extracts the ore from the mine, the Government officials carry it to the smelting place, it is smelted at Government expense, and then purchased; silver at 32 paras the dram, lead at 32 paras per oke. (The oke = 400 drams; 40 paras = 1 piastre; 106 piastres = 18*s.* English.) The system of smelting is primitive, indeed everything is badly managed. I

was told that the Government expend about 24,000*l.* per annum, and recover 50,000*l.*; but upon this statement no reliance can be placed. The great profit is made by cheating the Government in weight of ore, &c., and the head workman is as rich as Crœsus. Anyone can obtain permission to open a mine.



Inscription on a rock about half-way between Tchifteh Khan and the silver mines of Bulghar Maden.

"Georgi says that this is one of the very few places where the ancient Greek is still spoken.* I asked him to pronounce for me a few words from Homer which I remembered, and the pronunciation was much nearer the English method than the modern Greek, which

* I was told at Adana that there is a colony of mining people at Kursanti, a place N.E. from Kulek Boghaz, under Allah Dagh, said to be descendants of the old Genoese. They speak Turkish, but among themselves they use a language very like Latin, probably the Genoese dialect.

seems to confirm what I once heard on this subject from Mr. Skene, of Aleppo.

"All the fine pine and cypress timber has been cut down in this neighbourhood for smelting the ore, and none replanted. The people complain of want of rain, but seem ignorant that destroying all the trees will much affect the rain supply. Timber for smelting the ore has now to be brought from a distance of nine hours. Excepting six Turkish families, all the people here are Greek."

Left Tchifteh Khan at 9.30 A.M. The route was up ravines, between rounded hills of lava and trachyte, sparsely covered with stunted trees, chiefly juniper. It was a dreary ride, but always with noble views of Bulghar Dagh on our left. At 10.40 A.M. we descended from the highlands to the Ak Sou, and crossed it by a ford, for the bridge had been long broken down; near it were the remains of an ancient bridge. At present the stream is low, but in winter it is often impassable; close by the ford are the mill and hamlet of Toussoun Ali Khan. We were now in a wide, open valley, filled with scattered Turkman encampments, and very numerous flocks of goats; their sheep and cattle, requiring better pasturage, are higher up in the mountains. Parched by the heat and dust, we stopped at several of these encampments to buy some milk or yaourt; it seemed, however, that the supply of milk was only just sufficient for the young animals and they had not enough to spare for making yaourt. The Turkmans of the last encampment were evidently in very comfortable circumstances, their tents were spacious, solidly made of thick camels'-

hair cloth, and well furnished with good carpets and "yorghans." Both men and women were well dressed for their station, and many of the women wore a quantity of gold ornaments, and had several large gold coins hung round the head and at the temples; they were dressed in home-spun woollen cloth, mostly dyed of a deep blue colour (indigo), or "kermezy," "deep red" (madder). Several of them were extremely good-looking—even handsome—and did not veil themselves or run away at our approach, but answered our inquiries with a modest confidence; I can well imagine that they make good wives, for they are most industrious. Some of them were washing clothes at the brook hard by, some bread making, others weaving carpets, their lords and masters, meanwhile, sat, or slept, or smoked; their duty being to look after the flocks, and beyond this all is left to the women. They are a very good and hospitable set of people, and had we asked we might have had bread and coffee gratis. Amongst other little marks of comparative refinement, I noticed in the chief's tent a pretty set of "zarfs" and porcelain "finjans" for coffee.*

Higher up the valley is a village surrounded by groups of fine walnut trees, but cultivation and trees are only found in the valleys, and most of the hills around are bare even of grass. After a ride of about eight hours we came to the large village of Oloukishla, inhabited entirely by Turks. Just at the entrance of the village we met two well-dressed men, one of whom

* The "zarf" is in shape like an egg-cup, and the "finjan," a small coffee-cup without handle, is placed in it when used, so as not to burn the fingers. In a wealthy house the zarf is often of silver filigree work, or of gold, and set with diamonds or other precious stones.

beckoned to us, and we rode up to him; he asked to what house we were going? We said we had a recommendation to Berber Oglou, who was one of the leading people of the place. "I am he," said our new acquaintance, and invited us to his house, promising to meet us there in a few minutes. It turned out, however, that he was the son of Khalil Aga, another of the notables of the place; he sent a boy to show us the way to his father's "salaamlik," and we were soon seated in the midst of a curious company, and, which is always unpleasant, with our faces to the light, while most of the company sat in front of us, having the windows at their back, and so could inspect us without our being able to see them in the dim light of a Turkish "salaamlik." The usual fussy ceremonial of coffee was gone through, the usual questions asked. Who is this gentleman? Whence comes he? Whither goes he? What is his business here? What is he in his own country? Is he rich? &c., &c. In Europe such questions would seem impertinent, but here they signify nothing; you can answer them or not as you please, although it is always politic to give a frank account of yourself. Sometimes I was plainly asked, "What is your employment?" and "How much pay do you receive per month?" To such questions I used to return no answer. In general, the "bouyourdi" of the Governor of Adana, together with such explanations as Nahli thought fit to give, secured me a civil reception; and the impression usually produced on the country people was, that I had been specially sent by the British Government to "go all about Anatolia" on a tour of inspection,

amongst other things to copy the antiquities, inscriptions, &c.

After resting awhile, I went out to see the village; the only thing in it worthy of notice is the khan. I have seen few such buildings in Turkey out of Constantinople, and this I should imagine was built by some Italian architect—perhaps some poor captive of war or piracy, whose architectural skill had recommended him to his new masters—for the style is thoroughly Italian, and it has a form and finish such as no Turk could produce, especially at the time of its construction, which was probably the early part of the sixteenth century. It consisted of a very handsome khan, composed of rooms and an arcade of pointed arches enclosing a spacious square area; attached to it was a mosque, a bath, and a magnificent bazaar, which was not inferior (except in size) to the finest bazaars in Constantinople. The whole was built of large hewn stones, cube and oblong—of trachyte and hard limestone — brought (so the villagers told me) from quarries six hours distant, and roofed with great slabs of limestone. Like almost everything else in Turkey, it is fast falling to ruin, but so solid is its construction that it might still be thoroughly repaired, and we heard that the Government engineers for the railways had designed to change it into a great railway station and point of departure for all this district—supposing, that is, a railway should ever be constructed beyond Angora. It is entirely deserted and abandoned now, and the only tenant of the khan was a poor villager, a wayfarer from Kaisariyeh, sick of

typhus fever, who had been placed here, and was in some measure tended and cared for by public charity.

In former days a large portion of the pilgrims to Mecca went by this route, and the khan, under those circumstances, would be well frequented, but now few or none come this way. The villagers could tell me nothing of its history, but I afterwards heard from the village moollah, "Hadji Ahmed," who was a dervish of Beshiktash, and a very intelligent man, that it was supposed to have been built by Sultan Selim II., and had been afterwards repaired by a certain Eukeuz Mohammed Pasha, one of the Memlook Governors of Egypt, but he could give me no date. Hereupon one of the villagers present said that a few years ago a man died in the village at the age of one hundred years, but he knew nothing of the history of the khan, and the old people before him had been unable to give him any information about it. What a strange difference there is between Orientals and ourselves on such points! It might have been expected that tradition would have preserved the date of this really magnificent construction, and the name of its founder, but although I questioned many of the people I could obtain no further information. As we returned from the old khan a shower of rain forced us to take shelter in the house of a weaver; his wife was at work weaving a kind of thick woollen sash, commonly worn in this district. The work was solid, but, in my opinion, displayed little taste. The cost of a sash was from fifty to sixty piastres (about 10*s.*), of which the material cost twenty to twenty-five piastres; as it occupied

fifteen or sixteen days to weave, the labour seems but poorly paid.

On our return we found the evening meal ready. We were supposed to be the guests of Khalil Aga, but of course next day I should have to pay for our accommodation. The son had asked for rice to make a pilaff, and considerably more than usual had been given. Then Nahli had paid for eggs, and for butter to cook them and the pilaff; our host's contribution was a soup of rice and milk, and a dish of yaourt flavoured with garlic and served up on spinach. To my surprise, six other persons besides the master of the house and his son sat down to eat with us; they helped themselves so quickly and greedily that in a trice all the dishes were cleared, and I should have fared badly had not Nahli brought me a separate plate, and helped me first to pilaff before the rest attacked the dish. Poor fellows! It was not every day they could get such a supper, and most of it at another's expense. It was evident we were in a famine-stricken district.

After supper, in answer to my inquiries, the men told me of their experience during the years 1873–5. Very sad it was, of a truth! Before 1873, Oloukishla contained 400 inhabited houses; of these about 300 are now deserted and falling fast to ruin; in every direction we saw empty, ruinous houses. They had lost 1200 cows and oxen, they had lost 20,000 sheep and goats — of this number only about 1000 were goats, and "if I chose to walk up a little way into the mountains I could see a ravine full of their bones." They had lost about 300 horses and camels, and,

lastly, they estimated the loss of inhabitants at about 1000, of these a great many died of absolute starvation in and round Oloukishla itself, but yet more in their flight to Koniah or Adana. The latter city seemed to have been the general resort of the fugitives from the whole district; too often they only found a grave there!

It was the destruction of their flocks and herds which ruined the people. Had this not occurred they might have tided over the bad harvests, but the loss of their flocks meant utter starvation; "the rich had become poor, the poor were dead, or had emigrated, or were starving." There is still a short period of severe distress to be endured before the new harvest can be reaped, and the straits to which they are reduced are shown by the high price of wheat, which at Adana costs 18 piastres per Stamboul kileh (=1 English bushel), but here in the interior costs from thirty to forty piastres.

They said that the prospects of the harvest were very good, but much loss was caused by the ravages of an animal which they called "sitchan" (a species of lemur, of which I observed several on the road-side as we came to Oloukishla, they are of the colour of a squirrel, and have the eye of a jerboa). When I asked why they did not set to work to destroy them, "Oh!" they replied, "of what use would it be to try, there are thousands of them." "But," we said, "if everybody killed a dozen or so, and kept on doing it, that would surely finish them off in the end." "Well, some had been killed by a stick placed at the mouth of their holes, in such a way that when they

touched a string, which served as a trigger, the stick would strike them, but after awhile they became wary, and would lurk in their hole for days; besides, they came to ravage the fields at night, when no one could see them." Such were the excuses made, but the fact is that the men are a lazy set, and pass their time in smoking and gossip, leaving "work" to the women.

Amongst the company was a very intelligent man, the moollah of the village, Hadji Ahmed, a dervish of Beshiktash, who had lived at Constantinople. He was very handsome, evidently not averse to Europeans, and spoke Turkish beautifully, a striking contrast to the language used by the villagers. He conversed a good deal with me, but asked no impertinent questions, indeed, his manners were really polished. He said that Bulghar Dagh had many veins of silver and even of gold, but there were "few seekers" for them ("arayan az"). He spoke of the vast forests under and around the mountain, but said that the waste and destruction of forest in all the districts round was very great, especially near the mine. He seemed greatly interested about the prospect of a railway through the province. I said I did not think that Europe would advance more money to the Turkish Government, for they took the money and simply wasted it. "Yes," he said, "the walis eat, the mudirs eat, everybody eats, and so the money disappears."

June 6th.—Roused at daybreak by the master of the house, who insisted on entering before we were astir; and soon a curious crowd collected to watch the process of washing and dressing, which was not

pleasant. A number of boys were assembled round the door; they were children whose parents were dead, and who lived on the charity of those in the village who had still a little property left. One boy was pointed out to us who was quite alone in the world, not a single relative having survived. "If you choose, we will give him to you," said the son of Khalil Aga, in joke.

There is a school in the village; but I suppose it is of the kind usual in a Turkish community. I asked what the name of the village meant. Some said it meant "people die here of the winter," i.e. of cold. But the mudir of the telegraph at Eregli gave a better explanation, "the great or perfect barrack," referring to the great khan. This is the same as the title of the great mosque at Adana, "Olou Jamaa" ("the perfect mosque").

We left Oloukishla at 6.45 A.M. Our route was amidst low, rounded hills, with only a few stunted juniper trees growing on them. On the side towards Bulghar Dagh there were, first, grassy hills; then high ridges thickly covered with forest; then a deep valley, very wide and green; then the steep, towering ridges and peaks of the high mountain chain, covered with great snow-fields, such as it was at Tchifteh Khan. Another great range, "Allah Dagh," was on N.E. by E., but seemed far off, farther than it is represented in Kiepert's map.

At 9 A.M. we reached the water-parting, and saw before us the great Lycaonian Plain, a vast and perfectly level expanse, extending towards the west till the horizon line faints away in the blue, misty distance.

At various points of the compass, great volcanic mountains rise, grand and abrupt, from the level surface. On the north was the double cone of Hassan Dagh, over the site of ancient Nazianzus, covered with snow. N.W. by W. was the long and jagged chain of Karajah Dagh, of a dull grey colour. From its south-western extremity extended a long line of abrupt smaller hills and rocky heights, amongst them two extinct volcanic cones, of a form so strangely regular that even art itself could scarcely shape them more evenly and smoothly. Far away to the west rose the great volcanic mass of Kara Dagh (Parlais). The soil of the plain is almost entirely chalk, not fitted for agriculture, but supplying plentiful and excellent pasturage, which, before the terrible winter of 1873–74, supported innumerable flocks, the property of the various villages. The water, as well as the pasturage, was very good; the little valley by which we descended to the plain was full of emerald verdure; and from one little fountain here, flowed the finest water I drank on my whole journey.

The plain is treeless; far as the eye can reach there is not even a thicket or a bush; but the number, the variety, and the beauty of the flowers are truly wonderful. There must have been at least fifty different species at once in bloom, and mingled with them, all over the plain, was a great variety of aromatic herbs. I noticed wild thyme, rosemary, mignonette, and lavender; but the muleteer gathered four or five other kinds, two then in flower, which I had never before seen.

The road was very solitary, not a living creature

could be seen, it was like the sea in its vast lonesomeness. The great plain was covered with a thin, blue vapour, through which a few distant villages could be faintly discerned. The mountains rose from the level surface grand and abrupt, their bases veiled in mist, their summits bathed in the bright sunlight.

At 10.30 A.M. we came to the village of Tchaian, and halted at the house of the mukhtar (head man). This village, like all the others in the district, had suffered horribly from the famine. It once contained about 2000 inhabitants, but of these more than half are dead or have disappeared. When the famine became severe many tried to escape to Koniah and Adana; by far the larger portion of the fugitives perished on the way, but all who succeeded in reaching Koniah were saved. The fate of the fugitives who reached Adana was less happy, for typhus and dysentery cut off nearly all. "We used to find the dead," said the mukhtar, "lying in the roads or on the mountains, and how many little children died Allah only knows!" The village had been inscribed on the Government register as possessing 10,000 sheep and goats—*all* are dead. It had about 300 cows and oxen, and as many camels; only some 150 in all are left! There seems to have been no epidemic; they died principally of hunger, for no food could be obtained. Owing to the failure of the crops there was no straw (saman), and the snow lay on the ground four feet deep for nearly five months; a horse-load of saman cost 60 piastres, 12*s*. The men used to go out into the mountains to cut what little grass they could find under the frozen snow, but

it was impossible to supply food for the animals, and so all died. "Formerly I used always to have a horse," said our informant, "but I have either lost, or been obliged to sell, everything, and now I must go afoot." Many petitions for aid were sent to the authorities, but in 1874 no help was given; however, by selling at half their value the household furniture they had, their casseroles, yorghans, carpets, &c., the villagers contrived to purchase a little "jundàri" (millet? or rye?). For this they were forced to pay at the rate of 120 piastres the kileh; the price at Mersina being 5 to 6 piastres! There was little or no rain at sowing time, but a little fell just in time, and they sowed the dear-bought grain in all the moist places they could find, and so obtained a miserable harvest. At last an order came to give to each head of a family $4\frac{1}{2}$ kilehs of a mixture of wheat and barley, and they actually received $2\frac{1}{2}$ kilehs of barley, and wheat for sowing, the latter, however, as a debt to the Government. They had few or no oxen left, but in the sowing time of 1875 the poor fellows helped each other by putting their few remaining animals together, and combining to plough and sow; not half the land, however, could be sowed, but at least that which is sowed will be productive this year. Of course the villagers are deeply in debt; they hope, however, to clear off their debt if they should have two good harvests in succession, but the net proceeds of this year's harvest will be required for replacing their oxen, so as to be ready for the coming season, and they fear that this year's crop will hardly suffice even for that. I asked if, under these sad circum-

stances, the Government remitted any of the taxes. They replied that last year the tax farmers took the dîme as usual, even of the miserable crops of millet and rye; and this year, of course, the dîme and the vergui (property tax) would be taken. (They called the latter tax "salyan"; it has different names according to the district.) Already this year zaptiehs had been sent from Eregli with orders to exact the vergui by force, if necessary, and about 4000 piastres had been wrung from them. This amount had been obtained by forcing them to sell the miserable remnants of their furniture, animals, &c. Some had even been beaten and roughly treated.

The conscription had gone on as usual, but the conscripts, though chosen, had not been called out for service; the sum for which the village was inscribed in the Government register as annual tax was 32,000 piastres. The village medjlis (council) and the mukhtar apportion the payment of this sum amongst the villagers, according to their property. Their land is good, but depends entirely upon rain. In winter the communication with Koniah and Adana, though difficult and expensive, is still maintained, but for one month and a half no caravans can pass.

Such is the experience of a Turkish village in time of scarcity, and sad as the case of Tchaian was, the case of others was very much worse. As regards the number of animals lost, I may mention that a Government register of the flocks is kept for the purpose of taxation, so that the calculation of loss is tolerably exact and not exaggerated; and, indeed, the whole interior of Asia Minor has suffered so much, that many

years must pass before it can recover its former prosperity.

In the mukhtar's house I first saw a fire of "zybeel," dried camel dung (the "fimus bubulus" of Livy, xxxviii. 18). We are no longer in the region of pine and oak forests.

We left Tchaian at 1.45 P.M. and crossed the little river and the cultivated land of the village. On our left were low, rounded hills, covered with scanty herbage; on our right the great plain, extending westwards, till the eye could no longer distinguish its boundary lines, and northwards, to the base of Hassan Dagh, a double, snow-topped cone, more than 8000 feet high, and to the long, serrated ridge of Karajah Dagh; but even this wide level is but a small portion of the great central Lycaonian Plain. The range of Bulghar Dagh still bounded the horizon on the south, not now so lofty as at Kulek Boghaz, but still rising far above all the neighbouring mountains.

Very sad and depressing was the strange loneliness of the country. For some three hours from Tchaian we saw not a living creature, except a few stray hawks and vultures. The telescope showed some small villages, far off in the plain, and one considerable village, "Sheikh Ali Keui," was near our road, but they were all apparently deserted, and after long and close examination with the glass we could detect neither men nor animals in or near them.

All the villages of this district are more or less deserted, some have not even a single inhabitant left, owing to the famine, and the diseases consequent upon it. The farther we entered the plain the more

remarkable became the colour, odour, and variety of the flowers and aromatic herbs with which the ground is covered. But the soil is poor, and from lack of irrigation only fit for pasturage; so that when the poor villagers had lost their flocks nothing but ruin and starvation was before them. Only a small portion of the plain is thus adorned by nature. In summer nine-tenths of it is an arid waste, bearing salicornia, wormwood, and similar plants, and broken up by great marshes and wide patches of salt, while in the winter season inundations cover the whole face of the country, and extend, irregularly, nearly the whole distance from Koniah on the west to Tyana on the east, so that sometimes the whole district is like an inland sea, and perfectly impassable. To this is owing the extreme unhealthiness of Lycaonia, for the rivers and streams which descend from the many mountain ranges bordering the plain have no visible outlet, and as summer advances, and the inundations begin to disappear, a deadly malaria is generated from the half dry surface of the marshes.

A line of dark green, extending far in front into the plain, marked the site of Eregli. To compare small things with great, this primitive little place resembles Damascus in its position, although, of course, the pretty gardens and orchards of Eregli cannot vie with the magnificent plain around the Syrian capital. Both cities are at the foot of lofty mountains, from whose perennial springs rise the rivers which spread verdure over the soil as far as their life-giving waters reach. Beyond that limit all is arid desolation, excepting for a brief period in spring and early summer. The rivers

of Eregli rise in the mountains south of the town, and fall into the lake Ak Göl (pronounced Ghyùl), about three hours to the west of Eregli. The limits of the lake are constantly varying, and sometimes in winter its waters extend over the great marshes on its N.E. side, and thus form one connected sheet of water fully 50 miles in length; but the true lake is only 10 to 12 miles long by 4 to 6 wide. At its S.W. extremity is the only known outlet for the vast body of water collected in the plain during winter. The people of the country call it the "Duden." It is a narrow valley in the hills to the south, containing a pool or small lake into which a stream from the Ak Göl flows; from this valley there is no visible exit for the stream, it is probable, therefore, that the waters make their way thence by subterraneous passages through the Taurus.

We reached the first branch of the river of Eregli at 5.45 P.M., and, after crossing two other branches, one a considerable stream, entered the town. It is a decayed and miserable place, consisting of a number of straggling houses, widely scattered amid orchards and gardens full of luxuriant groves of walnut, poplar, willow, and mulberry. The material of the houses is chiefly unbaked mud-brick and poplar timber. Almost the only solidly-built edifices in Eregli are the khan, now in ruin, which resembles the khan of Oloukishla, but is smaller, and a mosque, with a lofty round minaret; both are of deep red stone. The "Yeni khan" at which we alighted is an edifice of mud-brick and poplar timber, built about a large, square court. The accommodation was so bad, being wretched chambers

floored with clay, that we induced the khanji to give us his own room, which was tolerably clean and comfortable, only the windows had no shutters, but the nights are not cold now.

In the evening we were visited by two officers of the Ottoman army, both of whom had served in the Crimea; the elder had seen much service in other parts of the empire also. I gave them tea, but I think they were disappointed; they expected, I believe, either Cognac or araki, and did not honour me with another visit. They said Eregli was a very unhealthy place, owing to its damp air and the marshes round it, and that many of the people had died of hunger in the famine time, but I obtained no particulars. One of them afterwards lent me two breakfast-cups and saucers, which he said he had brought from Constantinople.

June 7th.—Two men from a village called Bektik came to see me; they had heard of our arrival and thought we had come to distribute relief, as hitherto the assistance in money, seed-corn, &c., sent from England and America had been dispensed mostly in the neighbourhood of Kaisariyeh and the country north of it. Bektik is a general name for a number of villages to the N.W. of Eregli. These men told me that their village consisted originally of 400 families; of these, about 150 remained in the village, about 200 families were missing (they did not know with certainty what had become of them, but probably many of them were still at Adana or Koniah), 50 families they knew to have perished of starvation, and no account was taken of the number of little children

who had died. Their village once possessed 30,000 sheep and a few goats, all of which had perished from want of food during the terrible winter of 1873–4. They had owned 1100 oxen and 2000 cows; of these only about 200 remained. They sold the little remaining property they had, such as carpets, casseroles, and yorghans, &c., to buy seed, and then, one helping another, they made shift to sow part of their land. This year they will have a good harvest, but how to live in the meantime? The Government had given seed to the village, but the rich and more influential men, having the distribution of it in their hands, had mostly kept it for themselves. I gave them a little money and sent them away. It is evident that the people are in great straits to tide over the time till harvest.

A doctor of the town, Saleh Effendi, a native of Tripoli, in Syria, also called; he told me that Eregli contained about 650 to 700 houses, and under 3000 people, of whom only about 150 were (Armenian) Christians. At prosperous seasons many traders from Kaisariyeh resort to Eregli, but at present there is no trade, and the place seems deserted; yet, strange to say, a considerable amount of building is going on, but the style of architecture is poor, simply a rough stone arch on the street, all the rest walls of mud-brick. The doctor told us of Ibreez, and various other places; amongst others, of a perennial fountain of bitter water, two hours east of Ak Serai, which, "when sweetened, made excellent lemonade." He added that near Bektik, about two to three hours from Eregli, at a place called Koukerdt, there is a strongly petrifying

spring, which is also sulphurous. This spring does not always issue from the same spot, but sometimes from one place, sometimes from another. The little stone used for building in Eregli is nearly all brought from this place. The doctor paid me several visits during my stay.

About midday I paid a visit to the kaimakam. The Government House is a most picturesque old wooden edifice, with quaintly carved ceilings; the road to it was through the great cemetery, which contained a prodigious number of monuments, consisting of upright slabs of unhewn stone; not one in a hundred bore any inscription. It is the land of oblivion, and when once an Osmanli has "shuffled off this mortal coil" his memory seems to be utterly lost. The kaimakam was very courteous, and at my request sent a zaptieh to show me some of the gardens of the town. We walked through lanes bordered by high mud walls, and overshadowed by finely grown trees, but the heat was very great, and on my inquiring if Eregli was considered healthy, the man said "by no means, that the great marshes round it spoiled the climate; only the winds from Bulghar Dagh and Hassan Dagh [i. e. from south and north] were healthy;" all others blow across marshes, and therefore come laden with malaria. This, combined with the great dampness of the place from the plenteous supply of water, and the sudden and extreme changes of temperature between day and night, cause deadly dysenteries and fevers. "A man loses his strength, and when he lies down to sleep he does not get up again;" meaning, I suppose, that a man

thoroughly prostrated by fever seldom recovers here. Severe congestive fevers, *cold* fevers (or pernicious fevers, as they are called in Alexandria) are common, and very fatal.*

The best garden I saw was that of Hadji Hassan, one of the only two rich Turks in Eregli. He does not live there, but comes occasionally to take his "kef" (enjoy himself). The gardener's residence was a tumbledown wooden and mud house, but the owner's "kioschk" (pleasure house) was very pretty. The garden, too, was well kept, and full of magnificent walnuts and oaks, like the corner of an English park. I noticed most of our English fruit trees, and fine vines trained along espaliers; the clover and turf equalled the finest in England. I was much interested by the number and tameness of the birds. The garden was literally full of singing birds, especially the thrush and the nightingale. Eregli is the paradise of nightingales. And a host of smaller warblers sang amid the branches, bright-hued woodpeckers flitted from tree to tree, the hoopoe waved his long-crested top-knot; even the wary magpie alighted close by us without signs of fear. All the birds are wonderfully tame, but in this country they are never persecuted, and so have no fear of man; the gentleness of the Osmanli to animals is a good trait in his character. I never saw any place in which the swift was so abundant; from our room we could see hundreds upon hundreds sweeping and screaming through the air.

* In the immediate neighbourhood of the town are a number of stagnant pools full of marsh vegetation, these alone would suffice to render Eregli an unhealthy place.

A large running stream traversed the garden, bordered by rows of old poplars, which were full of storks' nests. These grave birds kept up a continual clapping with their bills, or twined their lithe necks in amorous fondness as they stood on the mass of sticks that formed their nest, without taking any notice of the strangers a few yards below them. The gardener brought us out carpets and cushions and coffee, and we lay down awhile to repose ourselves. This garden is exactly the kind of place an Osmanli loves; here, on the soft turf, under the shade of some wide-spread tree, will the Osmanli lounge, hour after hour, languidly inhaling the smoke of his narghileh, and fingering his "tesbihh" (rosary), lulled by the murmur of the babbling stream, and thinking of "nothing at all;" but should need require it, he can rouse himself with lightning swiftness from this siren lethargy, and then he will pass at once from languid repose to fiery action. This is a land of contrasts, and its sons are like their mother.

We returned to our khan pleased with our visit, but exhausted by the heat. We were very comfortable, on the whole, in this wretched, tumbledown old place, miscalled the "Yeni Khan," the "new" khan. The khanji was obliging and very attentive to us, and a poor little Turkish boy of twelve or fourteen years, a veritable treasure, waited upon us. He brought us bread, milk, eggs, and yaourt from the market, looked after the horses, lighted our fire, &c., and did all in so nice a way, so attentively and conscientiously, that I was greatly pleased with him. I can recall even yet his musical voice and concise replies, "Var," "Yes,

there is," or "Yes, it is;" "Boulăneùr," "Yes, it is to be had, and I will bring it," &c. Poor little Osman He was a native of Bektik, and belonged to a family of eight brothers, of whom three only remained, two younger than himself, with their mother; three had died in the famine time, two, he thought, were in Adana, but he knew nothing of them. He was allowed to stay at the khan and do any little odd job that offered, and so get a precarious kind of living from the people who resorted to the khan. "He would not get much from the Cæsariots," said Nahli. We advised him to try and make his way to the sea-coast, not to stay in the interior, but to avoid Adana, as it is most unhealthy. That little boy will succeed wherever he goes, his manners are so pleasing, and he is so willing and obliging Poor fellow! adversity had come on him very early; he was very dejected when we left.

Our food at Eregli, though extremely plain, was pure and wholesome; the bread, milk, eggs, and yaourt were good in quality and remarkably cheap. But meat could not be obtained, and though we tried fowls twice, the result was not encouraging, so preternaturally tough were they. In Karamania no hen is promoted to the honours of the table until after she has fulfilled her duty by laying a great many eggs.

I recall my brief stay at Eregli with much pleasure.

CHAPTER X.

IBREEZ. THE GREAT PLAIN. DEVLEH.

June 8th.—Started for Ibreez, a ride of about three hours. We rode through green lanes bordered by thick hedges and rows of willow and poplar. The crops and flowers were luxuriant, and, as I always found to be the case in this country where water was plentiful, singing birds of many kinds abounded. The wheat was just in bloom, and the climate resembled the very finest June weather in England, excepting that the sun was far more powerful, the air brilliantly clear, and the landscape incomparably more beautiful. A thunderstorm on the preceding evening had rendered everything fresh and green.

On our left, at the foot of a hill, and in a large grove of the greenest trees, is the village of Tont. Being built of mud-bricks of deep red earth, its colour is in strong contrast with the orchards and gardens round it. Above it is the village of Sarijah; below it, and near our route, is Dourlaz. In front of us, to the east, were the orchards of Ghaibe Keui; the view southwards was bounded by a line of mountains, and in a beautiful nook at their foot was the village of Dedekoi; the wide expanse of woodland and cultivated ground around it marked the presence of an abundant source, which there issued from the mountain side. These villages are famed for their excellent

fruit, and especially for grapes. Wine is not usually made in this district, but bad "raki" is made in large quantities and meets with a ready consumption, principally from the Armenian Christians of Eregli and its neighbourhood.

Very beautiful were the shadows cast by the clouds on the mountains and the plain. They resembled great bands and expanses of blue, violet, brown, and even black, velvet, according to the nature of the ground on which they were cast.

After passing Dourlaz we entered a lane overgrown with trees—especially huge old walnuts, whose cool shade was most grateful—and traversed by a crystal-clear, and swiftly running brook, an offset of the Ibreez river. I noticed the hazel, bramble, and hawthorn, not now in bloom, with many other of our English trees and flowers. Very remarkable were the number and tameness of the nightingales. They were singing in all directions, and several times, as I passed close by the bush or tree in which the little songster was, I halted near enough to see the open beak and swelling throat from which the rich notes flowed, and the bird neither broke off its melody, nor showed the least sign of fear. The lane resembled some pretty, neglected lane in Devonshire, only much more beautiful. It was a scene which formed a striking contrast to the arid and desolate sterility of the great plain. But perhaps these sudden and almost startling contrasts yield some of the exquisite charms of travel in Asia Minor. After passing Ghaibe Keui, we saw, high up on the mountain side, a lofty precipice of bright red rock, separated from a similar rock by a

deep ravine. Ibreez is at its foot. Before us, in the valley, was the village of Xanapa, on a low conical hill. Its river, fed by rain and melted snow, rises in a ravine far up under Bulghar Dagh, but unfortunately this muddy torrent discolours the stream from Ibreez. The Ibreez river is strong, deep, and rapid, clear as crystal, but of a deep blue tint; we rode along it for some distance, and then turned to the right, over a low rocky hill, towards Ibreez. Just then a violent thunderstorm burst over the mountains, and we hurried through the green lanes, and up the rocky ascent that led to the village, and took shelter in the house of the mukhtar, Ali Aga, a retired sub-officer of the Turkish army.

Coffee was served, and when the rain had ceased I went out to see the village. Its position is extremely beautiful, just at the mountain's base, under the red rocks and deep ravine already mentioned. The houses are mostly of mud-brick, excepting the house of Ali Aga, which is of stone, and is really clean and comfortable. There are about 700 inhabitants, all Muslim. I observed at the mosque a few columns and Corinthian capitals of white marble, but could not learn whence they had been brought. The great charms of Ibreez are its stream, the mass of verdure around it, and the pure, cold, bracing air of the place. The river issues in a great jet from the rock under the western of the two precipices which form the ravine, but all the ground around it is full of springs so vast in volume that at the little bridge, not a hundred yards from the source, it has already become a deep, raging torrent, perfectly impassable, which foams and leaps over the

great rocks in its channel of red, black, white, and yellow marble, and white and yellow limestone. A ruined mill some distance down, built in the stream, and groves of splendid walnut trees, made a picturesque addition to the prospect. After I had lingered for a long time admiring this beautiful stream, the mukhtar led me across the bridge and through a grove of walnut trees for some 200 yards down the opposite side of the river. Here a branch from the main stream flows in a deep, narrow channel along the foot of a dark red limestone rock, and upon a portion of its face, that had been prepared for the purpose, were carved a most interesting bas-relief and inscription. I at once determined to remain and make a careful drawing of them. The mukhtar offered his house for our lodging, and I sent back our guide to Eregli to inform the khanji that we should return on the morrow. The guide, a young Armenian, a stout, sturdy fellow, had given us much amusement by his naïve questions. Amongst other things he asked if he could be admitted as a private soldier into the British army. When I asked if he would like to serve in the Sultan's army, "Yes, willingly," he replied, "but it is not allowed." He said he paid thirty piastres per annum as exemption tax from military service (about 5*s*.).

It was too late to begin the drawing that day, but one of the villagers offered to show me some ruins in the mountain above the village, which it would be necessary to visit on horseback. Accordingly we mounted and proceeded up the mountain side, till the guide led us into a narrow and savage glen, with precipitous sides of red rock, which wound deep and far up into

the heart of the mountain; our road was up the bed of the torrent—now dry—which descended through this narrow cleft, and is encumbered by loose angular blocks of limestone; a great natural arch of rock rose high up in front of us. After an ascent of about half an hour, we saw far above, on the sides of the glen, three small buildings; to the largest of them, on the east side of the glen, we with difficulty mounted.

It proved to be a little Christian chapel, probably a hermitage, now utterly ruined and dismantled, but no doubt once very pretty. The apse had been hewn out of the overhanging rock, and the chapel built on a strong masonry platform. The whole interior had been lined with cement, on which had been painted the figure of our Lord, and saints. But few fragments of these frescoes remain, and only one head, to show what the place had once been.

But the style of art was by no means bad. The expression of the sole remaining face was fine, and the colouring still vivid, although it was probably 900 to 1000 years old—perhaps older—and had been evidently long exposed to the elements through the fall of the roof; the overhanging rock, however, shelters it from sun and rain. It must have been indeed a savage and lonely residence in winter! I did not visit the two smaller chapels, as I was told that no portion of the frescoes in them remained.

As we descended to the spot where our horses were standing, which we had left behind us during the steep ascent, the intense silence of the glen, only broken by the distant song of the thrush, was very impressive.

Our guide showed us an old fortress on the precipice

above the village; it was of Byzantine style, but presented nothing of interest.

We found Ali Aga's house clean and comfortable enough. Some most unwelcome guests had arrived during our absence—two tall, fine-looking and very devout Muslims (one of whom was praying all day and night too!). They were "ushirjis," farmers of the taxes, come to value the dîme, and their arrival had caused great consternation amongst the villagers, for they had orders to value even the honey, and the little crop of fruit and nuts in the gardens, and they themselves intended to farm the dîme.

We entered the house while their commission was being read aloud. The complaints of the villagers were loud and bitter, for the poor people have literally nothing left, and are, moreover, deeply in debt. They had not suffered quite so much as most of the villages round, but they too had lost nearly all their sheep and goats, and most of their cows and horses. A great many of their children had died from want of proper food, and seven or eight families had perished of absolute starvation. The Government was exacting the arrears of taxes with much severity, and they said that the money-lenders were afraid to advance them any more money. Some of the poor fellows openly exclaimed, that "any Government would be preferable to the present Government!" We sat down to supper with the mukhtar, and the two ushirjis, but I fared badly; I cannot easily adapt myself to the native style of eating, and before I have eaten enough the dish is removed.

After supper there was a long discussion about the stream, and the ushirjis told some very foolish legends

about it. Amongst other things, they declared it was not in existence before Muslim times, but had been called forth by one of the Prophet's "Companions," * and I unintentionally gave them much offence by saying that in all probability the bas-relief was only carved in that particular spot on account of the proximity of the stream, and if so, that certainly the bas-relief was at least 2500 years old, probably much more, and long before the time either of Issa or of Mohammed. The stream therefore could not have arisen in the manner they supposed, but probably existed from the beginning of this present world. Hereupon they were silent, and spoke no more. These men are a good illustration of "pride, ignorance, bigotry, and avarice combined!"

June 9th.—Rose at daybreak, and walked out to the river. As I went out one of the ushirjis was at his morning prayer. Usually even the most devout Muslims content themselves with the three principal hours of prayer, at morning, noon, and evening; but our friend's devotions seemed unintermittent! I was awakened in the night by a cold blast from the mountains, rushing in through the wooden shutters of the windows, and from my corner near the fireplace I saw one of our new acquaintances kneeling on his prayer carpet, and bending with the canonical prostrations. To men of this hard grasping character, the prophet's words would bear no meaning, "For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings!"

The morning was one of the loveliest I ever saw,

* These men were the personal friends of Mohammed, and from them the "Sunneh," or "Traditions" of the Muslim Law, were derived.

and the mountain air like draughts of champagne. After breakfast I made a drawing of the bas-relief and inscriptions.

The rock on which they are carved rises from the stream to a height of about forty feet. Its colour is of a deep dull red, or yellowish red, but stained in lighter and deeper patches by exposure to the sun and air through so many centuries. The portion on which the bas-relief is carved had been chiselled down and prepared for the work, the rest of the rock surface remains in its natural state.

The bas-relief consists of two figures—one much larger than the other—cut in relief of about four or five inches. I can only give the various dimensions by guess, as I had no means of measuring the figures, which were inaccessible without a ladder. But by dint of careful comparison I think my conjectural measurements are not very far wrong. The larger figure is about twenty feet in height, the smaller about twelve, and the feet of the larger figure are about eight feet above the level of the stream which flows at the base of the rock. It seems to be a representation of some great personage, offering prayers or thanksgivings to a deity—the god, it should seem, of corn and wine.

The design of both figures, though somewhat rough in the outline, owing to the coarseness of the material and to natural decay, is very good; the anatomy is extremely well indicated, much after the manner of the Assyrian sculptures. The left hand of the larger figure is especially well indicated, the delicate outline of the thumb articulations being admirably rendered,

Hamathite Bas-relief and Inscription, on a rock, at Ibreez.

not in the conventional style of the Egyptian sculptures, but as if copied directly from nature. The limbs of the larger figure are massy and bulky, and in this point also the work resembles Assyrian rather than Egyptian sculpture. The god is represented with a

high conical hat, or helmet, from which project four horns, two in front, two behind. The rim is formed by a flat band, and a similar band or ribbon runs round the hat above. A snake seems to be attached to the hat. The beard, which is thick and close-curled, runs up to the temples. The hair is of a similar character, disposed in rows of thick curls, but without ornament.

Neither of the figures appears to have earrings. The god is clad in a close-fitting tunic, reaching half-way down the thigh, and turned up both in front and behind. The lower part of the arms, from above the elbow, is bare; but while the fold of the tunic sleeve is represented on the left arm, it is omitted on the right arm. On the wrists are massy but plain bracelets. Round the waist is a broad girdle ornamented with lines, something like arrow-heads. The legs, from the middle of the thigh downwards, are bare; the muscles of the calf and the knees being well rendered. The god wears boots turned up in front, and bound round the leg above the ankle by thongs, and a piece of leather reaching half-way up the shin, exactly as it is worn to this day by the peasants of the plain of Cilicia, round Adana. In his outstretched left hand he holds a large handful of ears of bearded wheat, the wheat of the country, the stalks reaching the ground behind his left foot, which is stepping forward; and between his feet is represented a vine stock. In his left hand he holds a cluster of grapes; two other larger clusters hang from the branch he is grasping, and behind him hangs a fourth cluster. The expression of the face is jovial and benevolent, the

features well indicated, especially the highly aquiline nose. The lips are small and not projecting, and the moustache is short, allowing the mouth to be seen. The inscription is carved on the space between the face and the line of the arm, hand, and ears of wheat.

In front of him stands the other figure. The expression and character of feature in this is very different. The eye seems more prominent, the nose more curved, and flattened upon the face, the lips more projecting, the hair and beard equally, or even more, crisp, and thickly curled. On the head is a tall rounded cap, with flat bands round it, on which square plates, of gold perhaps, seem to be sewn. In front of the cap is an ornament of precious stones, such as is still worn by Oriental princes. The figure is clad in a long loose robe, covered with squares, and heavily fringed at the bottom.* A mantle embroidered below, and secured at the breast by a clasp of precious stones, covers the robe; round the waist is a girdle, from which hangs a heavy tassel or fringe. On the right leg, just below the fringe of the under robe, appears to be the lower part of the trousers, and the feet are shod with shoes curved up in front. One hand, with the forefinger erect, is extended in front of the face as if in the attitude of prayer or praise. A heavy collar or necklace encircles the neck; it appears to be of rings or bands of gold, fixed around some other material. The end of the necklace hangs upon the shoulder.

As in the Assyrian sculpture, perspective is

* Compare Deuteronomy xxii. 12, and Numbers xv. 38; also the dress of Aaron as it is described in Exodus xxviii.

partially neglected in the drawing of both these figures.

Behind the smaller of the two there is also an inscription, carved upon the smooth portion of the rock. Some of the characters in it are similar to those of the upper inscription. Some appear to be heads of animals; one represents the head of a man, the eye, beard, nose, and conical cap being very distinct. But this inscription is much obliterated, and I could not make out the first letter of the upper line. There is another inscription below the bas-relief, and just above the present level of the stream. This also seems to consist in great part of the heads of animals.

A portion of the rock surface has been smoothed for it, but it is so much obliterated, that it is impossible to make out a considerable part of it; the outlines, even of the part I have represented, are faint and indistinct. The villagers said that there were yet other inscriptions, but below the present water level, and only visible when the stream is at its lowest, at the end of summer.

The villagers knew no tradition concerning the bas-relief, and could give no information as to the ruins of any ancient town in the neighbourhood. It is obvious, however, that the monument belongs to a period long previous to the settlement of the Greeks in this part of Asia Minor; and Ibreez with its magnificent stream (whose pure, ice-cold waters would be so grateful during the burning heat of summer), with its forests, and the wide extent of fertile land below it, might well have been the favourite summer residence of some prince of ancient

times, who desired to display by this monument his devotion and gratitude.

The name of the village is derived from the Persian آب "water," ریز "pouring," the participle of ریختن "to pour." The same words are also used as a composite noun substantive, and mean "a vessel for pouring water," "a waterspout."

This place was visited in 1737 by Otter, the Swedish traveller, who had been sent to the East by the French minister, Le Comte de Maurepas. He states that the river of Eregli rises from the mountains of Ardouste, three hours from Eregli. He mentions the sudden increase of the river, almost immediately after its rise, and says it sinks into a hollow rock called "Doudne" (Duden), at the foot of the Mounts Bouzoglan and Bulgar, opposite "Kara Bouna" (Kara Bounar). "On a taillé dans le rocher où est sa source, une figure d'homme qu'on appelle 'Abris.' L'on veut que ce soit une corruption du nom d'un certain 'Abrinos,' seigneur de ce lieu. Il tient dans une main quelques épis, et dans l'autre deux grappes de raisin."

The people told him that this water petrified objects, and showed him a caravanserai built of stone deposited by the water. Otter gives the same derivation of the name "Ibreez" as above; but, strange to say, he makes no mention whatever of the inscriptions. The peasants of that time must have been in a far more prosperous condition than at present, for Otter speaks of the abundance of fruit and vegetables. "He was told that more than eighty (!!!) sorts of pears grew there!" His Turkish was not at fault,

for he was a consummate Oriental linguist, and had with him a Turkish teacher, so that the eighty sorts of pears must be regarded as an Oriental hyperbole.

Otter's description of the bas-relief is, with trifling exceptions, correct so far as it goes, but it is, so to speak, a mere reference. A longer account of it, though neither complete nor quite accurate, was given about a century later by the Prussian Major Fischer, who, in 1839–40, was engaged with a party of Prussian engineer officers under the celebrated Moltke in making a survey of Asia Minor. The account, together with an engraving of the bas-relief, is given in Ritter's "Erdkunde" (18 Theil, iii. Buch, West Asien). But the drawing does not do justice to the subject, the copy of the longest inscription is defective and inaccurate, and the other inscriptions are not noticed. Even the name of the village is given incorrectly. It is not *Iwris*, as in Kiepert's map, but *Ibreez*, as Otter gives it.

It seems, however, that Major Fischer was obliged to copy the inscription in haste, and from a distance, and he admits that a more accurate examination of the monument is to be desired. He suggests that perhaps some portion of the inscription may be in cuneiform characters, and thus some explanation about the figures may be obtained. The characters, however, are Hamathite, that mysterious language which has hitherto baffled all attempts to interpret, and of which no bilingual inscription has, I believe, been as yet discovered.

On returning to my host's house I found that a zaptieh had come from Eregli with orders to exact

the arrears of taxes from the villagers. He was talking with one poor fellow, who with tears in his eyes was protesting that he had nothing left. "You have your garden," said the zaptieh, "sell that!" "Janum (my dear fellow)," replied the man, "only find me a purchaser, and I will sell it." It is piteous to see the way in which these poor people are treated; they complain bitterly, but they submit without resistance. Their temperament, their religion, their training, all tend to this end. And yet they are a brave and high-spirited race. The Government gave them little or no help in their sore need, and now all that is cared for is to exact the taxes! and for this the little "all" they have is taken. No wonder if the Turkish peasant be careless and indolent.

The mukhtar seemed much dejected. Well, indeed, he might be. Even their honey must pay the dîme. In this beautiful flowery district almost every house has one or two hives of bees, and the honey is of excellent quality, but "Sic vos non vobis." Let us hope that the fiery trial of 1876–7 may bring about a change for the better in the position of these unfortunate men.

I was delighted with my visit to this lovely spot; it is one of the most romantic and beautiful places I ever saw. High above, but out of sight from the village, tower the mighty ridges of Bulghar Dagh. In front is the beautiful hilly district through which we had come, full of villages. The green orchards and gardens of Eregli seem quite close, and farther to the left the great plain extends in an unbroken level all the way to Karaman.

The Ibreez River is famed for its fish. On our way back we saw a man fishing with a casting net in the stream. He had caught several fish, but he was on the opposite side of the river, and too far off for me to see what the species was. From the description given by the villagers it could not be trout, and I could only perceive that the fish were very silvery, and had a broad square tail. The cultivated land of Ibreez is not extensive, and although there is abundance of water, the position of the land will not admit of irrigation.

We reached Eregli in three and a quarter hours, and at once called upon the kaimakam, who gave orders that baggage horses should be provided for me next day. The Government mail to Constantinople was to leave next morning, and I wrote several letters to send by it. But I had much difficulty in posting them. It was necessary to give them to the mudir of the telegraph. But at sunset he had retired to his house, and his house was far away on the outskirts of the town, fully three-quarters of an hour from the khan, for Eregli is a very straggling place. We wandered up and down lanes, between high walls of mud-brick, and overshadowed by great trees, till I thought we should never reach our destination. The song of the nightingale resounded in every quarter, accompanied, it is true, by a hoarse chorus of frogs. The night was chill and damp after the hot day, exactly the temperature to bring on fever. Arrived at the mudir's house, we found that he was absent, but a neighbour who was waiting for him received us. In the course of conversation he told me that Eregli was formerly a rich

and flourishing place; but it lay on the line of route between Constantinople and Syria, and after the conquest of Syria and Egypt by Sultan Selim II. the ill-disciplined troops of those times used to commit such atrocities as they passed through, that the population fled, and Eregli gradually decayed. The material of the buildings being mostly unbaked mud-brick, there would be no remains of architecture. He added that Eregli contains only about 600 houses, and under 3000 inhabitants. There are about fifty Armenian families and a very few Greeks. At last, tired of waiting, I rose to go away, when our new acquaintance brought us to another house, where at last we found the mudir, who took charge of my letters. It was near midnight when we returned to the khan, nearly three hours having been occupied in posting my letters!

The price of provisions in Eregli is very low, e. g. ten eggs for 1 piastre (not so much as $2\frac{1}{4}d.$). A very large pot of milk, enough for half-a-dozen people, $1\frac{1}{2}$ piastre; and it was excellent milk, pure and unadulterated. Adulteration of food is most severely punished, indeed it is practically unknown in Turkey. Excellent bread, better than most English baker's bread, costs $1\frac{1}{2}$ piastres per oke. Leavened bread, however, is to be had only in the towns; meat, 4 to 5 piastres; butter, 12 piastres; sugar, 3 piastres; cheese, 4 piastres per oke. The oke is equivalent to 400 drams Turk, and weighs $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. avoirdupois. At present the T. 1*l.* contains 106 piastres = 18*s.* Eng.*

* It may be interesting to compare some of the prices of times past with those of the present day in Turkey.

The Baron de Tott, who wrote his 'Memoires sur la Turquie,' about a

June 10th.—Various visitors called, amongst them Salih Effendi, our medical friend, and the priest of the Armenian community. He is a fine-looking man, and was treated very courteously by the Turks who

century back, informs us that the "asper," of which there were three to the "para," was worth six deniers or one demi sol of France, equal to 2½ centimes; but that a deduction of 20 per cent. must be made in consequence of debasement.

The "asper," therefore, was worth 2 centimes, and the piastre 2 francs 40 centimes. A hundred years earlier the piastre was worth nearly the double of this. This we learn from a traveller named Poullet, who published an account of his travels in 1668. "Thirty-five or forty 'aspers' made at most from 25 to 30 French sols." He says that at Van he expended for himself and his horse one piastre per week.

The physician, Paul Lucas, who travelled in the Levant by command of Louis XIV., in the years 1705–6–15, says that at Smyrna partridges were sold at 1 sol each; woodcocks at 1½ sol. At the village of Kourou Kaidji, not far from Baluk Hissar, the "katerji," who accompanied the traveller, bought a fine horse for 16 piastres.

The "seymens" (foot soldiers) who were stationed in the forests for the protection of travellers, used to exact 4 paras from every Christian.

When Paul Lucas was leaving Cavalla, he met, at some 200 paces from the town, a janissary, who attacked him, pistol in hand. "I drew out," he says, "one of my own pistols in order to obtain satisfaction for this affront, but my valet, who was a sworn enemy of firearms, gave him 3 paras, with which the rascal was so well contented that he went off at full gallop, firing his two pistols in the air."

One may perceive what influence "paras" could exert in Turkey in those days.

The same traveller writes, "At a village five hours from Ferré, six of us dined for 4½ sols, and even filled our flasks. It may be imagined that we did not fare luxuriously; but is it possible to obtain at less cost eggs, butter, cheese, and above all good wine, of which we were not sparing?"

About the middle of last century, when the piastre was worth about 3 francs, the following were the prices of certain articles:—

At Trebizonde, wrought copper cost 30 paras the "oke" (2¾ lbs. avoirdupois); walnuts, 7 or 8 paras per thousand.

At Rizeh, in the same province, Egyptain rice cost 60 paras per "kileh" of 40 okes; the rice of Philippopoli, 40 paras; "Pastourma" (dried and spiced beef) cost 10 paras per oke, sold by retail; black olives, 4 to 5 paras per oke; green olives, 13 to 14 paras; Crimean butter of first quality, 20 to 22 paras per oke; filberts, 90 to 100 paras per "quintal."

At Guerzeh, a place seven to eight hours from Sinope, planks of walnut

chanced to enter my room while he was there. They all called him "Papas Effendi." He breakfasted with me, and before leaving gave me his blessing in a long Armenian prayer, and ended with the Lord's Prayer in Turkish. Then he wished me a safe return to my

wood 8 feet long, 2½ feet wide, and 6 inches thick, cost 25 to 30 paras each. Similar planks of plane wood cost 15 to 16 paras.

Joists of oak 8 feet long and 3 inches in diameter cost 3 to 4 paras each. Planks of fir wood, narrow and thin, for constructing ceilings, cost from 40 to 50 paras per hundred.

The authority for these prices is a book on the commerce of the Black Sea, written by Peyssonel, a French traveller, in about 1750.

The same writer says that at Sinope a ship of war of two decks, pierced for seventy cannons, and launched with her masts, but without rigging, sails, or guns, cost only 15,000 to 16,000 piastres. A trading vessel of three masts could be built for 1800 piastres.

In 1657 a Turkish galleon was wrecked in the harbour of Alexandria. It was secured by fourteen anchors; the cables parted, as they had become rotten from having been left nine months in the water. "The Turks," says Thevenot, "had never built so fine a galleon as this, not even that of the Sultana, which was captured a few years ago by the Knights of Malta, and which was so lofty that the cross-trees (?) of the Maltese galleys did not come up to her deck." She had been built at Constantinople, and had cost about 38,000 piastres, but was already old. "She was armed with 40 guns, and could carry 3000 men. On her first voyage from Constantinople to Alexandria, this galleon had on board 2500 people."

In 1820 a vessel built at Sinope cost 225,000 francs, without cannon or rigging.

The same traveller, Thevenot, tells us what was the rent of rooms in the khans at Constantinople.

"These khans," he says, "are for lodging the merchants. If you wish for any of the rooms in them you must speak to the porter of the khan (the Oda Bashi), who keeps the keys of them; you must give him a ¼ or ½ piastre for the "opening," as they call it; and as long as you remain you pay an asper, or two or three per day, according to the rent fixed. Store-rooms for goods are let in the same way. Thevenot died in 1667.

The freight of shipping seems also to have been very low. The Rev. Father Doubdan, a canon of S. Denis, who made a journey to Jerusalem in 1651, chartered a small vessel to convey him from Sidon to Jaffa, a distance of some 120 miles, at a cost of 9 piastres!

home. He said that his flock were very poor, and I gave him a little money for the poorest.

There was some difficulty in obtaining muleteers, so that I could not start till after midday, and even on this high plateau the heat during the middle hours of the day is at times overpowering.

The people of the khan, including our poor little attendant Osman, seemed sorry that we were leaving so soon, and indeed I have been much pleased with my stay in this wretched, decayed, little place. These poor Armenians have treated us very kindly.

Whilst waiting for the baggage horses I made a sketch of Hassan Dagh from the window of our room. This great extinct volcano rises in two abrupt pyramidal summits to the height of 8000 feet. It is quite insulated, and is still covered half-way down with snow.

On the N.W. of Eregli are marshes which extend for an hour and a half's ride; a little beyond are others, greater and impassable; but the immediate neighbourhood of the town is marshy, and the sickly odour of the marsh was plainly perceptible, even in the daytime. A salt efflorescence covered the plain, and the distance displayed a very vivid mirage. In front of us were the two extinct volcanoes of so symmetrically regular a form, which I have before mentioned. Our muleteers called them both by the same name, Mount Mekkeh; one of them they said was the Yaila of Kara Bounar, but I must have mistaken his words, for when I examined it with the telescope I saw that it was only a mass of tufa dust, utterly devoid of vegetation, and so not fitted for pasturage.

As we emerged from the marsh the vegetation of

the plain began to improve. The flowers were truly wonderful in quantity and colour. There were flowers of various tints of red and yellow, eight to ten species at least, and amongst them some of the most brilliant red or yellow that can be conceived. There were flowers of crimson, orange, and scarlet, mauve, pink, and lake; it was a veritable flower garden! Yellow trefoil and clover grew in the greatest profusion. I could understand, now that I had seen this plain, how the villagers could have kept the great number of sheep and cattle of which I had been told.

The heat soon began to diminish, and as we mounted the hills that skirted the plain an easterly breeze swept across the wide expanse, delightfully cool, and laden with fragrance. Dark streaks of violet and green marked the position of distant Eregli. The shadows cast by the clouds were like violet velvet. The snow on the mountains glittered like silver, and the contrasts of colour on the volcanic hills around were wonderfully beautiful. I could see fully 30 miles back along the snowy peaks and ridges of Bulghar Dagh; Karajah Dagh lay due N.; Hassan Dagh, N.E. by N.; Allah Dagh, over Nigdeh, far away on the N.E. by E.; it was a landscape full of grandeur, and indescribably beautiful withal.

At 4.30 P.M. we reached a Turkman encampment, and were received very kindly. These people were suffering much from marsh fever and ophthalmia. Unfortunately I had no sulphate of zinc, but I gave them some quinine. Poor fellows! they too had lost almost everything, yet they did not wish to take any recompense for the refreshment they gave us, but I insisted on their receiving it.

I had an opportunity here of examining the round, felt-covered Turkman tents; they are very convenient, but difficult to describe. The centre piece of the roof is a strong hoop of hard wood, five to six feet in diameter, on the inner circumference of which a number of ribs are fixed, passing through a central disc of wood. In the outer circumference of the hoop a number of separate ribs can be inserted, so as to curve downwards like the ribs of an umbrella when opened, and thus a roof is formed twelve to fourteen feet in diameter, and combining great strength with lightness.

The wall is formed of separate pieces of lattice, made of ribs which are fastened together, not by pegs or nails, but by short thongs of hide with a knot at either end, so that the whole piece of lattice work is most flexible, can be easily closed up when the tent is struck, and is transported without injury.

In order to set up the tent, the curved ribs are inserted in the outer circumference of the hoop, the separate sets of lattice are tied together in a circle, thus forming the wall, and the roof ribs are firmly lashed to it above. This framework, when fixed together, is very firm, and additional steadiness is given by the form of the lattice work, which bends a little inwards at the middle, and thus the wall of lattice projects a little at top and bottom, in the shape of a dice-box.

The whole is then covered with thick and heavy felt cloths, called "kedji" (or "ketche"), eight small or six large being required. These are firmly sewn to the framework, and to each other, and thus a tent is

formed impervious to wind and weather (even a fire can be lighted in it), and it can be kept cool in summer by removing some of the side cloths.

These tents are the only dwellings of the nomad Turkmans, who in winter frequent the plains, and as summer advances gradually migrate higher and higher into the mountains, for the sake of pasturage. The frames are made principally at Kaisariyeh, and cost about 250 piastres; each pair of ribs in the lattice work costs, when fixed, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ piastres. The felt cloths are made at Nigdeh, Bor, and the neighbourhood, and cost about 60 piastres each. Considering the amount of work in them, the price of these tents is amazingly low.

We left the camp at 5.45 P.M. The road was over rounded marble hills, the marble cropping up in great white sheets, and this formation extends over many square miles. In the centre of this district lay the village of Devleh, at which we intended to pass the night; but the ride was far longer than we had anticipated, and the route most uninteresting. There was not so much as even a bush, nothing but scanty grass or herbage; the sameness and loneliness of the district were most strange. In bad weather a man might easily be lost in this strangely monotonous bit of country, and in winter, travellers not unfrequently perish in the snow. A few piles of stones have been heaped up at intervals along the road, to serve as landmarks, but they are far apart, and of insufficient height. We could not have found the way had the night been dark; but the moon shone brightly, and at about 9 P.M. we reached our

destination, and were lodged in the Government House, close to the river. Devleh is in a deep ravine in these marble hills, through which runs a small stream, and there is here also a perennial spring, the only one within a distance of eight to ten hours' ride all round. In the valley, along the stream, is a small extent of cultivated land, but it was always from their flocks that the people derived their chief support. The position of the place is very inaccessible, being many hours from any other village, in a sterile and inhospitable wilderness, seamed with deep ravines.

Before 1873, Devleh contained 700 houses, now only about 200 are inhabited, the rest are deserted, and fast falling or fallen to ruin. The famine began in 1873, owing to want of rain; but the people might have tided over this had it not been for the destruction of their flocks and herds. The winter of 1873–4 was terribly severe, the snowfall unprecedented in the memory of living man, and 48,000 sheep and goats are said to have perished! They had 400 pairs of oxen, of these about 5 per cent. survived the winter; each house had owned a cow or two, only some 5 per cent. of these remained. And then they were reduced to the most dreadful straits, deaths from downright starvation became terribly frequent, many perished in the attempt to reach Koniah or Adana. They ate grass, herbs, the leaves of what few bushes they could find (there is scarcely a tree within a dozen hours round!). At last, some in their despair tried to satisfy the pangs of hunger by grinding down and eating a kind of clay which they found in some of the limestone rocks; and then the mortality became threefold greater. A Turk

whom we met at Eregli, named "Hallam Oglou," took a specimen of this stuff to show to the Governor of Koniah; he tried his utmost to obtain aid for the poor starving creatures, but all in vain, the distress was so widespread and severe, that the wretched provincial authorities were utterly paralyzed. And indeed, even had money and food been at hand,—which was not the case,—very little could have been done, owing to the lack of organization and means of transport. The few inhabitants who remain are those who were once rich. Hitherto they have had something to sell, either cooking utensils or carpets, &c., but now absolutely nothing is left to them. The poor have emigrated, or are dead; those who were formerly rich are reduced to the extremest indigence; they live on money borrowed from the merchants with whom they used to do business. Their wealth consisted in their flocks, but these are all gone; the coming harvest will support life, but there will be no surplus to sell. The Government gave them seed last autumn, otherwise they could not have sown any of their land, but last year the taxes had been exacted by the most violent means, and this year the same course would be pursued, but the unfortunate men have literally nothing left to sell, and the money-lenders will make them no more advances. They did so before, in hope of being repaid at last year's harvest. Now, even that resource is stopped. Such was the sad tale told me by some of the villagers.

The representative of the kaimakam came to see if we needed any help from him, but all we required was a little charcoal for our fire, and a jar of water.

CHAPTER XI.

DERBE. KARAMAN.

June 11th.—A young Armenian offered to guide me to the site of an old town, but as he admitted that there was nothing whatever to be seen but merely the position of the walls, I preferred to go to some rock-tombs farther up the valley of the stream which flowed past the village. It proved to be a precipitous rock, perfectly honeycombed with tombs; but only the lower chambers could be reached. A large, square shaft, conducted from the entrance chamber to the upper ranges of tombs, but it had been blocked up by a great stone, which prevented all access, and I returned disappointed.

Left Devleh at 10.30 A.M., our course was along the valley of the stream; there was here a little cultivation, but the hills around were merely covered with sparse herbage, and not so much as a bush varied the monotony of the landscape. This is the character of the whole district for some eighteen to twenty miles round Devleh. It is a dreary region of rounded hills of no great elevation, formed of conglomerate or white marble, good perhaps for pasturage, but not pleasant to look upon. About two hours after we had left Devleh, heavy thunderstorms began to break in all directions around us. At intervals we passed through small plains amidst the hills, and at last came to the

edge of the great plain. Finding here a beautifully grassy spot, we halted to allow the horses to graze, and sheltered ourselves in the entrance of a cave hard by, for the limestone and conglomerate of this district are full of caves. The great level expanse, chequered with brilliant colours, stretched out before us; it was full of fine pasture, but only a few camels and cattle, under the charge of a barbaric-looking herdsman, were to be seen; they were almost the only animals we had seen all day. The masses of flowers upon the plain gave a rich glow of colour to its surface for miles upon miles together. The principal tints were mauve and the brightest conceivable yellow. Tired by the journey, I dozed, but awoke completely chilled. In this beautiful but most treacherous climate precaution is very necessary; one of our sourijis slept at the same time for about an hour, became chilled, and awoke with a shivering fit of ague; fortunately a large draught of hot tea, and a sudorific at night, prevented anything more serious. The position of a sick man in this country, whether native or stranger, is truly pitiable, for the commonest conveniencies of civilized life are lacking, and what would perhaps be only an indisposition in other more favoured countries, often has a fatal termination here.

We left our resting place at 3.50 P.M., and reached at sunset the hamlet of Serpek, which I had been advised to visit, on account of a fine ancient sarcophagus buried there. It rained heavily nearly all the way, but the road was very easy; it lay through rounded hills of white marble, whose contour was soft and flowing, very different to the rough and jagged outlines of the

limestone ranges, or the abrupt, precipitous peaks of the volcanic chains.

The marble appeared in very large sheets on the surface of the soil, the scenery resembled that around Devleh. There was not a tree, not even a bush, for the whole distance, but abundance of fragrant and aromatic herbs, and flowers of every colour in astonishing quantity; of grass there seemed to be but little. It was over these wide-extended hills, and over the plain, that the vast flocks of these poor people—their only wealth—once used to feed. We descended into the plain by a steep, rocky ravine; a deer, startled at our approach, quickly bounded up the hill-side. Serpek lay below us, separated from the great plain by a screen of low marble hills. It is a "tchiftlik" (farm or hamlet), eight hours distant from Eregli, belonging to Devleh, situated opposite the S.W. extremity of Karajah Dagh, and exactly opposite the larger of the two extinct volcanic cones whose form is of such strange regularity. Part of the village is on the plain, surrounded by very fertile land, part on a small outlying hill. On the plain, about a quarter of a mile from the hill, and surrounded by houses and cornfields, is the spot where the famous sarcophagus lies buried. The villagers agreed to open part of it for me to morrow, as I carried an order from the Kaimakam of Eregli directing them to give me every assistance "para ylan" (on payment), and this was soon arranged, for I found them very reasonable. We were lodged in the house of the mukhtar; the quarters were tolerably comfortable, but the fleas, as usual, too numerous to be pleasant.

Of course, at evening the villagers collected to visit us and taste our coffee. They seemed a very good set of fellows, but not much information could be obtained from them; some of them were in tolerable circumstances, but most had lost all their flocks. They said they belonged to Devleh, but much preferred Serpek; unfortunately the water supply here was precarious. They sometimes removed to Devleh in winter. Their land was very fertile, only requiring rain; this year the harvest would be excellent, while as for grass "there was enough of it for a thousand horses," and, as we saw next day, this was perfectly true. I inquired about the water supply; they said it came from the cisterns of the old city, which are very numerous and well made, being built of hewn stone, and lined with dark red cement. From my own observations, and their replies to my questions, I am convinced that this is the site of Derbe (Acts of the Apostles); indeed, the present name is but a corruption of the ancient name. "Derbe" would very often be called "Derve" by the country people; this was probably the real pronunciation, just as the modern Greeks give the sound of our letter "v" to the "β." The next step would be to reverse the "r" and "v," this is extremely common; we met with an instance two days later at the village of "Sìdĕvrĕ," which was quite as often called "Siderve." The last step would be to change the "r" into an "l," and thus "Derbe" becomes "Devleh"! Upon asking the mukhtar, "Who founded the village of Devleh?" "Oh!" he said, "the people were obliged to remove from this place many years ago, deh-h-h-h *ever* so many years ago, from want of water." I presume that

they explored the country all around in hope of finding a perennial spring, but the only spring for a distance of eleven hours all round is the perennial fountain at Devleh. Therefore they deserted the old site, and removed to the new, but still preserved a corrupted form of the old name. No doubt when the houses of the old city fell to ruin, a great part of the water supply would be lost, as the rain-water could not enter the cisterns to any great extent. The Devleh river depends upon snow and rain; when it flows with a full stream (as this year) the villagers fill some of the cisterns, and the water lasts for a long time, "a year or two," they said. But often the stream is scanty, or quite insufficient. They said that Serpek was very healthy, and its air salubrious.

Although the pasturage was so rich, I did not expect to find the butter of any better quality than usual in this country; but, to my surprise, our host's wife produced some which was equal in every way to the best farm-house butter in England. Our host explained their way of keeping butter and corn. The earth is their store-house; the butter is packed in jars with salt, and buried in the corn-pits. These are round pits, sometimes lined with stone, but more often only a layer of straw is placed at the bottom, then layers of wheat and straw alternately; round the sides, and on the top, a thick layer of straw is placed, and the earth filled in over all. They said that wheat thus stored kept perfectly well, and contracted no earthy taste, and certainly their bread was very good.

The conversation turned upon wages; and I found that our cavass only received 200 piastres per month

(about 34*s.*). The Government is supposed to find arms and clothing for the zaptiehs (only the "old" clothes are issued to the men as "new," and the difference of course embezzled by the provincial authorities). An allowance is also given to feed the man's horse, but the cavass must provide his own horse. It is miserable pay for a man who probably has a family to keep, and, naturally, the article which the Government gets for its 200 piastres a month is not usually first-rate. But amongst the cavasses who at various times escorted me, I met several whom I could not help admiring. Without the shadow of what we should call education, perhaps at most merely knowing how to read, they yet had the courteous and dignified bearing of gentlemen; they were good-natured and obliging, sober and enduring, in short, good specimens of a race which, in spite of its many faults, has many admirable qualities.

From this hamlet of Serpek, and from Devleh, the Government, I was told, raises about T. 2000*l.* every year.

Upon my inquiry as to the climate in winter, they said that it was usually very severe, and cases of travellers perishing in the snow were of constant occurrence. In winter too, the wild animals, especially the wolves, were very dangerous. It was unsafe to go far from the villages alone at that season, as the wolves were in packs of five or six, and would attack a single person. They did great mischief to the flocks, in spite of the ferocious and huge dogs, of which every household possesses two or three. The villagers mentioned another animal, which seemed to answer to

the description of the hyena. The leopard is not found here, he is a dweller in the mountains. Their account of the wild animals was confirmed by the people at Karaman, Maden Shehir, and other places.

These people of course lost most of their animals, like all their neighbours, but they saved more, and were not reduced to the same appalling misery as the people of Devleh. In winter they can do no out-door work; all that can be done is to look to their cattle and flocks; so they store up a good stock of fuel and make themselves comfortable, and, indeed, I can well imagine that before 1873–4 they were most comfortably off. They would always have a *little* milk and yaourt, they had the cheese and butter made in the summer, or such of it as they kept for home use. After the dîme had been paid, and seed set apart for next year's sowing, they kept an ample supply of grain for their own use, and what they sold would supply the little money needed for coffee, sugar, and tobacco (the latter is now becoming an expensive article for them); the women, who do almost all the work, spun the wool of the sheep and the hair of the goats, and wove excellent garments, and in almost every house in better days excellent "killim" carpets, good "yorghans" (quilted coverlets), plenty of copper dishes and casseroles might be seen; in every way they were in a better position than the peasants farther west, who were less pastoral, and depended almost entirely upon agriculture; their hospitality, too, was famed; but now all this is over, for this district, and indeed the whole interior, has received a blow from which it will require many years to recover. I said that the women do most of the

work, indeed, if it were possible, the men would even lay upon them the task of ploughing and cultivating the land. As I have before observed, the men are, generally speaking, a lazy, *fainéant* set; give them their coffee and tobacco, and they will sit and gossip all day long, and leave the care of everything to their wife or wives. I must, however, admit that polygamy is not common amongst them.

June 12*th*.—Rose soon after daybreak. It was a lovely, breezy day, and the sun not too hot. Went out to examine the few inscriptions in the village. The only two I could decipher were funereal. On a large stone forming part of a gateway near our lodging, is the following, rudely scratched:—

ΚΕΒΟΗΘΙΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ
ΚΑΙΠΕΤΡΟΥCΤΡΑΤΟΡΟC
ΚΑΙΤΑΡΑCΙΟΥΗΨ * * * * ΑΥΤΟΙC

On a very large stone, now broken into two parts, and used as a partition in one of the cottages, is this:—

+ ΕΝΘΑΚΑΤΑΚΙΤΕ
ΜΑΡΙΑΗΛΑΜΠΡ·S >
ΚΟΜSΜΝΗΜΗΕ
ΧΑΡΙ

The only impression likely to be of interest, was a fragment of a long inscription. It was built into a wall and difficult to reach. I took a paper impression of it, but it was too much defaced to read.

Next I visited the site of the old city. It is on the sides and top of a low, rounded, marble hill, and is separated from the great plain by a screen of similar hills of somewhat greater elevation. The whole hill

is covered by a vast accumulation of blocks of white marble, hewn and unhewn. The greater part of the town was built of these unhewn blocks, fixed together with clay; no mortar seems to have been employed, for I saw no wall or any remains of solid masonry, such as must have existed had mortar been employed. There were no remains of theatre or stadium, or aqueduct (for the latter there would be no spring within many miles' distance); it is simply a great accumulation of large stones. Many lines of rough foundation wall extend into the plain, principally towards north and south. I saw no sculptured marble, no columns, no carving of any kind, except a few insignificant pieces. There are a few rock tombs in the hills about. A depression winding up the side and round the crest of the hill marks the line of road which formed the ascent to the acropolis. This was all that could be seen of ancient Derbe. I mounted to the crest of the marble hill farthest to the north, in order to make an outline of Karajah Dagh. The whole plain lay spread out before me like a vast carpet, backed by the volcanic chain some thirty miles distant. The lake Ak Gol, into which the river of Eregli flows, was visible about twelve miles distant, on N.E. by E. Mekkeh Dagh, the extinct crater, was at about the same distance. One of the villagers told me that it was composed entirely of sand and fine earth, (tufa dust). There being no rock in it, its gradual degradation by the rains has given to it its present curiously regular form; the smaller crater, which is more to the N.E., is almost as regularly shaped. Tschihatcheff thus describes the lake of Eregli.

To face page 278.

Stanford's Geogl Estabt

SITE OF DERBE
(on small central hill)
Karajah Dagh in the distance

"The lake of Eregli, otherwise called Ak Gol or Bektik Gol, is at the western extremity of the vast marshy plain, which is itself only a side branch from the great plain of Koniah. The great marshes which surround this lake, especially on the N.E., render it almost impossible to determine its exact dimensions; for often its waters unite with the marsh waters, and form only one narrow sheet, which in its ramifications sometimes reaches the neighbourhood of Bor and Hissar, more than 15 leagues distant from the true basin of the lake. In its normal condition the dimensions of the lake may be as follows:—Circumference, $7\frac{1}{2}$ leagues; greatest length, from east to west 3 leagues; greatest width, 2 leagues; superficies, 4 square leagues. The lake is about 3000 to 3300 feet above the sea; its waters are sweet, but in summer become warm and of a very disagreeable taste."

The day was very lovely, a fine breeze from the N.W. tempered the fierce rays of the sun, and the marble hills presented a surface so easy for walking, that I soon found myself far away from the village and no living creature within sight or hearing. The lonesomeness, and at the same time the singular wildness and beauty of the country make a deep and abiding impression on the mind.

After a long ramble I returned to the village, and proceeded to the site of the sarcophagus; one end of it was uncovered. The villagers had dug a trench alongside of it, about 5 feet deep and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, and into this I descended.

The sarcophagus was discovered about six years ago, by one of the villagers who was sinking a pit for

a corn-store. He came upon it about two feet under the surface of the soil, and when the report of its discovery had been sent to Koniah, and thence to Constantinople, the Government commissioned an European (from the description the villagers gave of him, an Austrian) to examine it. It is truly a fine monument, though not of the purest style; but for size, and richness of ornament it is very remarkable. It is *overloaded* with elaborate ornamentation, but there is some very good work in it, and many of the figures of men and animals are of admirable design and execution. The lid and body are each cut out of a single block of white marble, so pure and of such good quality, that the grain of it is like the finest loaf sugar, and where the villagers had accidentally chipped off a little piece with their spades, it sparkled like the finest Carrara marble. Doubtless the neighbouring hills contain quarries of marble of fine quality.

The sarcophagus lies nearly according to the cardinal points; its dimensions are:—

	ft.	in.
Length of lid	11	6
Breadth of lid	6	3
The portion of sarcophagus laid bare was in height	4	6

But its base must be fully $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet more below ground, and it must have a solid concrete or masonry foundation.

The villagers said, that on the arrival of the European inspector and a Turkish officer, three sides of the sarcophagus were laid bare to the foundation, the remaining side was only opened a litle way down, as it seemed to be quite plain. They were unable to re-

move the lid, but they found that an opening had been already broken through the south side, large enough for a little boy to enter without his clothes.

He found many bones inside, and brought out the skull of one of the persons who had been buried there. The European took one of the teeth, and then replaced the skull. The boy brought out also two glass bottles or jars, each about $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot high. These they broke, but found only something "like ashes" inside them, the remains, no doubt, of some one whose body had been burnt. Drawings were made of the figures, after which, the earth was filled in, and the villagers heard no more of the matter.

I would gladly have caused the whole to be uncovered, but it would have required much time, and a great deal of negotiation. I should have been obliged to arrange for the cost of labour (which would have taken up several hours), and I must have purchased the growing crops of corn, for several square yards about (and this would also have occupied as much time as would suffice to purchase 100,000 quarters of grain in an English market!). Then, too, there was a heavy wall of large loose stones across the west end of the sarcophagus, and the villagers were reluctant to move this, nor did I press them, for fear of some accident. The cost of all this would not have been ruinous, but I could not well spare the time; and even if uncovered, the position of the monument in a deep narrow excavation, would have prevented me from making a satisfactory drawing of it. I decided therefore to remain content with the part already laid bare, to make a drawing of it, so far at least as to give some

idea of this very remarkable monument, and to obtain from the villagers who had seen the whole exposed, as full a description of it as I could. The difficulty of drawing even the side now laid bare was very great. The trench was as deep or deeper than the chin, but so narrow that there was scarcely room to stoop, and I was obliged to guess at many details, by feeling for them; as for proportion or perspective, it was impossible to preserve them. Then, too, time passed quickly, and the curiosity of the villagers was a great impediment; they crowded round the edge of the trench, bringing down on me a quantity of loose earth, and every now and then one would approach a spot where the excavators had piled up a quantity of the large loose stones from the wall. One of these set in motion, and falling into the trench, would have been sufficient to break the bones, or fracture the skull of the unlucky archæologist labouring below; and accordingly I charged my interpreter, as he valued my life, to keep them off from that spot at least; he had great difficulty in doing this; but an opportune shower of rain coming on, off they all went to my great delight, and left the field clear.

On the lid of the sarcophagus and of one piece with it, are two colossal figures, male and female; the male figure, half recumbent, is reclining on the left elbow. Under the outspread left hand is a roll half opened; the right hand and arm embrace the neck of the female, who is leaning on the bosom of her husband, and resting on the left hip. Her right hand is broken off, the left hand holds either a handkerchief, or something resembling it; and the villagers said that below

was the figure of a little child stretching out a hand to grasp the handkerchief. The head of either figure is broken off. The female wears the "stola," with a broad sash across the bosom, and one end hanging from the left shoulder. The male figure is clad in a very voluminously wreathed "toga."

At the corners on the south side of the lid are two erect figures, less than life-size, represented to the middle of the thigh, one male, one female, turned half round, as if regarding each other. The heads of both had been destroyed. Only a portion of the lid could be uncovered for me, in consequence of the heavy stone wall before mentioned, which ran across the feet of these figures. The flat surface of the lid below the figures has a deep projecting cornice; under it is a compartment about a foot in depth, containing figures of men and animals in very high relief, indeed almost detached from the surface of the marble. On the left side of the compartment opened was the figure of a griffin, forming the corner; next, a deer chased by dogs or wolves; one has seized his ear, another one of the hind legs. Next comes a combat between a man armed with shield and lance, and a leopard. The figure of the leopard is admirably rendered; pierced by the lance, he is falling back wounded, but the fore-paw is extended to seize its enemy, and the fierce head is vainly striving to fasten upon the foe; next comes the other corner figure, a man with shield extended, and uplifted arm, about to strike with some kind of weapon. The human figures are inferior to the animal; there is nothing like the beautiful design of the Xanthian marbles; the execution is conventional, the

figures resemble fat boys or stout cupids, rather than men able to fight with wild animals. Below this compartment comes a second, filled with very elaborate ornamentation. Below this second compartment comes the plain bottom of the lid. If the ornamentation on the lid be elaborate, tenfold more so is the ornamentation on the body of the sarcophagus. Egg and acanthus, conch, teeth ornament, wreathed vegetable forms, &c., are there in endless profusion. Yet further below are two figures, male and female, about half life-size, standing one on either side of a sculptured door; they are evidently intended as portraits, but seemed unfinished, or as if the finishing touch had not been given, for the surface of the marble was still somewhat rough. The female wears the stola; she leans her head sadly and pensively against the cornice of the door, and seems to be looking at her husband opposite; her right hand rests upon a bunch of grapes, which is supported by a wreathed column; her hair is very thick, and hangs on one side in massy curls; on the other side a flap of her headdress hangs upon the shoulder. The male figure is represented full face, the expression is grave and serious; he wears no beard, but his thick curly hair is cut short in the Roman style. His toga is wound round him in ample folds, one arm is wrapped in it, the other rests upon the corner of the shelf above the door; under this is a wreathed column. On the outside of this figure, at the corner of the sarcophagus, is a larger wreathed column with rich Corinthian capital, and above it a pilaster richly ornamented. I think that the monument is of the time of the Antonines, but I saw no inscription upon it, nor could the

villagers say whether one existed or not. It is of a declining age of art, being, as I have said, overloaded with ornament, and in many parts of questionable taste. Still it is remarkable, and it is a pity some European museum does not possess it, rather than it should be lying in the moist earth of Lycaonia.

The villagers said that the south side contained six compartments, with representations of combats, between men on horseback, and men with animals; of hunting scenes, &c. There were figures of lions, leopards, bears, elephants (?) (yet they did not seem to recognize the animal by my description), deer, wild boars, dogs in plenty, and of two kinds, greyhounds and common hunting dogs, hares, &c. There was also "a bird like a camel," said one of my informants. He had served in the Crimean war, and had seen at Kertch the picture of one exactly like that on the sarcophagus; this may be the ostrich. All the south side was filled up with similar compartments.

Their account of the west side was more vague, but there too, they said, there were similar scenes, and three bearded figures, busts, and not so large as the figures on the side opened for me. The west side, which had been only opened about half-way down, was plain, having merely the cornice lines upon it.

I could not succeed in making a satisfactory drawing of the sarcophagus, owing to the difficulty of its position, and was obliged to decide by touch what was the form of a great part of it.

June 13*th*.—Left Serpek at 7.50 A.M. The weather was like the finest June weather in England. The air soft and balmy; heavy rain during the night had

refreshed everything, and the corn was literally full of the most beautiful flowers.

Our route was along the base of the marble hills that skirt the southern edge of the plain. Half an hour from Serpek we passed the village of "Kalaat" ("the fort"), on the site of an old town.

The soil of the plain is very rich, and an abundance of huge purple thistles grow all over it. Soon after 9 A.M. we crossed the Devleh river; at the sides of the bridge are some fine slabs and pillars of limestone, and blue marble, and a white marble pedestal, but no inscription. We passed close to the little village of Kara Aghadj; two hours distant to the right on the horizon was Aktcha Shehir, with its tall white minaret conspicuous afar off. As on my journey to Ibreez, the colours of the mountains were remarkably beautiful. One range of hills was of a light red, another lake, almost crimson lake, another reddish grey; one chain of mountains was of deep violet, another beyond indigo, while the distant mountains were of a faint bluish grey.

Here we crossed a high ridge between two marble hills, and another very extensive reach of the great plain opened before us, bounded on the south by low hills, towards which the ground trended away in long undulations of red, yellow, brown, green, and black, over which the shadows of the clouds played, like so many great bands of coloured velvet. As we advanced the vegetation became scanty, the flowers gradually ceased, till there was nothing but a little withered herbage; for there is no water whatever here, and even the heaviest rainfall disappears almost imme-

diately, leaving the chalky soil parched and dry as before.

Animal life was as scanty as vegetable. There was not a living creature, except some beetles in the path, and a few vultures soaring high overhead. Before us, and to all appearance quite close, was a green spot marking the site of Sidevre; but in reality the village was nearly four hours distant, and it looked as if rising from some wide lake, so complete was the mirage. At midday we came to a solitary Turkish tomb, the resting place of a certain Hadji Ahmed. It bore the date of the Hejra 1232 = A.D. 1815; a few lines of poetry followed the man's name, but no further record. As I halted I could not help speculating, "How did he die, that his friends buried him in this lonely spot? Did he meet with a violent death here?"—1815 was a troublous time all the world over—"or did he end life's pilgrimage peacefully?" There is nothing to tell; only his name and the date are written; but his last resting place is quiet enough, and not likely to be ever disturbed. A few yards beyond is a large ancient sarcophagus, the plaster still adhering to the interior of it. Both old and new proclaimed Death's universal sway!

We had now reached the level portion of the plain; it extended in front five or six hours more to Karaman, and nearly as far northwards to the very foot of Kara Dagh, which rose from it abruptly, as some rocky island from the sea. But between us and the mountain lay an immense and impassable marsh, into which all the waters of the district drain; but this could not be seen from the low ground on which we

were, for the whole plain is here level as a billiard table.

Looking back I saw the spot where we had crossed the marble ridge. It seemed quite close, although we had been riding without a halt, and at a fast pace, for nearly five hours. Far back beyond that, and now fading in the distance, was the great snow range of Bulghar Dagh; yet so clear was the atmosphere, that I could still distinguish the deep ravines in the mountain side, in one of which was Ibreez.

As we approached Sidevre, cultivation gradually reappeared. Large herds of cattle covered the plain; either the people had not suffered such heavy losses as their neighbours, or they have replaced what they had lost. We met two Armenian drovers with a herd of fine cattle, which they had bought on speculation, for sale to the villages farther east, and they told my interpreter they had been very successful, and had made a good profit.

We reached Sidevre at about 2 P.M. It is a large village of mud-brick houses, faced with a plaster of clay mixed with fine straw.

Many fine hewn stones and blocks of marble, with a few columns, were lying in the streets, and I observed a few inscriptions, but all were obliterated and illegible. The people did not seem inclined to be hospitable. We needed a shelter from the blazing sun, and some grass for our horses, but though many of the villagers passed us after we had dismounted and were waiting in the street, no one invited us to enter a house; and though payment was offered several times, it was long before we could induce anyone to bring a few bundles of grass.

The mukhtar of the village was sent for, but refused to come; evidently we were unwelcome visitors! Our cavass gave the villagers a bad character; they were "all thieves, cattle-lifters, and horse-stealers," they were "fena adam, keuteu," &c. ("bad people, vicious," &c.). But I imagine that the real reason of their inhospitality was fear; seeing a cavass with us, they fancied they would be obliged to feed men and horses gratis. In this season of scarcity it is no slight thing to be obliged to find food for a number of hungry men and horses, and even our repeated offers of money failed to overcome their distrust.

We could not, however, remain out in the sun, and our cavass forced open the door of the best empty house at hand, no very difficult thing in Turkey. We entered, and began to eat some of our own bread and the excellent Serpek butter we had brought. Presently a man came in, went up to the fireplace, but scarcely looked at us, and said not a word of welcome. Then he withdrew, and just as we were preparing to start, the master of the house appeared, and "Khoosh geldinez," "You are welcome!" was at last uttered; to which I replied, "Khoosh boulămădĭk effendim," "We have not found ourselves welcome, sir!" He pressed me to stay and take coffee, but I declined his offer, and would not remain.

Certainly the faces of the men we saw were not prepossessing, but under the circumstances I may not have been an impartial judge. We heard at Karaman that in the good times before the famine this village was very hospitable, but like all the villagers round, these people had lost almost every-

thing. I noticed one extremely fine fellow amongst the bystanders. His complexion was of a deep rich coffee colour, his eyes black as coals, his features remarkably handsome, but his whole expression fierce and truculent. I think he was a Keurdt. He squatted on the ground with his sheepskin mantle around him, the red leather lining outside, and did not remove his eyes from me till I left. I confess that I should not desire to meet him out on the plain, or in the mountain, when alone!

Left Sidevre at 3 P.M. In half an hour passed the pretty hamlet of Yemasoon. Just beyond Yemasoon a wolf started up before us, but speedily trotted out of sight. The green gardens, citadel and hill of Karaman, were now before us. The limestone hill outside the town is covered by a vast cemetery, which looks strangely disproportionate to the place, but this is a usual feature in Oriental towns. We passed over an extensive marsh, and at 6.30, after having been eight hours and a half in the saddle, entered the town, which looked very pretty, being full of orchards and gardens, and surrounded by a district rich in splendid crops of grain, now ready for the sickle.

While at Eregli we had been recommended to go to an Armenian khan, called the Patawan khan, but it proved to be so wretched and out of the way, that I would not stop there, and rode back to a khan I had observed on the open piazza, which serves as the market-place of Karaman. Here we found a clean and comfortable room. No sooner had we alighted than we were visited by a merchant of the place, to

whom our friend Mr. Mavromati, the Greek merchant of Mersina, had recommended us. He was an elderly man, with the placid and dignified air so often to be seen amongst the natives of this country; a Muslim, but of Greek descent, having been brought from the Morea when quite a little child by one of the Osmanli soldiers. After a few minutes' conversation he retired, according to the etiquette of the country, and soon sent in some mattresses and cushions, and fine "killim" carpets, to make our room comfortable. A little later an excellent dinner was brought to us from his house. It consisted of five dishes, light and palatable, but far more than we required. The name of our kind friend is "Hadji Mohammed Chelebi Effendi Morales," but he is generally known as Chelebi Effendi.

June 14*th.*—Rose at daybreak. Visited the kaimakam in company with Chelebi Effendi. I am evidently an object of much curiosity and interest, but everyone is perfectly polite. It seems that European travellers are extremely rare. Some eight years ago two Europeans came to Karaman, but they were only buyers of walnut wood; a real travelling Effendi is most uncommon here.

The kaimakam received me with extreme courtesy; indeed I have everywhere experienced the greatest courtesy and kindness from the Osmanli officials. After a long conversation we retired, and he sent a cavass to show me the objects of interest in the town. We started accordingly at about 11 A.M. The sun was intensely hot, still the air was cool and light, unlike the air of Egypt or Cilicia. Karaman contains about

1000 houses with a population of between 4000 and 5000, but this estimate is altogether uncertain. There are only about 100 Christain houses, but many Greek and Armenian traders, chiefly from Kaisariyeh, resort to it. Our khan, the Yeni khan (half the khans in Turkey are called "yeni," "new!"), was full of them.

The "Roumlis," or people of Kaisariyeh, have a miserably poor country, and are therefore obliged to emigrate; they are found in every part of Turkey, but they always leave their families at home, and the greater part of the population of Kaisariyeh consists of the wives and families of these men, who are seeking a livelihood away from their native place. They are excessively parsimonious, manage to live on astonishingly little, and are beyond measure shrewd and sharp in business; so that (as I was told) "there are no Jews in Kaisariyeh," they cannot compete with the natives! I give this statement as it was made to me.

The town is upon a long low hill, rising on the edge of the great plain, and the older portion clusters thickly around the citadel, which is on the highest part of the hill. For the small number of inhabitants, Karaman is extremely extensive, every part of it being full of gardens, with abundance of trees, especially poplars, which here as at Eregli grow luxuriantly, and form one of the chief features in the landscape; the soil, a cream-coloured clay, is well watered by numerous branches from the river.

Very few of the houses are of wood, and I saw none of stone, the material almost universally employed being

mud-brick, faced with a plaster of clay and "saman" (chopped straw), and almost the only timber used is poplar. The streets are paved with large rounded limestones, polished smooth by long traffic; down the middle of each street runs the gutter. Of course there is no drainage, and the general condition of the place is filthy in the extreme. Every garden, and all the cornfields, &c., in the neighbourhood of the town, are enclosed with walls of mud-brick; one may walk for hours through dead walls of such bricks, but the gardens they enclose are full of finely grown trees, and every now and then charming bits of scenery occur. There are two beautiful ranges of mountains near the city, Kara Dagh and Bozallah Dagh, besides other distant and less lofty ranges. The plain, with its rich colouring and luxuriant crops, and the grand old citadel, dismantled and ruinous, with its background of mountains, all contribute to render Karaman one of the most picturesque places I have seen. And I had the good fortune to visit it in the finest season of the year.

The houses of the town are picturesque, and so are the people. The market-place in front of our khan, with its motley groups of traffickers, offered many a fine study of figures, though there is not perhaps such a variety of dress, &c., as at Adana. In nearly every street there is a fountain, often of very picturesque construction, and the water supply is abundant.

The extensive bazaars are now half deserted. They consist of rows of small shops built of mud-brick and poplar timber. But a large part of the town, even close to the bazaar, is in ruin; the houses

falling, their roofs of timber, covered with straw and earth above it, falling in, or the timber has been removed; a large part of the population either died in 1873–4, or has emigrated to Koniah and Adana, for the suffering here also was great, although less than in the district around Kaisariyeh.

The climate is certainly not healthy (in Chelebi Effendi's judgment it is "orta," i. e. "middling"), but no doubt much of the insalubrity of the place is due to the want of cleanliness. Karaman, however, is less damp, and therefore less unhealthy than Eregli. Its position is more favourable, being built on the declivities of the hill, and the ample supply of good water is also in its favour. But in spite of these advantages malarious fever is very common, owing to the great marshes near the town. The hottest season is at the end of July; but even now, although the sun is very powerful, the air is cool in the shade, and at night even cold, and the water has a pleasant freshness. At all seasons, sudden variations of temperature occur, and are most dangerous. In winter the cold is excessive; the snow lies for a space of three to four months, sometimes one, two, or even three feet deep; I wonder how the people protect themselves against it. Their houses are wretched and comfortless, their dress poor, their diet insufficient, yet they look strong and healthy. At present there is a great amount of poverty, at every few steps one is accosted by people begging, principally women and children. I am told it used not to be so formerly, but these are the victims of 1873–4.

The former importance of Karaman is evident, from

the number and beauty of its mosques. Some of them are very interesting, although deserted and fast falling to utter ruin. The cavass whom the kaimakam had sent to me showed most of them, and I entered all that are now forsaken, and such was the friendliness of the people, that I think no objection would have been made had I wished to visit those still in use. The first mosque I saw was the Valideh Tekkesi, a modern edifice, under the charge of the dervishes of Beshiktash. Next we came to Hadji Bey Oglou Jamasi; this is in complete ruin, but its arched entrance and the carved wooden pillars in front of it are fine specimens of Seljook art. The next was the Khatouniat Jamasi, ruined and disused. In great part this mosque was built of ancient remains, amongst them are several fine antique columns, supporting side arches. The mosque had been vaulted, but all has fallen in, excepting the end, which is used as a school for the Turkish children of the neighbourhood. There are two fine doorways in the interior, and the outer gateway is a perfect gem of art, so beautiful are its arabesques and intricate carvings! About half of it is of the finest white marble, the rest of hard limestone, but the upper part is imperfect. Above the arch is a long and most elaborate inscription; but my interpreter, though a learned Arabic scholar, could only read the latter portion of it, the letters of which it is composed being interlaced in the most perplexing way. The portion he succeeded in deciphering runs thus:—

"Fy ayàm dawlat el Emìr el kebỳr el mùàiyyed, el muzàffar —'àla ed dỳniă w' ed dỳn—Khalìl ibn Màhmoud ibn Karaman

—khàlad Allah mùlkhu—Khatouniat Sultàn bint Mouràd (ibn Orkhan) ibn Athmàn Khan.

"Fy̆ Sènāāt telàthat wă tămănĭeèn wă sàbaa màiàt."

"In the days of the reign of the great Emir, the Aided (of God), the Victorious — the Exalted in the World and in the Faith—Khalil, son of Mahmoud, son of Karaman—may Allah perpetuate his rule — the Imperial Princess Khatouniat — daughter of Murad (son of Orkhan), son of Athman Khan (built this).

"In the year seven hundred and eighty three." *

Equivalent to about A.D. 1382.

On two projecting tablets, one on each side above the gate, are the names probably of the architects.

"Khowàja Ahmed Naaman" (Khoja is now the usual term).

"Ahmed Maroura."

But these names form only a part of the inscriptions, which are excessively obscure from their elaborate interlacing.

Next we visited the citadel. It is on the crest of the hill, about 300 feet above the plain, and is built of hewn blocks of red and yellow limestone. It consists of a number of towers, round, square, and polygonal, with connecting walls, and there are remains of an exterior wall. The houses of the town, half of

* The Turks give the title of Sultan to princesses of the Imperial family, but the title always follows the proper name. In the case of a Sultan the title always precedes, e. g. Sultan Abd-el-Azìz. This princess, daughter of Sultan Mourad I., was married to the Emir of Karaman. But during Mourad's absence from Brusa, on the campaign which added Thrace and Adrianople to the Osmanli Empire, the Karamanians invaded his dominions. The Sultan hastened to resist this aggression. On the plain of Dorylæum the Karamanians were defeated, and their prince taken prisoner. But the entreaties of his daughter whom Mourad loved, induced him to spare his son-in-law, and even to restore to him his dominions, an instance of generosity extremely rare in the history of the Osmanli Sultans. Hammer Purgstall names this Princess Nefiseh, and the Prince Ala-ed-deen.

them now in ruin, cluster close around the inner wall. On searching for inscriptions I found some in Turkish, but none in Greek. From the citadel hill whole quarters of the town are visible in a ruined state, indeed most of the houses in this part of the town are deserted; for a large part of the population died of hunger in 1874, or whilst endeavouring to escape to Koniah and Adana. (Some even died of starvation in this spring of 1875—it is the same sad tale everywhere!). When once a wall of mud-brick begins to give way, it is very difficult to repair, and a house of this material if neglected or untenanted speedily falls to decay. Then a few years reduce all to a shapeless mass of earth.

The view over the plain extends to a great distance, up to the foot of Kara Dagh on one side, and Bozallah Dagh on the other. The river is at some distance, but many branches of it are brought into the town. As at Eregli, this river also is lost in a great marsh, lying in the middle of the plain, between Sidevre and Kara Dagh. In the winter and during heavy rains this marsh is probably connected with Ak Gol and its series of lakes, but we did not cross the plain sufficiently to the north to form any definite opinion on this point.

Next we visited Emir Moussa Jamasi, another ruined mosque, now used only as a place for pilgrimage. It is vaulted with stone, and had a stone cupola, which has fallen in. Ten antique columns still support the arches on which the cupola stood. I observed in the floor of the mosque a number of tombstones with the cross still plainly visible upon them.

It is strange that the Muslim builders had not defaced the emblem. A tall round minaret of yellow limestone, and encircled by fine arabesque ornaments, is still erect, but in a very ruinous condition.

From this we went to the mosque and tomb of Karaman Oglou, situated in a garden which is traversed by a branch of the stream, and embosomed in fine trees. Its minaret is similar in style to the last, and besides some very pretty arabesques, a number of painted tiles are inserted in the masonry, having below them a chequer-work of black basalt blocks. Around the "kibleh" * the wall is inlaid with fine porcelain tiles, in blue, green, and gilding. I believe these are brought from Persia, but a similar tile is still made at Kutayiah.

The finest portion of the mosque is, however, the great door, of exquisite design and workmanship, and of this I took a careful paper impression. It is a double door made of walnut wood. The height of the carved portion is 9 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. Breadth of each leaf of the door 3 feet $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

It is wrought in compartments, but the arabesques in each compartment are varied, though similar to the corresponding compartment in the other leaf. In the upper compartments are the following words; on the right side, "Ya bina maftùhhà li man dàchala," "O building, open to everyone who entereth (it);" on the left, "Malina mubàhh li man àkala," "Our possessions are permitted (i.e. free) to everyone who eateth (of them)." In a small compartment in the

* The point in the mosque towards which the Muslim turns in prayer. It is in the direction of Mecca.

middle of the door is the following, "Àamal el hadj Àmer ibn Elias ila el Karaman Hanem," "The pilgrim Amer, son of Elias, made (this) for the Lady of Karaman." (The last word, however, (Hànem) was much obliterated, and my interpreter was not certain about it. But supposing his reading of it to be correct, this lady was probably the foundress of the Khatouniat Jamasi.)

I was much pleased with this beautiful mosque, and with the courtesy of the dervish who was in charge of it.

I was next taken to Bina Jamasi, a tekkieh or monastery of modern construction, but already fast falling to ruin. There is nothing remarkable in it. A large domed room is attached to it, once used as a lecture room for the disciples of the chief moollah. In the middle of the room is a raised wooden divan round a flowing fountain.

Next I saw Pasha Jamasi. It has a very elegant minaret of sixteen sides, with stalactite ornaments under the muezzin's gallery.

There were other mosques, but I had seen enough; the heat of the sun was very great, and I therefore dismissed my cavass.

Of Laranda, the ancient city on the site of which Karaman stands, I saw but few relics; a few pieces of broken columns, one or two sarcophagi, the base of a column of white marble; such were all the antiquities that fell under my observation. I neither saw nor heard of any inscriptions; even the cemeteries do not show any antique remains. The old city has been used up to supply materials for the many mosques,

the citadel, and the walls of the town, which still in great part remain. A great number of antique coins and engraved gems were offered to me for sale, but few were of the least value, and the price demanded was so high as to be even amusing.

I retain very pleasing recollections of my stay in Eregli and Karaman. Everyone was kind and courteous, from our friend Chelebi Effendi, who did all in his power to make my stay agreeable, and every evening sent us in an excellent supper from his own kitchen, to the khanji, Simeon, who was most attentive, and moreover took admirable care of my horses. Being a Greek of Kaisariyeh, it was but natural that his charge should be somewhat extravagant, but in the end we came to an amicable arrangement.

I rambled alone about the town and its neighbourhood, and never experienced the least rudeness or annoyance, nay, I never heard even a rude word, and I must say that nothing could exceed the quiet, orderly behaviour of the people. On the last day of my stay I was making a sketch of the castle in an out-of-the-way lane. Every now and then one or two boys or a man would stop and quietly look on, but never intrusively. Even the stately old Turks who passed would bid me "Akhshàm" or "Sabàhh khair olsoun," "Good evening," or "Good morning." Several times I even received the "Es salaam aleykoum," "Peace be with you!" a salutation which in Egypt or in Syria a Muslim never by any chance addresses to a Christian.

To face page 300.

Stanford's Geogl Estabt

KARAMAN
Kara Dagh in the distance

CHAPTER XII.

LYSTRA. KESTEL. MAUGA. MOUT.

June 16*th*.—We started for an excursion to Kara Dagh, to visit the ruins at Maden Shehir, which the people of the country call the "Bin bir kilissé" (Thousand and one churches), and of which they think very highly. A zaptieh and a letter from the kaimakam to the Mukhtar of Maden Shehir were procured, but we could not start till nearly ten o'clock, and the heat of the day was excessive, though tempered out on the plain by a fresh breeze. For about five miles from the town the plain was covered with a luxuriant harvest, and the brilliant hues of the great beds of flowers in every direction were most beautiful.

On the way our zaptieh, who was a chatty, sociable fellow, told me his history. He had been obliged to enter the service of the Government as a zaptieh, because all his property had been lost in the winter of 1873–4. He had a flock of 150 goats, and to find food for them he had sold little by little everything he had in the world. But all was of no use, they all died, and being thus reduced to utter destitution he became a zaptieh. He had a wife and one child at Koniah, of which he is a native. On leaving them he had borrowed a few piastres for their support, but he had been unable to send them anything, as for two months he had received no pay whatever. When ordered to

go with us he told the kaimakam that he could not, his horse required to be shod, and he had not a piastre to pay for it; he had not the means even to buy bread on the journey for himself, and was ashamed to ask me for payment till the end of the journey. After considerable delay he extracted from the authorities the magnificent sum of eleven piastres (not quite 2*s.*).

This little fact shows to what miserable straits the provincial Government is reduced.

Our route lay under the bare volcanic precipices of Kara Dagh, and after about three hours' ride we halted at the village of Kilbassen. The people brought us to the "strangers' room," and soon the principal villagers came to visit us. The account they gave of the state of their village was truly touching. Formerly it contained 206 inhabited houses, now only 100 are inhabited. Some few of the missing villagers may return, but they know that most died either at Koniah or Adana. They possessed 48,000 sheep and goats, of which only about 400 are left. Of 500 oxen, 100 are left; of 900 calves, 25 remain; of 400 cows, about the same number. They feared that before the new harvest became ripe they would lose yet thirty or forty of their people. There is still a very little flour left in about a dozen houses, and this is sparingly doled out by the possessors. The new grain will not be ripe for nearly a month yet, but the people have already begun to eat the unripe grain. I asked how the people contrived to support life, and was told that a few cows and goats still remained; the little milk they produced was used as a soup, and such herbs and grasses as

could be eaten were cooked with it. Of course many cannot obtain half enough even of this wretched food. They also made a kind of cake of a little meal, with cooked mallows, wild artichoke, mountain spinach, and any other edible herbs they could find. They showed me some of it, and I brought away a specimen. But they suffer grievously, and many had died of dysentery in consequence. Some poor little children were brought for me to see, whose faces and limbs were swollen through this unnatural diet, or from some deleterious herb. Some of the worst cases had been taken to Karaman, and shown to the governor, but no assistance had been given.

I left these people what money I could spare from the supply I had taken for our excursion, and about a year afterwards heard from an English friend who visited their village that it had been of great service to them, and had just enabled them to tide over the worst.

Unfortunately the Government has no bowels of compassion for the poor people. When my friend visited the place in June, 1876, the taxes were being collected. In prosperous times Kilbassen used to pay about 150,000 piastres per year, and the same amount was still demanded. The villagers were selling their houses and land, for no remission could be obtained, and there was present an Armenian, one of those human jackals who follow the steps of the tax-gatherers. He was always near to offer a miserable price for the victim's land or other property. The same process is being repeated all over this district. The claims

of a rapacious and needy Government, force the impoverished landholder to sell his property; and unless the head of the village can command some resources, there is no buyer except such men as this Armenian; and thus it often happens that an unfortunate debtor is obliged to sell his property at one-fifth its value. In this way the land is rapidly changing hands, and coming into the possession of the Greeks and Armenians, who are perfectly aware of the importance of this fact, and are endeavouring to buy up all the real property possible.

The zaptieh sent from Karaman had brought an order to the villagers to pay up all Government claims within twenty-four hours! Under such a system it is not surprising that the Turkish population diminishes; in some parts of the province this has occurred to the extent, I was told, of 60 per cent. of their former numbers, although this terrible diminution was chiefly caused by the great famine. But when once a Turkish village is ruined or depopulated, it seems never able to recover; especially has this been the case during the last ten years. During the famine year the Muslims throughout the district sold all they had to obtain food—amongst other things, even their arms—and the Greek and Armenian usurers often bought these, and the land also, for a trifling quantity of grain!

We left Kilbassen at about two o'clock, still continuing along the base of the Kara Dagh. At about half an hour's distance from the village is the site of an extensive ancient town, but only heaps of roughly hewn stones remain. The guide, however, pointed

out one on which is rudely and faintly carved the following:—

ΑΓΑΘΟCΑΠΝΕCΧΑΤΟC
ΤΩΝΑΒΕΑΔΩΝΕΓΕΝΕ
ΤΟΠΡΩΤΟC

"Agathos, the lowest of all, became the first of the Abeadæ." The inscription is of some little interest as giving the name of the town.

After passing the ruins of several villages we turned up into the mountain by a deep ravine on the left. The climate here is quite that of a yaila; there is rich vegetation, grass, and an infinite variety of flowers. I observed many English trees and plants, amongst them much mistletoe growing on the wild pear tree. Birds of many kinds abounded, and the warbling of the thrush was heard in every direction. Kara Dagh is only wooded on this portion (the S.E.). The centre of the great plain east from Kilbassen is occupied by an immense marsh; its outline could be traced very distinctly, the water in the midst of it being edged with deep green vegetation; Serpek was plainly visible.

At half-past six we reached Maden Shehir, and the mukhtar, in obedience to the kaimakam's letter, received us well, but the villagers are said to be naturally hospitable. Scarcely were we seated when about half-a-dozen women came up unveiled, and all in their best dresses. It seems that a girl of the place was betrothed to a man in another village, and these women had come to bring her a present, a silken veil, a fine yorghan, and other things. Some of the women who had come were really good-looking; one wore a large gold medal at her throat. They did not

wear veils, but simply turned away the head when they observed a stranger looking at them. Our host's daughter, a girl of about sixteen years of age, tripped past several times. She was dressed in wide trousers of deep blue satin, a jacket of crimson satin, a Syrian sash round her waist, and a yellow silk kerchief on the head. She wore a quantity of gold coin round her head and neck; other coins were fastened in the many long plaits of hair that hung down over her shoulders. Evidently she had got herself up to do honour to her visitors. Later in the evening the sound of music began to be heard. Besides the usual shepherd's pipe, which has a high though sometimes pleasing note, I heard a deep bass flute, and this was the only occasion on which I heard it.

It is strange how trifles sometimes remain impressed upon the memory, and often when thinking of this beautiful country I recall the pleasure with which I used to hear this rustic music. Often when shepherd and flock were hardly visible, far up on the green mountain side, the cheerful notes would float faintly on the air, and the whole flock would begin to move and follow their master.

Our host was rich and owned much land around the mountain; he seemed a kind but somewhat rough person, more like an Egyptian fellahh than a Turk. He told us he had three wives, and twenty-one children had been born to him, of whom only six were now living. A villager, however rich he may be, takes a wife merely as a servant to look after his cattle and his household affairs. She is a toiling slave, and of course many of her children die. Our host remem-

bered seeing several European travellers. Usually one visited the place every eight or nine years. He remembered especially the visit of one, an Englishman. This was many years ago when he was quite a boy, and from the mukhtar's age I thought it might have been Hamilton.

There was the usual tale to be told about the loss of flocks. Out of his whole flock our host had only twenty left, for although he managed to provide sufficient food for them, they perished from the intense cold. One of his neighbours owned 600 goats, but only five survived, and he, too, had provided food enough. The loss was the greater as the hair of these goats, though not equal in quality to that of the Angora goat, is still very fine.

Maden Shehir consists of sixty to seventy houses, scattered about amidst the wide-spread ruins of the old city, a vast accumulation of loose blocks of trachyte, almost buried in grass, flowers, and rich vegetation. Most of the churches and public buildings are built of hewn stones of red and grey trachyte, from the neighbouring mountain; the materials of the houses are roughly-shaped blocks, placed together without cement. The want of wood is in a measure compensated by the rich pasturage and vegetation which cover the mountain slopes, even thus late in the season. I remarked here a larger variety of flowers than in any single spot I had visited, and the number and variety of birds was also remarkable. The position of the village—facing the north, in a ravine between two outlying spurs of the mountain, which partially shelter it both from the rising and setting sun—has much to do with this.

The villagers had suffered from the famine, but not so severely as many of their neighbours. Fifteen of their number had died of hunger, and many more of diseases resulting from improper and insufficient diet; dysentery was still prevailing, and very fatal. But the Government had given them substantial help. Three kilehs of grain per head had been distributed, even the children receiving their portion. Seed corn had been given, and even oxen offered; but they were not needed, as the oxen of the village had escaped, although the sheep and goats had almost entirely perished. The people here confirmed the sad account given to us by the poor villagers of Kilbassen.

We slept on the terrace of our host's house, and found the night air so cold that all the coverings we had, scarcely sufficed to keep us warm.

June 17th.—Rose at daybreak, and started to visit the many ruined churches in the place. The villagers said there were forty-eight, but I think the estimate exaggerated. There may be from twenty-five to thirty, which are evidently churches, of the strangest and most dissimilar style, although some are of excellent plan and execution. They are in better preservation than any other ruins I have yet seen in Karamania.

The old city seems to have been a great monastic or ecclesiastic settlement, and this is very probably the site of Lystra. But I noticed only one inscription; it was on the wall of one of the churches, and was illegible, and there did not appear to be a single fragment of marble or granite in the place, so that more careful investigation than I could give would be requisite before pronouncing on this point.

I subjoin a description of a few of the more remarkable ruins :—

(1) An octagonal tower, with three projecting chapels and a projecting ante-chapel or porch. In the upper part of the tower are small arched windows, one in each side. The arrangement of the windows below is, three in the vaulted apse at the east, two at the N.W. and S.W. angles of the octagon. There are three doors, two small on north and south, one large on the west. The roofs of these chapels and of the tower are stone cupolas. Below the roof of the tower there had been a false ceiling; some of its rafters still remain, projecting from the wall inside, in a circular form. Our guide said that he had once mounted and sawn off one of them. They were of "ketràn" wood, and the beam he had sawn was still sound and in good condition. The masonry of this building was excellent, consisting of large stones closely fitted together with a small quantity of cement.

The other churches near were of different plan, but of similar materials.

Near it are some masonry tombs, and some sarcophagi. One of the tombs is built of great hewn stones, measuring 12 feet 3 inches by 2 feet 10½ inches, and in breadth 1 foot 5 inches. The interior has a large shelf running round it, and is lighted by two windows, very small and narrow outside and widening within, and it had a small square entrance; the roof consisted of a series of great slabs, 12 to 14 feet long. In riding higher up into the mountain to visit another great mass of ruins, we passed a church of very strange form, built upon an eminence about 400 feet above the village.

It consisted of a stone vaulted apse, having attached to it a pentagonal screen on arches; outside this is an exterior wall, with small arched windows, and the space enclosed between this and the interior screen is in two stories, which have small square windows looking inwards. This outer wall forms a figure of thirteen sides, the great west door being in the thirteenth side. There is a small door to the north of the large door, and just below the cupola of the apse are four small square windows which give light to the interior. The masonry is very good.

High up upon the lower peak of the mountain are the very considerable remains of a monastery, and five or six churches attached to it. They consist of solid masonry vaults, covering the apses, but the arches and most of the other vaulting have fallen.

They appear to have been in connection with the churches at Maden Shehir, for at several places in the mountain, along the road, are similar chapels. I saw no inscription, except one over the apse arch of one of these churches. It was very roughly cut, with the cross in the centre of the arch.

* * * * ΕΥΧΗΙΝ * * * * * *
* * * * * ΕΥΧΗΔΟΜΕΤΙΟΥ

At this elevation the air and climate are extremely fine, but Kara Dagh scarcely contains a single spring, and, like the monks in the olden time, the inhabitants depend for their supply of water on rain collected in the old cisterns. These are very large and numerous,

many being still in use. Near the top of the mountain my horse ran away, and narrowly escaped tumbling into one of these cisterns, the mouth of which was hidden and almost closed by a mass of herbage and bushes. As we were returning towards Maden Shehir, two old Turks—brothers, and singularly alike in feature—came out from a hamlet above the village, and invited me to halt at their house and drink some "kenger" coffee. This is the roasted berry of a large species of thistle, which grows wild in the mountains of Karamania. It forms a tolerable substitute for coffee, and the decoction made with it has a bitter aromatic flavour. Our two friends wore green turbans of the old-fashioned style, descending in heavy folds over the temples, and low down on either side of the face. They showed me a huge antique vessel of earthenware, which they had found when digging in order to lay the foundations of their house. They use it as a cistern, and it must contain a very large quantity of water; for its brim was as high as my shoulder, and it was of a wide bulbous shape.

We left Maden Shehir at 3 P.M., and reached Kilbassen in two hours and a half. Here we halted to obtain some grass for our horses; but at first none of the villagers would take the trouble to bring it; then they sent two boys to cut some of the unripe barley. We waited an hour and a half, but nothing was brought. At last, thoroughly disgusted, I caused the horses to be saddled, and prepared to start. Then, somewhat ashamed of their inhospitality, several of them went out, and in a few minutes brought a load of grass. At 8.30 P.M. we started for Karaman.

The ride across the plain by moonlight was very pleasant.

I found the air even cold at night on this elevated plateau, after the powerful sun in daytime. As before, during our night march from Adana, I noticed the singing of the birds, especially of larks, during the moonlight. We reached Karaman a little before midnight.

I was detained at Karaman till July 20th, from want of the means of transport. It was very difficult to obtain a "souriji," as nearly everybody was busied with the harvest, and all the horses were required; even the police could not help me for some time. At last a man came to offer his services. He was of extraordinary bodily strength and stature, but with a voice like a hoarse whisper, in consequence of an illness, contracted, as he told me, in the following manner:—

Some ten or twelve years ago, he had been employed to drive to Mersina a number of camels, carrying wheat, which belonged to the Kadi of Karaman.

The season was late autumn, a most treacherous time, for although the days then are often very fine, and the passes open, no reliance whatever can be placed upon the weather, and sudden snowstorms are always to be dreaded in these elevated regions.

He had taken the route of the Dumbelek Pass, and when about half-way through it a heavy fall of snow came on just before nightfall. With very great difficulty he had unloaded his camels, and caused them to lie down together, so as to secure as much warmth

and shelter as possible. Then, all panting and perspiring with his exertions, he had gone to drink at a spring hard by. But while stooping over the ice-cold water, he became sensible that his voice had suddenly broken; and though he had, after long illness, partially recovered it, he was never again so strong as before.

"Before that time," he said, proudly, "I should not have feared to encounter any two men! No three men could have thrown me to the ground!"

We found him a simple, good-natured, and obliging fellow. It seems that when he heard of the route we intended to take he was anxious to be engaged, as we should pass by a village where a girl lived whom he was about to marry.

I was amused at the distrust of us he showed at first, and my interpreter only secured him by persuading him to give his turban as a pledge that he would not disappoint me.

I might have been detained many days had not this man come forward.

Peasants are not allowed to go from one vilayet into another without permission. It was necessary, therefore, to obtain a passport for him, as the man expressed his willingness to go with us, even to Smyrna, if we thought fit.

Accordingly, my interpreter called on the kaimakam for that purpose, and returned to me with news which, for the moment, somewhat troubled me.

He had found the kaimakam's divan full of an excited crowd of villagers, come to beg assistance against a band of brigands, who had committed many

depredations, and even several murders, in the country round Bozallah Dagh, to the west of Karaman. The kaimakam had promised to send a small detachment of troops, and had given the villagers authority to pursue and slay the brigands wherever they might find them.

On my sending Nahli again to inquire if it would be safe for me, under such circumstances, to travel in that direction, the kaimakam replied, "he had no doubt that in a few days the marauders would be either killed or obliged to fly the country." He could not, however, answer absolutely for my safety, nor could he spare me more than one cavass; but he gave me an order on the villages in his district, to provide, should I require it, an armed escort of five or six villagers, from one halting place to another, whom, of course, I was to pay for their trouble. He warned me at the same time, that the people thereabouts had a very indifferent character for hospitality, that they were unruly and lawless, and I must look sharply after my horses.

To a certain extent I found all this to be the case; indeed, without the support of a Government cavass, I could scarcely have traversed that district at all. But the people were certainly better than their reputation.

June 20th.—Left Karaman at 9.20 A.M. I had intended to go through the western portion of ancient Isauria, a part of Karamania almost unknown and unvisited, and then, after exploring the sites of Isaura, Oroanda, Pednelissus, Selge, and the other cities in the valley of the Eurymedon, to pass through Lycia,

onwards to Smyrna. The season, it was true, was far advanced, the heat great, and travelling in the plains difficult, and even unsafe, on account of the increasing malaria. But once in Lycia, a district with which I was already acquainted, I could better calculate how many days would be required to reach Smyrna, and most of the route would lie through healthy highland districts.

It will be seen that unlooked-for obstacles forced me to abandon the project, to my extreme regret.

The hills to the south of Karaman are rocky heights of chalk and limestone, and are almost without vegetation at this season; but the roads across them are very easy. Far on our left rose the bare conical summit of Mount Mighail, and a very wide extent of downs, stretching to the horizon in all directions, lay beneath our eyes when we reached the highest ridge of hills at 11.45 A.M. Just at this place the road to the sea-coast by Kara Tash Yaila, branches off on the left towards Mount Mighail.

At 12.15 P.M. we came suddenly to a deep ravine, a cleft in the limestone strata. At the bottom of the ravine was a long, winding valley, watered by a considerable stream, well cultivated, and full of silvery waving corn, and fruit trees, interspersed with copses of oak, walnut, poplar, and a kind of willow, sweet-scented and full of long, sharp thorns. It was one of the usual contrasts, so charming in Asia Minor. The sides of the ravine were great walls and projecting ledges of limestone rock, of a deep red, almost vermilion, gradually changing to a crumbling yellow sandstone, full of caverns. The little side ravines,

down which springs and rivulets flowed from the plateau above, were full of trees and herbage, and re-echoed with the warbling of the thrush and several other singing birds.

At 1.30 P.M. we were obliged by a heavy thunder-storm to halt at the village of Geuèzz, and take shelter in the house of the mukhtar. It is a curious little place, near the upper end of the ravine, built at the side of a high precipice of deep red limestone. Its houses are partly under the beetling brow of the rock, partly formed out of the caves, both large and numerous, with which the whole rock is honeycombed. We had passed, a little lower down the ravine, a similar place, but deserted, which Ali, our souriji, told us had been the stronghold of a rebel Dere Bey, of some note, about a century before. Geuèzz was probably inhabited, and its caverns used as a burial place, long before Christian times. The villagers, however, could give no information as to the site of any ancient city in the neighbourhood. The labour and cost of hewing these galleries and chambers in the hard limestone must have been very great, and we were told that there were several series of chambers, all connected by galleries. The mukhtar took us through his hareèm, in order to show us one of the galleries. We were obliged to crawl on hands and knees for a considerable distance, and then reached a large chamber, about 10 feet in height, and half full of wheat, from which a very regularly cut shaft, like a well, ran up perpendicularly through the solid rock. It had steps, or rather foot-holes, cut in the sides, by which to ascend and descend, and our guide said he

had made the ascent twice. The shaft was about 150 feet deep, and at its top was another large system of rock chambers. He said that within his recollection no European had ever visited this place.

The thunderstorm was so violent that he strongly urged us to remain, saying that the ravine above the village soon became so narrow as only to leave space for the water of the stream, and we should find this unfordable until next morning. Accordingly, we stayed, and found his house tolerably clean and comfortable. But I was suffering from a slight attack of fever, and therefore felt very miserable.

Before 1873–4 Geuèzz consisted of about seventy houses, of which only thirty are now inhabited. Many of the people had died of hunger, many had emigrated. Their flocks had perished, but not quite so utterly as in other villages. The Government authorities had given them no help, although they had sent in several petitions. At last an order came for the mukhtar to go to Karaman, and receive a grant of a kileh of wheat per head for the villagers. Unfortunately for himself, he was delayed a few days by sickness, and upon his arrival at Karaman was charged by the kaimakam with neglect of duty. No excuse was admitted. He was imprisoned, and fined T. 1*l.*, which he was obliged to borrow from a friend in the town before he could obtain his discharge. Since that time, nothing whatever had been done for them. None die now of hunger, for, being but few in number, they are able to afford each other more help. But here also the poor starving creatures were obliged to eat grass and herbs, and for a little time had absolutely

no other sustenance, so that the mortality from disease was naturally very high; and even now the poorer villagers cannot obtain bread or flour every day. When I heard the mukhtar's statement, I could not help thinking of the heap of wheat I had seen in his rock granary, and desired Nahli to ask him why he did not distribute some of *that* to his neighbours, who were in such sore need; and all the more, as there was a fair prospect of a rich and speedy harvest. But Nahli was unwilling to put so delicate a question.

I asked for some information about the passes through the mountains, from the interior to the sea-coast. They mentioned five—the pass of Kulek Boghaz, by which we had come; the pass over Dumbelek Dagh, impracticable for more than five months in the year on account of the snow, and difficult at all times, as it traverses the high mountains;* Kara Tash Yaila Pass, a good level road, closed for three months in the year; a pass leading directly to Ilamaz (Lamos), near Ayash, also very easy, and closed for two months; lastly, a pass by Mout, closed only for one month in the year. This and the Kulek Boghaz pass were the longest; the Dumbelek Pass shortest and most direct.

June 21*st*.—Left Geuèzz at 6 A.M. The site of the village is pretty; the valley and the sides of the ravine are full of fine trees; the turf is thick and soft, and dotted with daisies as in England. A little way

* But, on the contrary, I do not consider it at all difficult. It seemed an open, easy road, and I am convinced that, excepting at one or two spots, which might easily be rendered practicable, even heavy artillery could be transported by this pass in its present state.

beyond the village is a red limestone precipice, 250 to 300 feet in perpendicular height. The rocks resound with the cry of the cuckoo, but it differs from the cry of our own cuckoo, and is a quick repetition of "hŏo-hoŏ, hŏo-hŏo, hŏo-hoŏ," although in other parts of Karamania I have heard the note of the cuckoo as at home. Every sound is echoed and re-echoed in this deep rocky cleft. Yesterday, during the storm, the echoing thunder peals were terrific, long after the peal had ceased on the plateau above; and to-day we could hear the voices of the villagers, and the barking of their dogs, long after the village itself was out of sight. I may remark *en passant* that never in any part of the world I have visited, have I experienced such terrific thunderstorms as in the mountains of Anatolia and Karamania.*

As we mounted towards the head of the ravine, its great rock walls approached nearer and nearer, till the projecting ridges almost met overhead. We were obliged to cross the stream continually, and to judge from the water marks we could not have forded it yesterday. But its waters rapidly subside, the bare plateaux and treeless mountain slopes allowing the rain to run off almost as soon as it has fallen. Here, our guide mentioned the existence of some rock tombs, and carved figures, in a side valley, and we turned aside to visit them, but they were not worth the trouble. Ali, our souriji, said that some of the Geuèzz villagers had excavated the largest in hope of finding in it buried treasure. They had worked nearly

* The thunderstorms in Northern Europe are but slight in comparison with them.

three months, devoting to the undertaking all the time they could spare, but had discovered nothing. As he told the tale, Ali laughed heartily at their foolish expectations.

Along the upper course of the stream is a succession of beautiful little valleys, partly under grain cultivation, but chiefly full of magnificent pasturage. We rode two hours through delis full of fine grass, but alas! there are no flocks left to eat it. We saw not a single man or animal!

At length we emerged upon the plateau above the valley of the stream, crossed a high ridge of hills, that commanded a grand and far-extended view, and saw in another deep limestone cleft the large and very dirty village of Geudètt. It was almost deserted, as the inhabitants were living in their yaila up in the mountains beyond, so without staying we continued our route, and in an hour, after traversing a steep and narrow ravine, came to a group of about a dozen cabins and huts. Tired by the five hours' ride from Geuèzz, and by the heat of the sun, I lay down to sleep under the shade of the only tree to be seen, but was soon roused up to enjoy an excellent lunch sent to us by these kind-hearted people, and consisting of fried eggs, delicious butter and "yaourt," and a pilaff of rice. Ali, who was fond of chaffing our cavass, Hassan, had persuaded him to go up to the huts and ask for some food. There were none but women present, but they most hospitably supplied our wants with the utmost readiness. It seems that these villagers are in good circumstances, their flocks and herds had escaped starvation, and I saw here large

flocks of goats and sheep, many cows and camels, and a few good horses.

After we had eaten, I desired Nahli to go up to the huts and pay for what had been sent, but all assured me that payment would not be accepted, and that the lunch had been given as a matter of course. So after presenting the servant—a young negro lad—with a "bucksheesh," in acknowledgment of their kindness, we left these hospitable people and resumed our journey at 1.45. The road passed over hills high and rocky, but covered with abundant pasturage. Every valley contained its little group of Yourouk tents—these people had come up from the sea-coast to pass the summer here, and Ali told me that this neighbourhood is a very favourite resort of the Yourouks and Tchingannis (gipsies)—at one of their encampments we halted to obtain a draught of "eiràn" (butter-milk).

In about an hour we gained a fine view of several long ranges of mountains thickly covered with pines—Kestel Dagh was amongst them—over which we should pass on the way to Mout (Claudiopolis). Heavy thunder-clouds hung over the highest point, and in front the rain was falling heavily, but we escaped. As we approached the mountains, we passed through belts of magnificent forest. The trees are too far from the sea to pay for the expense of transport, and are therefore mostly left in a state of nature. Since leaving Kulek Boghaz I have seen no trees to be compared with these. The whole of this district has at some period formed the bed of the sea; the number of fossils is very great, the entire rock being in some places merely a mass of fossil shells. After

passing through a gorge in the forest we entered a long and narrow plain, full of the most luxuriant pasture, the grass being as green as in England. Only an extremely small proportion of the soil is under cultivation, and as winter comes on, the place is deserted, for deep snow lies here during four months of the year. I passed two trees on whose branches were perched more than fifty storks, and they were so tame that they did not take to flight until I was within a distance of twenty yards from them.

The hills and smaller ranges all round are of extremely soft and undulating outline, and are covered with pines. This view came more up to my ideal of Asia Minor scenery than any I had yet beheld.

The village of Kestel, our halting place, was now in sight. It is at the side of the mountain, about one-fourth of the way up. Above it the mountain is topped by a range of precipitous cliffs, exactly like the walls and round towers of some huge castle. To the west of the village is a vast cleft in the mountain chain, through which a little river makes its way. The gorge is quite impassable on horseback, and can only be traversed with very great difficulty on foot. Kestel has only been established about six years. It is now the principal yaila of Mout, and possesses magnificent water and pasture.

We found it very difficult to reach, for our cavass lost the way, and we blundered on in the darkness through a wilderness of rocks. Even when we had succeeded in finding the village we could obtain no lodging. The people mistook us for ushirjis (tithe farmers), and would have nothing to do with us. But

on applying to the kaimakam, he sent us to the house of his secretary, a clean and comfortable lodging, and the owner was a tolerably enlightened man, although he *did* ask the usual stupid question, "Of what use is it to go about searching for antiquities?" &c., &c.

June 22nd.—Rose soon after sunrise, and rambled out to see the village; it consisted of about twenty houses, nestled at the side of the mountain amid luxuriant grass, the verdure of which was maintained by a great number of plentiful springs. Our host's cottage was a wooden building of one story, overshadowed by fine walnut trees, and out of the garden burst one of the many springs referred to. Due north of Kestel is a difficult mountain pass, Demir Kapou, which we had avoided by passing a considerable distance to the east. On the N.E., at about two hours' distance, is a large village, "Ellexi"; to the east another village, "Tchivi"; a little to west of north another, but not visible, "Geumah." The people of Kestel were not hospitable. We had sent our souriji, Ali, to buy us some eggs and milk for breakfast; on returning I found he had been unsuccessful. He had tried five or six houses, but had been told they did not "sell" milk. We sent him again to beg that they would "give" us some. After another long absence he returned with about a tumblerful. Upon this we sent him to the kaimakam to complain that the villagers would neither "sell" nor "give" us what we needed, and he at once ordered a liberal supply to be sent to us. After breakfast the secretary, the kadi, and a number of the leading people came to pay us a visit. I observed that many smoked the

"chibouque," a usage now fast becoming obsolete both here and in Egypt. The conversation turned upon the usual subjects—the attitude of Russia, Yakoob Beg of Kashgar, and the state of their own country. They seemed intensely dissatisfied with the present condition of things; complained freely of the heavy taxation, none of which was expended on local wants, and said that an order had just been received from Constantinople to sell even the forests of the district. I took the opportunity of telling them through Nahli my opinion concerning the state of affairs in their country. They listened, patiently enough, to the hard truths he had to communicate — and he certainly spoke out freely — and were by no means offended; indeed, as I started, the secretary shouted out that if I came back that way I must be sure to "come and stay with him." Next we paid a visit to the kaimakam, a quiet, polite man, and far more enlightened than most of the people we met. He gave us coffee with milk and sugar, saying, aside, to his servant, as he ordered it, "for they like it thus." When told of my unfortunate experience at Adana, he said he did not wonder, for he considered Adana one of the most unhealthy and dangerous places in the whole empire. I was sorry to hear afterwards that he had been dismissed; the people did not like him, but I could not learn why.

We left his house at 10 A.M. accompanied by a cavass, whom he furnished, a sub-officer of the army. He had been specially chosen, as the kaimakam again warned us of the difficulties we should have with the peasantry, and I am convinced had it not been for

Hassan's presence we should have been obliged to return, even if worse had not befallen us! On the way I stopped to examine a ruined city which was below the village. It had been a large Christian town on an older site. The hill on which it was built is surrounded on three sides by very deep ravines. A line of wall had been built across the hill from S.E. to N.W., and a wall seems to have been carried all round the edge of the ravines, and to have enclosed a strong castle at the side of the hill. Of this four large square towers remain, but partly ruined. The highest point in the city was occupied by a church of the usual form, viz. a nave, two aisles, and a stone-vaulted apse. All the roof except at the apse has fallen in; a line of arches on either side separated the nave from the aisles. At the sides of the apse, and inner side walls, are pilasters with Corinthian capitals, taken from some other building. The west façade has fallen into utter ruin; there was a wide, open, paved space in front of it. On the north of the church is a large, square, and roofless building; inserted in its N.W. corner is a Greek inscription taken from some earlier building, but utterly illegible. In the ravine on the S.E. are the ruins of a bridge; some of the arches still remain. The necropolis extended outside the city from N. to S.E., and the rocks around contain, as usual, a great number of rock tombs and sarcophagi. I could find only a single inscription amongst them, and the name of the city nowhere appears. Doubtless the town was one of those destroyed by the early Mahommedan invaders, and must have been abandoned long before the time of

Karaman Oglou. At midday we started for Mout, and mounted by a very steep ascent through a magnificent forest to the lower ridges of Kestel Dagh. The ride across the top of the mountain was long and rough. Then came a descent through a most beautiful glen, full of fine trees and pasture, and watered by many springs. I well remember one very beautiful spring, "Tchatal Tchesmasi"—a common name for springs in Turkey—which was extremely cold and pure, but everywhere in this neighbourhood the water is excellent. At the bottom of the glen we crossed a torrent by a bridge; to the right of this is a tremendous ravine rent in the mountain chain, through which the stream flows. High above on the mountain tops were gloomy forests of ketràn, so dark that even in the bright sunlight they resembled patches of the deepest indigo.

A long, tedious ascent followed across the shoulder of the mountain in front. From the top I had the first view of the valley of the Calycadnus (Gieuk Sou). It is from ten to fifteen miles wide, finely cultivated, and bordered by high mountain ranges; many smaller ranges rise in the valley itself. It is a landscape worthy of Cilicia Trachæa! Far off on the west were ranges of mountains, which rose high above the level on which we stood, and all around us were precipices of red limestone in great layers, and the plateaux above them formed so many fresh and green yailas. They were so numerous that I only noticed one of them, "Keràn Yailasi," a little beyond which was a high natural arch of red rock, sinking down some 1200 feet in rugged precipices to a giddy depth below

us. At 6 P.M. we reached the yaila of Mauga, and, finding a Yourouk encampment, we determined upon lodging there for the night. These people received us very hospitably, gave us a tent and a good supper, and as we sat outside in the cool mountain air, and saw the purple vapours rising thickly from the river valley below, we could not but congratulate ourselves on our comfortable quarters. In the middle of the night we were alarmed by the fierce baying of our hosts' watch-dogs. These mountains are full of beasts of prey, and probably a wolf was prowling about the flocks. The Yourouk dogs are splendid animals, and of great value to their masters.

June 23*rd*.—Left the Yourouk tents at 7.30 A.M. About half a mile from them we halted to visit the great rock fortress of Mauga. I cannot better describe it than by comparing it to a gigantic square pillar, cut off from the rest of the mountain chain in the line of which it stands, by three tremendous rifts in the rock. On the side towards the valley of the Calycadnus the rock pillar descends with a sheer depth of more than 2000 feet—(I do not think even 2500 feet an exaggerated estimate!)—and on the north side it is separated from the rest of the mountain range, by gulfs and precipitous abysses, the very sight of which is enough to make one shudder. The only possible means of access is by a narrow ledge of rock on the S.E. side; and this ledge, which has on either side a profound gulf, has been cut quite through to a depth of some twenty-five feet, and thus a kind of outer ditch has been formed, over which the Yourouks have thrown a slight bridge of trunks of trees covered with

brushwood and stones. They find this a perfectly secure retreat for the flocks from the attack of wild beasts.

The view of the plain, the junction of the two rivers Ermenek and Gieuk Sou, and of the mountains on the other side of the river valley, is strangely grand as seen from the yaila above, through the two great clefts which separate the rock of Mauga from the rest of the mountain. The pine-clad hills in the river valley below, although of considerable elevation, appear like ant-hills when viewed from these heights. We crossed the bridge, but could find no access to the fort, whose precipices towered high above, projecting over the gulfs below, and furrowed by deep rents and caverns, in which the garrison used to live. The ledge over which we had crossed had once been defended by a wall and tower, now in ruin, and here was the gateway. But even this only led to a shelf of rock, a kind of plateau, which ran partly round the rock pillar to its south side. From the outer edge of this shelf it is possible to look down almost to the very base, and it is a sight which takes away the breath, so tremendous is the gulf beneath, and so grand and far reaching the view. After exploring all the accessible galleries and passages in a vain attempt to mount to the higher part of the rock, I at last found the true entrance. It was a gateway in a second tower, behind the first, and built on a projecting rock above it. This gateway was about forty feet above the ledge on which we were standing, and the only means of access was by ropes—the marks of the ropes being still plainly visible on the stones which formed the sill of the gateway. Even this gateway is blocked by fallen masonry, so that the

To face page 328

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t

THE ROCK OF MAUGA
Isaurian Mountains in the distance
(Sunrise)

place is now utterly inaccessible. Mauga was probably one of the old Cilician robber holds. At a later period it seems to have been captured from the Byzantine Greeks by the Seljouks, for there is an Arabic inscription high up on the face of the higher tower, but my interpreter, after long and persevering trial, could only read part of it. It bore the name of Sultan Mohammed, and the date 586, = about A.D. 1190. Probably this was one of the sultans of Koniah. Returning to the spot where we had left our horses, far up on the mountain side—for the path leading to the rock is only practicable on foot—we resumed our journey, and after passing under a great natural arch of rock, began the descent of the mountain slope into the valley of the Calycadnus. It was extremely steep, but the limestone being soft, and lying in great horizontal layers, the sharply winding path was not so difficult as it appeared, although it was necessary to dismount and walk the whole distance. Our cavass, who was a little ahead of us, here came suddenly upon a chamois (gedìk). The lower slopes of the mountain are formed of great sheets of smooth white limestone, hard and slippery as glass, and lying at a steep angle; across these the track passed for hundreds of yards together, and the horses fell repeatedly. Unlike the mountains on the side towards Kestel, in which there is abundance of fossils, and which, it is evident, have been at some time submerged, there are but few fossils here, and those chiefly "pectens." But there is a great variety of conglomerate, with stones of the most brilliant and varied colours fixed in it.

After a descent of nearly an hour we reached the foot of the mountain, from which, after a long and tedious ride through the pine forest and over an execrable road, we arrived at Mout. Looking up to the steep wall-like heights from which we had descended, we could see the torrents falling like threads of silver, and the water of the brook at which we halted was delicious, and cold as ice. One learns to appreciate the value of water in this burning air!

The night before, as we sat in the clean tent of our Yourouk host at Mauga, reposing on his best "killim" carpets, with a fire of fragrant juniper wood burning before us, and looked down upon the broad river valley far below, full of dense mist and purple fumes, I dreaded the next day's heat. Now we were descending into it. Step by step we came down from the fresh mountain air, through blazing sunshine, into a heat worse than an Egyptian midsummer. The lonely pine woods through which we rode resounded at intervals with the shrill whiz of the "cicala," but there was no other sign of animated life; not even the note of a bird broke the otherwise death-like stillness.

About half-way to Mout I stopped under the shade of a mulberry tree, and whilst the horses ate of the new barley, I sketched the distant view of the rock of Mauga.

A strong breeze from the north was blowing down the river valley, and it was exactly like the hot Egyptian "khamseen" wind. The river valley is bordered and filled with white tufa hills and hills of volcanic sand, and the wind as it blows across them becomes heated till it resembles the blast from a fur-

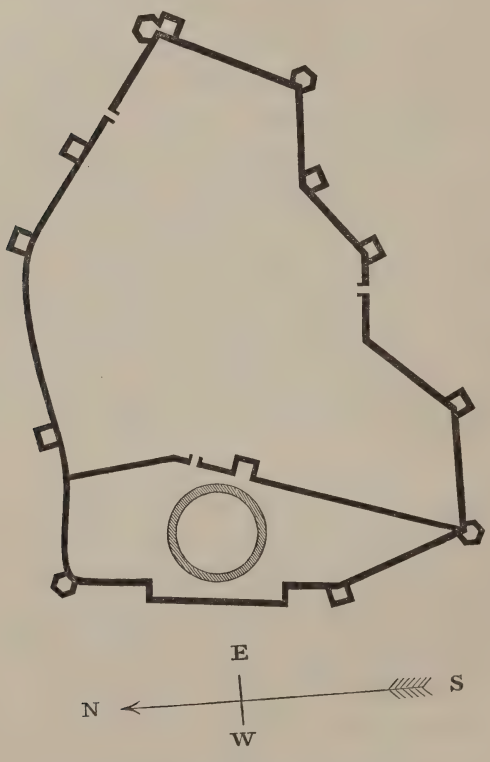
nace. It was nearly ten o'clock before the heat at all abated.

We halted at the village fountain, the general place of rendezvous, as it seemed, for the few people left in the place; but only about a dozen came to take a look at us, for most of the inhabitants are up in their yailas. All the river valleys and plains of Southern Karamania become extremely unhealthy when once the hot season has fairly set in, and the lowland villages, especially those along the sea-coast, are completely deserted during the hot months. Six or eight other persons, travellers like ourselves, were bivouacking round the fountain. This is a beautifully clear and cold spring, which bursts out from under an antique wall in front of the castle. The stream comes from beneath the castle, but no one knows whence it is derived. The source, about two feet deep by three wide, issues from a square aperture, once crowned by a figure in the stone above it, but the figure has been removed.

All the space in front of the spring had once been paved with hewn blocks of stone; the carved stone channel of the stream still remained, but all ruined. A huge ancient fig-tree, gnarled and knotty, and an equally aged mulberry tree overshadow the spring, and here the people of Mout and the various wayfarers pass the livelong day. They seem to have no occupation but to sleep, sit, smoke, talk, and drink the refreshing water. In old times there must have been a public place in front of the spring, for portions of several columns still stand *in situ*, perhaps remains of a porticus. There are four columns on the opposite

side of the open space, and a piece of paved road, too good to be modern.

Mout is a miserable little place, containing only some forty-six houses. There are a few Christian residents, but most of the Christians who resort thither are traders from Kaisariyeh. The only buildings worth notice are the castle, the mosque built by



Ground Plan of the Castle of Mout.

Karaman Oglou, and the two mausolea in which his two sons are buried. The castle, which appears to be of the same epoch as the castle of Karaman, is

irregular in form, with towers mostly square, a few round, and one or two polygonal, and connecting battlemented walls. The stones of the arch over the great gateway are mortised in the Egyptian style. There is a round keep of three stories at the upper part of the castle. Its basement wall is $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness, and it has the staircase inside the masonry; the wall of the upper stories is $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in thickness. The whole interior is one mass of débris and large hewn blocks. The site of the castle is on a sloping hill above the present town, with steep banks towards the river. The ruins of the old city are thickly strewn along the heights to S. and S.W. of the present town, but not a single building remains erect, there are only fragments of masonry. The necropolis is on the hills to the S.W. Many fragments of columns may be seen in the town and round it, and to the south of the castle stand seven columns and the side stones of a large gateway. This is all that remains of ancient Claudiopolis.

I returned from my explorations utterly exhausted, and it was indeed delicious to have several basins of the life-giving stream poured over my head and neck! Most amusing was it to watch the people who come to drink and those who drew water in the evening. Sometimes quite little toddling children, not three years old, would come, bringing a little gourd or a small copper vessel, and it was pleasant to see those a few months older helping the tiniest; all the while they would continue gazing at me with that serious tranquil look common to all the children here. There is something very winning in the little Turkish children!

CHAPTER XIII.

VALLEY OF THE CALYCADNUS. PALÆPOLIS. ERMENEK.

June 24th.—Rose at daybreak, and proceeded to sketch the castle. We usually took a supply of bread (leavened) when it could be obtained. Owing to the scarcity, the flour is everywhere of very bad quality, and the baker detained us till nearly midday before he would bake for us. A strange procrastinating people these Osmanlis! Even the promise of extra pay failed to quicken him out of his routine.

The only inscription I could hear of or discover at Mout was the so-called "Yatar Tash," or Prostrate Stone. It is about a quarter of an hour from the town, in the hilly ground to the S.W. From the account given of it by the people at Kestel I had expected something better. It proved to be only a portion of an inscription, and even that in great part defaced. It is on a stone which once formed part of the lintel of a great gateway. The stone has been broken and a large part lost. The inscription was reversed, and the letters so faint that I could only make out a portion; even that is full of errors, but it is interesting, as containing the names of two Roman emperors.

ΠΕΡΤΙΝΑΚΟCΕΒΚΑΙΜΑΡΚΟΥ * * *
CΚΕΥΛCΗΗΡΑΠΟΙΠΕΙΟΟΝΡΟΥΛ
Κ ΨΡΙΟΥΗΓΕΜΟΝΟC

About half an hour beyond Mout, near a little hamlet called "Mout Baghtchaler," perhaps a suburb

of Claudiopolis, are very extensive ruins and many sarcophagi. Its position was evidently due to two magnificent springs, almost equal to the fountain at Mout. A little farther on is another source, with an ancient ruin on a hill near it. There is abundance of excellent water on this east side of the Calycadnus valley. In about three-quarters of an hour we passed four magnificent sources; I do not know how the people could bear the summer heat of this valley were it not for these crystal, ice-cold springs. The river valley is bounded on both sides by very lofty ranges of limestone mountains. Their lower slopes, and the multitudinous hill ranges that fill up the plain and descend to the river, are all of tufa, of a light cream, or reddish colour. They are very sterile, having little or no vegetation on them except stunted juniper trees. The heat of the wind yesterday at Mout was caused by its passing over these sun-heated tufa hills. As seen from Mout, some of them have a very strange outline.

We crossed the Calycadnus at the village of Ibrahul. A little above the village there had been a bridge over the river, but it was broken down last year, and of course has remained in the same condition! There is some talk of repairing it, but "bakaloum" ("we will see") steps in of course and stops the way; besides, cash is very scarce! So in the meantime travellers must ford the stream as best they may, for there is no boat, and of course in spring time the usual percentage must be drowned in trying to do it! In order to cross, guides are necessary, for at times the channel shifts, and so rapid is the current that the horses' heads must be held.

On entering the village of Ibrahul we inquired for guides, and soon a tall, good-humoured negro offered his services. We sent him to try and find another man, for at least two were required. Whilst we were waiting, a well-dressed Turk came up, doubtless one of the chief people of the village, and Hassan, our cavass, after saluting him very politely, told him our needs, and begged him to try and find us another guide. He could not well refuse, and went away, but after an absence of not more than three minutes he returned, having clearly made no attempt to find anyone. "Janum!" (my dear fellow!) he said, "all the men are either sick or busy reaping, or up in the yailas, there is nobody!" "But" (said the cavass) "I am on Government business, surely there must be somebody in the village!" then after a pause, "Can't you show us the way?" "Yes," replied the man, "but tell me first what you are going to give me?" Said our man, "I told you I was on Government business, and, if necessary, you are bound to help me for nothing." "What!" said the Turk, "am I to guide those 'giaours' over the river for nothing?" Scarcely had the opprobrious word issued from his lips, than, to my intense surprise, Hassan dismounted, and rained a shower of cuffs upon him. "Now," said he, "after *that*, *you* shall show us the way across the river." I ventured to put in a slight remonstrance, on which Hassan quietly remarked, "I know my own business, and if you wish to get along, you must leave matters in my hands!" Of course I was silent after this, so the unlucky fellow submitted to his fate. Arrived at the river he doffed his fine dress, and we

all crossed together. The stream, though very rapid, was not so difficult to ford as I had expected; its water only reached the flaps of the saddle, but it is now very late in the season, and I can believe that earlier in the year the danger would be great.

Arrived at the other side, we gave a present of money and some tobacco to the "Arab Oglou" (son of an Arab), as Hassan called the negro, but he would not suffer us to give anything to the other man. The swiftness of the Gieuk Sou is due to its very rapid descent. Its sources in Nawahi and the group of Isaurian mountains are upwards of 5000 feet above the sea. Tchihatcheff declares that in the upper part of its course it descends at the rate of 44 feet per mile, and for the last 50 miles from the sea, at the rate of 13 feet per mile.

The view of the two mountains on the west side of the Calycadnus valley, which we had seen from Mauga, is far grander when seen from the valley itself. The range on S.W. is "Bardat," on N.E. "Adrass"; between them, in the distance, appears another great range, "Geden." The river of Ermenek makes its way through a ravine of immense depth, between the two former, and, as usual in these mountains, both terminate abruptly in tremendous precipices, 3000 to 4000 feet in sheer depth, and presenting a magnificent frontage of great red-rock wall, crowned above with thick forest.

As we could not find our path through the brush on the river side, Hassan impressed first one of the people he met, and then another, to show us a portion of the way; at last a boy mounted his donkey and

led us to the place where the villagers of Soushati were at work reaping their harvest. Now none of my people knew the way, so a guide was necessary, and Hassan therefore asked for the mukhtar. No one returned any answer. "I want a guide for money (pără ylàn)," he cried out; "we will pay him. Will no one show us the road?" Again no reply. This was too much, so he changed his tone. Riding up to the nearest man, he bade him come with us. No notice was taken; the man coolly went on reaping. Then Hassan lost his temper; riding at him like a fury, he seized him by his turban, and when this fell off, by the coat, and tore him along, but the man lay down and began to bellow for help. Then Hassan dismounted and administered a really severe beating with his sheathed sword, but the man still lay and bellowed. It may seem hard treatment, and I much regretted to see it, but I dared not interfere, and certainly the churlishness of these people merited some punishment. "He would not dare do this," said Nahli, "if we were not with him, the villagers would return blow for blow." But I am convinced, on the contrary, that had we been alone without our cavass we should have fared very badly ourselves.

At last, seeing the turn things were taking, the mukhtar came forward, and gave us a guide. Everyone assured me, and I found it thoroughly borne out, that I should find the peasants of this district sullen, churlish, and inhospitable. They are not Osmanlis, nor Muslim (except in some cases externally), but Nusairiyeh.

At last we began to ascend the cream-coloured

tufa hills with which the valley is bordered; these hills are very steep and sterile, and scarcely a drop of water is to be found in them. After about half-an-hour's ascent we came to the tent of a Yourouk, near a tiny brackish spring, the last water we should find for some hours. He told us that beyond, there was absolutely no water, and that no grass grew on these hills except when the spring is exceptionally rainy. Leaving him, we continued our route, a most difficult and tiring ride, up and down slopes at a marvellous inclination, where of course we were forced to dismount. The tufa changed to yellow or white sandstone rock of extreme hardness, exactly like the fine hard sandstone of Upper Egypt. There was neither grass nor water, and no vegetation beyond a few stunted juniper trees.

For about three hours we advanced through the same kind of country. At length, about five o'clock, we made the last ascent, and saw before us the side of Adrass Dagh, separated from the line of tufa hills by very wide and deep ravines full of dense forest. The mountain is the edge of a great plateau, and not only the side towards "Bardat" and the Ermenek river, but its whole length, is one series of deep, red precipices; the great ravines below, and slopes up to, the foot of the precipices are full of forests of pine and oak, and the summit stands thick with "ketràn." Our road was up the valley parallel with the mountain side till we could mount transversely to its N.E. corner. Far away on the right rose two extinct volcanic cones; one of them, lying north by west, our guide called Sindal. Our host of that night called

one Daoush Tepe, the other Bozoglou; our cavass next day said they were called "Marash." How is it possible to obtain correct information from such people? But Hassan was right, not the people of the country.

At the top of the ascent we dismissed our guide; we could not possibly have found the way without him, and I gave him a liberal bucksheesh, to his surprise and evident gratification; at the same time I improved the occasion by bidding him tell his fellow-villagers "not to be so churlish another time. Europeans always paid, and paid well, for services, and did not require men to work for nothing." "All very well," grumbled Ali, the souriji; "but you won't change the nature of these wretches. They are only half Muslim! pah-h!" And he spat on the ground as the villager went away.

The precipices of Bardat seen from the spot which we had now reached are truly enormous, 4000 feet at least in height. A long, level plateau succeeded, covered with scattered juniper trees. There are but few dwellers in this inhospitable region, and they live here only during summer. In the distance were the ruins of a large khan, "Alaja Khan," long since disused, and the hamlet of Sarchizàlana, consisting of three or four huts, near the site of an old ruined town, now merely a large heap of stones. Scattered about are many sarcophagi, but all except one smashed to fragments. On that one I deciphered ΒΑΛΕΜΕΙΟΝ ΝΕΚΚΙΛΑΒΑ. The rest of the inscription was quite defaced by time and lichen; the figures of the wife and husband were also defaced.

Our halting place that night should have been the

village of Bĕjeh, in the valley between Sarchizàlana and Adrass, but we were told that all the villagers would either be employed harvesting or in their yailas, and we should find the place quite deserted. Therefore we stayed with the village miller, who was bivouacking in the valley below, and gathering his harvest. He had nothing to offer but a scanty ration of barley bread and a little sour yaourt for ourselves, and some barley in the straw for our horses. But, being better provided, we gave them a pilaff, and afterwards slept by the side of their camp fire. Our host was very talkative; he is a great hunter, and said that chamois are plentiful in Adrass Dagh. He told us also a tale about a bright fire which appeared sometimes at night on Daoush Tepe; but no one had ever found out the exact spot whence it came. He described the mountain as "like a cup," with high walls of slag and black cinders. Some of the others confirmed his tale, but of those present none except the miller had seen it. The rest spoke from hearsay. If true it is curious, and this fire may be something of the same nature as the perpetual fire, the "Yanar Tash," or "Burning Rock," at Phaselis, on the east coast of Lycia (the ancient "Chimæra"), only that this would be intermittent, whereas that is perpetual. But I think our friend's tale was an invention, or, at least, the effect of his imagination, for no one of the others could give any clear account of it. Our host also proposed to the interpreter to show me a place in Adrass, the Kalaât, as he called it, full of sculptures and inscriptions, if I would give him T. 1*l.* But his account of this also was very shadowy, and I declined

the proposal on Nahli's advice. My interpreter was offended at something the man either said or did, and revenged himself next morning by giving him no bucksheesh.

June 25th.—Rose at daybreak. The crops all along the valley are very rich, especially the barley. This season, at least, all fear of famine may be set aside. After bathing in the little stream, we pursued our way up the valley through woods of plane and walnut. About an hour from our bivouac were the mills belonging to our host, overshadowed by grand old plane trees. Arrived at the head of the valley, we began to ascend a succession of tufa and sandstone slopes, all extremely steep, towards the N.E. corner of Adrass Dagh. Nearly the whole distance had to be accomplished on foot; but we were refreshed by many fountains and much shade of trees. Near the highest point we passed the village of Yalinuztcha Bagh, and far below on the right Tchatak Bagh. The whole length of the Calycadnus valley lay beneath us, with the lines of tufa hills on either side, and the wall of mountains which we had descended on the way to Mout. I could even faintly distinguish the rock of Mauga, and, far away, the sterile top of Kestel.

We were now far above the volcanic cones, and the air became constantly purer and cooler. At last, by a slippery stair of rock, we reached the highest point, passed under a great rock at the end of Adrass, and turned leftwards. We were now on the north side of Adrass, separated from it by a profound ravine. The whole top of the mountain is a great plateau, covered in many parts and all along its sides with woods of

"ketràn." A bad and rocky track led over heights almost equal to Adrass in elevation, and the site of Balabolu (Palæpolis) was before us. Many long détours had to be made, so as to pass round the heads of the numerous ravines between us and it. In one of these ravines my horse suddenly started at the sight of a large snake that had been killed near the path. It was about three feet long, very thick, with a short, thin tail, in colour, grey spotted with black; the head had been smashed by some passer-by. At 1.30 we came to the site of the old city, and rode through a perfect wilderness of broken sarcophagi to the yaila encampment, consisting of about a dozen tents and huts. I obtained, after some difficulty, a little bread and yaourt, for I was faint from hunger, and then started to explore the ruins. They were upon a rocky eminence, bounded on S. and S.E. by deep precipices, on west by a very deep ravine between it and Adrass, with almost perpendicular sides. On the north lie a surprising number of sarcophagi, all broken or opened. They are all of coarse limestone, and of very rough workmanship. On many had been inscriptions, but these, with two exceptions, are utterly effaced, and even these two are only legible in part.

ΔΙΟC ΤΗΝΔΕΕΓΛΥΨΕΝΜΙΚΡΑΧΑΡΙΖΟΜΕΝΟC
ΛΙΘΟC ΜΕΝ
ΕCΤΩC
ΗΛΙΚΙΗΝΕCΕΡΩΤΑΤΑΜΗΛΙΟΝΩΡΙΟΝΗΒΗC

Part of a Metrical Inscription at Palæpolis.

The emblems and ornaments upon them are chiefly the cross, an ornament like the head of a daisy, a

wreath, a scallop shell, &c. Here and there were busts or small full-length figures, but all mutilated. The covers of some are carved in trellis-work or scales; a few had a colossal reclining lion or panther. There were also many rock tombs. The site of the town itself is encumbered by great heaps of stones, and nothing remains erect but a few feet of wall in places. The whole is overgrown by the most magnificent juniper trees ("ardidj," "Juniperus excelsa"), many of them nine to twelve feet in diameter. The juniper grows with a trunk enormously thick at the base, but rising rapidly to a point. My guide gave me the tradition of the capture of this town by the Muslim. The possessors of the town must at that time have been Armenians, and not Greeks; but I nowhere saw any Armenian remains, everything was Greek. The soldiers of Karaman Oglou came with a great many "manganik" (mangonels), and battered the town from the hill above the cemetery until they had destroyed it. This occurred in the year 783 of the Hejra = about A.D. 1382. He knew it from the date on the tombs of the Muslim soldiers killed in the siege, and he pointed out the spot where they had been buried on the other side of the ravine. If my informant's date be correct, the destroyers of Palæpolis were the soldiers of Khalil, Sultan of Karaman, and grandson of Karaman Oglou. He warned me to be careful how I walked through the ruins, as the snakes were very numerous; they were, moreover, both venomous and vicious, "not fearing man." "He had known several persons killed by snake bites, and one who was saved by cutting off his toe! There

were snakes of all colours; one very bad kind was black, with bright red under the throat."

On my return to the encampment I found a great dispute raging between my people and the villagers. They had been told, both by the cavass and the interpreter, that for everything they supplied they would be paid. We had extracted a little bread and yaourt from them with much difficulty, and as we heard hens clucking, they had to promise some eggs and milk for supper; but they would bring nothing for our horses, and swore by all that was holy—"by the Faith," "by the Prophet"—that they had neither grass nor barley. Now, as we had eaten some barley bread, this could scarcely be true; and just at the height of the dispute Hassan espied a donkey laden with grass being stealthily brought into the camp. He at once despatched Ali to intercept this cargo, and then forced the men to bring another load. It was more difficult to obtain barley. Hassan sat quietly smoking our narghileh, with two or three of the villagers standing before him, and protesting, with wild gesticulations, that they had not a grain of barley in the camp, to all of which he only replied at intervals, "Arpai! arpai!" (barley! barley!) until his patience was exhausted; then, suddenly springing up, he caught the mukhtar of the village, and began to give him a sound cuffing.

The truth is, they had plenty of all that we required, but from ill-will they would not produce it; and I am sure that had we been without a cavass, both we and our horses might have starved for all they cared. It seems as if nothing but force will avail with these

people; even for promised payment, they will bring out nothing, but Hassan well knew how to manage them. Strange to say, after the cuffing ev rything that we needed was produced; we all became excellent friends, eight or ten of them came and sat round our fire, and we gave them tea and tobacco. As they sipped the tea (sweetened with sugar—an unusual luxury) they told us that in several places of the neighbourhood the tea-plant grows wild, and some of the villagers on the hills near Ermenek cultivate it to a small extent; but, though I tried, I never succeeded in obtaining a specimen. The supper they sent us was really good in its way. It consisted of milk soup, with burgoul (pilled wheat), sandwiches of barley bread and new cheese, fried in butter; two kinds of curds, fresh cheese, and pilaff of burgoul. They could not give us a hut, so we slept under one of the junipers; the night air was very cold, but there was no rain.

June 26*th.*—Examined, and tried to sketch, some of the numerous groups of sarcophagi, but was greatly impeded by the villagers, who never left me for a minute. One man was especially troublesome; he was constantly nudging me, and rubbing his forefinger and thumb together. He kept on begging me to tell him where and how the old treasures could be found: "We are very poor; pray, tell us." But, on the contrary, they are really *well* off for Karamania; they have many cattle, and a great number of sheep and goats. One of them was pointed out to me as a great bee-keeper, and I well remember the whining, miserable tone of the man's voice as he sat at our fire. Tired at length of their importunity, I sent them to the inter-

preter for the information they needed, by whom of course they were well chaffed.

Left Balabolu at 11 A.M. The cold night was followed by a hot, windless day. Our route still continued up the ravine, which was nearly deserted, and almost uncultivated. Sometimes we crossed a spur of the mountains, and these ascents were always steep and difficult. At the bottom of one a woodcutter was at work, who, when he saw us approach, hastily gathered a few wild flowers, and flung them before my horse's feet.

The last ascent at the head of the valley is, literally, as steep as the roof of a house, and very tired we were when we had led our horses to the top of it. I felt the fatigue of this day more than of any other day since leaving Adana; perhaps on account of the previous night's chill.

We had now been continually ascending for more than two days. The ascent of yesterday had brought us up to the level of that part of Adrass which faces Mout. To-day's ascent carried us over the top of its northern portion, which is much more elevated, and called by the people "Tchal Dagh." The aspect of the country is now changed, and broken and rugged limestone rocks take the place of rich vegetation. Far as the eye could reach no cultivation was visible, nor was there a village or house in sight, nor any signs of human life save two or three Yourouk tents. There was no grass, but a few aromatic herbs grew on the barren soil; the hill slopes, however, were covered with juniper, some of them of enormous size. So we proceeded, until, having crossed the plateau, we

descended suddenly into a deep ravine cleft in the limestone plateau, similar in character to the ravine of Geuèzz. It is called "Korou Deresi" (the "dry or parched valley"), from the appearance of its great precipitous sides. These, which are from 700 to 1000 feet high, of light red and cream colour, appear exactly as if calcined and burnt by fire.

But the valley itself is far from being dry or parched. Scarcely 300 yards from our descent into it, a large and crystal-clear source bursts out with great force, and, swollen by the numerous springs on either side, soon becomes a considerable river. From the foot of the line of precipices, a slope of 150 to 300 yards runs down to the river at a steep angle of inclination; and the line of every source, as it bears its tribute to the river, is marked by a broad band of emerald green herbage. The valley runs almost due north and south; many of the numerous caverns on its sides are inhabited by bee-keepers. A large quantity of excellent honey is produced here, and we could see the rows of hives—hollow sections of pine, high up on timber shelves at the sides of the rock caverns. After about three-quarters of an hour's ride, we suddenly turned to the right into a similar valley running east and west, down which another considerable stream was flowing. After following this for about half an hour, we came to a mill, where we intended to stop for the night; but the inmates were only women, and they had no barley for our horses, so we were obliged to go on to Ermenek. After crossing the river above the mill, we turned leftwards, up an ascent as steep as any we had yet mounted. The pines were here magnificent trees; I

noticed many from 120 to 150 feet high. The track was over rough and broken rock, and at the top was a wide, rocky plateau, of the same character as that we had crossed in the morning. Before us was the mountain, at the foot of which is Ermenek. In all directions were high mountain ranges, one rising behind the other; in the far distance was the snow range, two days from the coast, above Selinti and Anamour. These mountains must be of great height, as they are still covered with snow. The descent to Ermenek is a steep, rocky staircase, requiring nearly an hour to accomplish from the brow of the plateau. Evening was fast changing into night, but there was just enough light to enable us to find the way; and after passing through a long line of street, we came to a miserable little khan—the only place of shelter we could find. There was not a room to be had, but an Armenian watchmaker offered us a corner of his own room. A hasty supper was made—I had not eaten since 6 A.M. —and then, utterly exhausted, I lay down to sleep.

June 27th.—Rose still tired, and with a painful headache; a very close, hot morning. At about 11 A.M. a heavy thunderstorm came on, and with it a terrible shower of hail. The hail fell thick and incessantly for more than half an hour, and did immense damage. The leaves and fruit of the orchards were cut to pieces, the vines utterly ruined, the standing grain bruised and broken as if by blows of a stick or a blunt knife. We hear of cattle and sheep killed, and of people carried off by the torrents in the ravines, and drowned. The whole district has suffered terribly. The hailstones at first were of the size of peas and

beans, but at last hail fell as large as walnuts! To my great regret, our good cavass, Hassan, had started on his return to Kestel just before the storm came on. I hope he was not surprised by it in a place where shelter could not be had, for it was enough to kill any one long exposed to its violence.

A perfect torrent of rain descended from the mountain above the town, bringing down with it a vast quantity of hail. Following the line of street, it turned exactly into the yard of our khan, and after flooding the little yard, burst over into the stable where our horses had been placed. The man who brought them out, was obliged to wade through a torrent of muddy water and hail up to the waist. Of course we left the khan, for apart from this trouble, we could obtain no room; so we removed to a bazaar where a number of traders from Kaisariyeh lodged. Here we found a good room, commanding a magnificent view of Ermenek, and the deep valley below it. There are no panes of glass to break in Ermenek, and our windows had not so much as a shutter. In winter even the rich inhabitants hang up carpets to keep out the cold. The afternoon being fine, I walked out in order to see an inscription which had been mentioned to me by a Greek shoemaker of the town. It turned out to be quite unimportant—a little funereal inscription, and even that illegible. The shoemaker accompanied me to the place, and all the way the simpleton went on babbling of hidden treasure, which was only to be found by means of the old inscriptions! On the other hand, he could not tell me the name of a single mountain, or any of the natural features of that district—another instance of

their misty ideas of locality, and the little interest these people take in their own country! Returned fatigued, but the walk gave me an opportunity of observing what enormous damage the hail-storm had done.

June 28th.—Rose much refreshed. A lovely morning followed the storm. Paid a visit to the kaimakam, who is a polite and intelligent man. He had visited France and Italy, and had lived for some time in Malta. We had a long political conversation with him, and he seemed generally well informed; but I noticed that he always tried to turn the conversation to some other subject when I asked information about the Ottoman Empire. I left him favourably impressed with his superiority to most of those I met. He promised to give me a cavass; but neither he nor any other person in Ermenek could give me accurate information about the route I wished to take. My object was to visit the ruins of the old Greek city of Isaura, and so, after passing through the district of Allah Dagh (the ancient Isauria), to make my way either to Adalia or to Smyrna, as I should think best. Now, in Kiepert's map the village nearest Isaura is called "Hadschilar." As I found out afterwards, its real name is "Aijilar," and this trifling difference caused me no end of trouble. No one in Ermenek knew any of the villages about Isaura, and all my inquiries were fruitless. It seems that there is a road direct and easy, although long, from Ermenek to Khadem; and in the latter place people knew more about the villages round Isaura. If, therefore, I had gone direct to Khadem, I should probably have escaped fever, and saved myself a great

deal of fatigue and annoyance. But those whom I asked, never even told me of this road; and as I saw only the *mountain* of Khadem marked on the map, and no *village* of that name, I concluded that the whole route was through a wilderness, and therefore was obliged to follow the guidance of our stupid cavass. But of this I shall speak by-and-by.

Ermenek contains about 1200 houses, and from 4000 to 4500 inhabitants. It is built high up in a nook, under the mountain which backs it, and which here, as all along, terminates in high, abrupt precipices. The houses are nestled together close up under the brow of the precipice, and the slope on which the town stands is so steep that often the roadway passes over the roofs of the row of houses beneath. The town has a southern aspect, and its climate is mild in winter, considering its elevation, as it is sheltered by the mountain at the back. From a little distance the houses seem exactly similar; all have flat earthen roofs, all are alike in colour, and nearly alike in form. The town is much crowded, and one cannot walk 100 yards in any direction without going up and down the steepest, stoniest ascents and descents that any town ever contained! This renders the place very disagreeable; indeed, I cannot imagine for what reason this particular spot was chosen for the settlement, when a position so much finer lies just below. From the town a long declivity of fertile and well-cultivated land extends for a distance of one and a half hour's ride down to the Ermenek river. All the newer portion of Ermenek is built here, and some of the houses in this quarter are really good, and surrounded by

fine gardens and orchards. The supply of water is extremely abundant in the upper town, almost every second street having its fountain, ice-cold and pure; but there would have been the same advantage below. On the opposite side of the river, facing the town, there is a vast declivity, well cultivated and full of villages. Some of them seem of considerable size, as Kazanji, Sarimazi, Ak Monastir, and Gieurmeli, where there is a good bridge over the Ermenek river. At the top of the declivity is a great mountain plateau, in which are the yailas of the various villages; but in winter it is impassable from snow. Several great mountain ranges rise from this plateau; but the whole district is uninhabited, except in summer time by a few wandering Turcomans and Yourouks. Some of the higher ranges of these mountains are covered with perennial snow, and reach a height above the sea of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. Then on the S.W. is the rugged broken top of Shah-en Nour Dagh, far inferior in height to the long, rugged chain of Yout Dagh, and the peaked mountains above Selinti, which rise beyond it. Almost all these mountains are thickly covered with forest; some of them, without exaggeration, are like so many vast walls, so precipitous are their sides. I inquired if it was possible to cross the yailas and reach the sea-coast near Adalia, but could gain no trustworthy information. One man said it was possible; another denied it. I think it could only be done during the height of summer, and even then by long détours, and with a supply of provisions for five or six days; and the only trustworthy guide would be a Yourouk who had lived in the highlands.

I did not like Ermenek or its people. There is little or nothing to do or see in the place, and the people are rude and overreaching; even the baker, who promised faithfully to give us some pure wheaten bread, and was paid accordingly, gave us the sour abominable stuff with which the Smyrniote Greeks have inundated the whole province. The only decent fellows I met were the traders of Kaisariyeh in whose bazaar we lodged, and one or two Armenians.

We found a little Greek restaurant. The food was not good, and the prices were high, but even this is a slight mark of advancing civilization. The town is horribly filthy, with a wretched, poverty-stricken population. It was truly sad to see the pinched and worn expression in the faces of some of the children. Several of the girls even of twelve to thirteen years of age wore no veil, and I saw many most beautiful faces with regular features, and often light hair and blue eyes. In 1873–4 a number of the people died of hunger; and much cattle perished. Very little was done for the sufferers by their fellow-townsmen, for although many rich Muslims reside in the place, they are said to be avaricious and grasping. I was told (e. g.) that a ring of merchants had imported from Selefkeh a large quantity of Cypriote wheat. It had cost them about 2½ piastres per oke, but they refuse to sell under 4½ piastres, although the people are next door to starvation. A little incident occurred in illustration of the distress now prevalent.

Whatever may be the faults of the Turks, thus much may be said in their favour. Never in any Turkish town is the glaring vice to be seen which

almost every street in an European city presents. Indeed, in most places, a woman of known bad character is not allowed by the authorities to remain. But at evening, Ali, our souriji, told my interpreter that two young Turkish women had been making improper overtures to him. We told him, "they must have had designs upon his purse, for it could hardly be his face which would attract them." At which he grinned a Cyclopean grin, and said that he "never had anything to do with cattle of that kind." Nahli said that at the time of his former visit to the place such a thing could not have occurred, and he explained it by the crushing and general misery arising from the famine. I was much amused by Nahli's account of that visit. It seems that in 1872 a Frenchman named Peyronnet engaged him at Mersina, as interpreter, to accompany him to Ermenek on a botanical mission. The botany of the district round Ermenek is extremely rich, and Peyronnet, who was a clever and well-educated, but eccentric man, had been commissioned to make a collection of the plants and flowers of the district. It was supposed that he had been sent out of the way to escape the consequences of some political complication. They reached Ermenek, and lived a jovial Bohemian sort of life for some time, and the adventures and eccentricities of Peyronnet were very amusing, but often somewhat indecorous. By-and-by cash ran short, and no remittances arrived, so having exhausted their credit, the pair were forced to migrate, and not having means to hire transport, they were obliged to make their way to Mersina on foot. The

easiest route is *viâ* Selefkeh, and by boat along the coast, but instead of taking the road to Selefkeh, they turned by mistake over the mountains towards Mout, and lost their way in the forest. Nahli's description of their shifts was most amusing: the hardship of the journey, the brutality of the villagers, how they came to a place where the Ermenek Sou runs between lofty precipices; finally, how, half-starved, they reached the village of Bejeh (already mentioned), and begged some food from the villagers, but were refused; whereupon, rendered desperate, they helped themselves, on which a general scrimmage arose, but the two strangers proving very tough customers, the villagers finally gave them some bread and a few piastres, and sent them on their way rejoicing. They reached Mout and at last Mersina in wretched plight, and almost shoeless. Nahli never received a "para" of pay, and poor Peyronnet was afterwards sent to Constantinople by means of a subscription got up at Mersina, but was killed in a duel a short time after his arrival there.

Such adventurers are as yet somewhat uncommon in Turkey, but I have heard that in China and India they abound.

Of the ancient town Germanicopolis, on the site of which Ermenek stands, nothing remains excepting numerous rock tombs high up in the face of the cliff, but all rifled, although of course foolish tales, of treasures hidden in them, abound. There is a rock fortress in the precipice above the town, consisting of caves and galleries in the rock, faced here and there by walls. It is now inaccessible, as an earthquake has shaken

down the stone staircase by which it was reached. Huge masses of rock overhang the town; occasionally one falls and smashes a house or two, but hitherto without much loss of life.

I could obtain no information as to my proposed route, so finally decided to make for Alata, which seemed according to the map the nearest spot to Isaura. As this would necessarily take us through the country round Allah Dagh, I inquired at the Government House if the district were safe for travel, and was assured that at present I need be under no apprehension, although a short time back it had been unsafe. This accorded with what I had heard at Karaman.

June 29th.—Could not start before 10.30 A.M. Rode up the rock stair by which we had come, to the heights above the town, and then turned northwards. The road was level and easy, but one of the very few uninteresting roads I have seen in Asia Minor, as it lay through a valley between rocks of rough limestone, which cut off the prospect. At intervals we passed caves inhabited by bee-keepers. The shelves at their sides, and on stages, were filled with sections of pine trunks serving as hives. The botany of Ermenek is specially rich in flowers, and the honey is of superior quality.

At 1.30 we emerged from the valley. Altoun Tash Dagh ("Golden Stone Mountain"), an isolated mass, was in front, on our left a wide mountain landscape was in sight, with a long range of snow mountains of great height extending from W. to N.W. They are above Alaya, and our cavass called them Geueu

Dagh. The intermediate country is full of lower ranges of mountains, which quite conceal the base of the snow range. There are no villages in all that district, only during the summer months a few Yourouks wander throughout it.

We halted to allow our horses to graze on a beautiful bit of pasture, but its owner speedily made his appearance, and we pacified him by a few piastres. He came from Durnebul, a village five hours from Ermanek; the hail-storm of the 27th had reached even thus far. It had killed near the village two men and a boy, and many animals; the goats, however, had sheltered themselves in the crevices of the rocks, and not many had been killed. The ripening crops here are very much cut up, and the hail is still lying in places a foot deep.

Soon after we passed along high ground at the edge of a very beautiful and extensive depressed valley which lay some two thousand feet below us. It is a large district, well cultivated and full of villages, and is called "Nawàhi." The slopes to the mountain plateaux above it are fresh and green, and full of dense forests of "ketràn." Across the upper end of this depression runs a range of great precipices, under which the Calycadnus takes its rise. Another river, which flows into the Calycadnus, rose almost beneath our feet.

In a line with the upper end of "Nawàhi" we passed along a narrow and dangerous rock path on the mountain side; the limestone here was extremely solid, almost like marble. I noticed many fossils of galerite embedded in it, and a large quantity of bivalves like

the scallop, as large as the largest Red Sea oyster-shells.

At 4.3 0we reached Altoun Tash Dagh; we had Gelibel Dagh on our right, Muharram Bel Dagh in front. Gelibel, as seen from our side, is a vast slope, terminating suddenly in a mighty precipice from the highest edge. All these mountains are bare masses of the very hardest limestone, the surface of them cracked and split into fissures innumerable, as if they had been suddenly exposed to the action of great cold, or of water, whilst yet glowing with heat as forced upwards from the bowels of the earth.

The climate here is exactly like the finest spring weather in England, only bright, dry, and bracing. The turf is thick and soft, the wheat only two to three inches high. In the hollows of the mountains are many little valleys, beautifully green and full of herbage and young crops.

At 5 P.M. we came to a Yourouk encampment, the last human habitation we should find for many hours. When possible I always stayed at a Yourouk camp, rather than in a village. The people themselves are civil and hospitable, their tents are in general neat and clean, and their food, which comprises good bread, eggs, milk, and yaourt—sometimes, even excellent butter—is usually far superior to the food which is to be found in the villages. We were very kindly received, by an old lady who gave up her tent to us, brought out fine yorghans, &c., and was most hospitable. She is a widow, having only one daughter, a married woman who came to see us, and brought her two little children for a bit of sugar each. When I asked the old lady, if

she had any son, "No," she said, "they are all gone, all extinct (gitdi-teukendi); only I and my daughter are left." The young woman wore no veil. Her headdress was loaded with silver coin, "all the fruit of her own hard work," said the old lady with pardonable pride. I noticed here the belts which the women wore, consisting of a broad band of green or yellow leather, on which is fixed a number of bosses of wrought silver, very heavy and solid.

Our hostess was evidently in comfortable circumstances; the tent was well provided, her husband's gun and sword were hanging in their place, and there was a number of goats' hair sacks full of wheat and other commodities. She brought us a supper of sandwiches, of new barley bread fried in butter, with cheese between, excellent yaourt and milk, and a dish of crumbled bread, somewhat resembling macaroni fried in butter, with new wheaten bread unleavened.

When I lay down to sleep she drew out from a leathern case a fine "killim" carpet, covered me with it in a most motherly way, and withdrew to her daughter's tent. In the morning I gave her an extra "bucksheesh" and a present of tea.

CHAPTER XIV.

TCHUKOUR. DURGÈLLER. ALATA. KHADEM.

June 30*th.*—Rose before sunrise. The air cold and piercing, for snow lay on the mountain immediately above us. The lark and thrush were warbling; flowers all in bloom, quite like early spring in England. Left 6.15 A.M., and passed through the ravines of Altoun Tash. These form little hills and valleys, all so much alike, and so full of cattle paths, that the way is easily lost, which happened to Ali and our baggage, and we were detained fully an hour before we could find him. In these ravines also I noticed a great number of fossil bivalves, and mussels so recent that they seemed deposited only a few years.

Gelibel, on our right, is like a huge shelf, upheaved sidewise. The passage across Muharram Bel is extremely rough and rocky. At the top of the pass, the whole line of Geueu Dagh and the intermediate country can be seen on one side; on the other, range after range of mountains, the farthest faintly visible, like the thinnest vapour or cloud. These were the mountains of the Isaurian country, with which I was soon to make a very unpleasant acquaintance.

From the top of the pass, an extremely steep descent led to a kind of deep mountain hollow, amid a maze of rounded hills, well covered with soil, and thick with magnificent pines. I noticed many

150 feet high, straight as a dart, and of great girth. An ascent almost as steep as the descent brought us to the top of the other side. We halted at a fountain for the horses to graze on the luxuriant grass. From this spot the whole length of Muharram Bel could be seen. The mountain ends in deep red precipices; from them descends a long, undulating grassy slope; then thickly wooded hills and dells, along the foot of the range.

The road from the fountain passed through rocky hills, covered with juniper, and commanded fine views of Allah Dagh and Bozallah Dagh. At 2.15 P.M. we reached the yaila of Kizilja. Our cavass here refused to come farther, as he said his orders only extended as far as Kizilja. Beyond this would be out of his beat. The mudir of Kizilja was absent, but the kadi received us. He, however, scarcely addressed a word to us, but ordered some refreshment to be prepared. I suppose he looked upon us as "giaours," but thought it a duty to extend his hospitality to us. The refreshment consisted of "kabak" (vegetable marrow) and yaourt; burghoul and yaourt, kaimak and pekmez —an excellent dish, resembling Devonshire cream and treacle—with fresh bread, made of wheat and barley flour in equal proportions. I mention so often the food we were able to obtain, in order to show with what simplicity even the wealthier classes of Osmanlis live.

At 4.30 P.M. we resumed our journey. We had intended to stop at the village of Aghadj, but a heavy thunderstorm came on, and our road being full of steep descents, especially near Kizilja itself, we were overtaken by the night, and obliged to stop at Yeni

Kischla. We found a tolerable lodging; the villagers brought us a miserable kind of supper, and I slept in the open air, on the balcony of the house. The people gave us much information about our route. It seems that our cavass had brought us far out of our way, and that had we followed the line of Muharram Bel, we could have easily reached Alata. They said so much of a long inscription on a rock at a place called Tchukour, near Bostànsu, that I determined to go back next day and see it.

July 1st.—Rose at 3 A.M. The hills all about resounded with the cry of the cuckoo. Unable to start till seven, for my people are never in a hurry. I engaged as our guide a man who had formed part of Omar Pasha's unfortunate expedition into Circassia, during the Crimean war. He had been wounded and taken prisoner, and had lived at Tiflis, in Georgia, for a year and a half. He spoke well of his treatment by the Russians. We passed over our old route as far as Kizilja Yaila. Thence a road descending towards S.E. brought us to a terribly steep descent, worse than that of yesterday. Nearly at the bottom is the valley of Atchilan. As it was a little out of our way, we passed on and halted at a mill at the bottom of the ravine.

Here we asked for some food. They had nothing whatever; but being faint with hunger, we persuaded the miller to grind us some barley, so that a woman who was there might make us a little bread. We were obliged to wait long and patiently. At last some coarse cakes, full of bits of husk, and even of whole grains, were brought. Bad as the bread was, we were

glad of it, although much could not be eaten. This is the country of starvation!

A villager who was lounging near, and seemed to have nothing to do, told us that he knew the exact spot where the inscription was situated, but refused to act as our guide under 26 piastres. As the day's pay of a labourer amounts to 3, or at most 4 piastres, I refused to give so much for the proffered service, and we determined to find the way alone. The road was a series of the most difficult ascents and descents, long, steep, stony, and very fatiguing for man and horse. Our guide—the Yeni Kischla villager—every now and then would say that the place was not far distant; but when he pointed down into a maze of deep ravines several miles below, and told me it was there, I felt too wearied to attempt further explorations. Night was fast coming on, so we rode down the last long descent, and at nightfall, utterly exhausted, reached the village of Tchukour. We lodged in the musaffir odasi (strangers' room). A young Turkish officer, sent to train the redif (militia) of the village, was staying there also, and very amusing it was to hear his doleful complaints, and the sentimental sighs he would utter when he spoke of "Stamboul." He had been here a long time, and naturally looked upon it as a painful exile. We were received kindly enough by the master of the house in which was the strangers' room, but the food was scanty and miserable in the extreme. We never expected such penury, or we should have brought our own supplies. The traveller in such a country soon learns to despise superfluous luxuries.

In course of conversation, our host spoke of the *ancien régime*, under the great feudal nobles, the Dere Beys, as he had heard it described by his father. Unless he was simply a *laudator temporis acti*, his account implied the existence in those times of a far higher material prosperity than at present; and when I asked if the country was peaceful under these princes, he said that they governed their fiefs with justice, but with the most cruel severity, and related one or two anecdotes of hideous punishments inflicted on brigands and murderers in those days. He spoke also of the great force of cavalry they could bring into the field when necessary, from their Timariots and Spahis, the holders of smaller military fiefs under them.

I may observe that the Dere Beys of Anatolia and Karamania governed their principalities far better than the Dere Beys of European Turkey. The former had the incalculable advantage of ruling a population almost homogeneous in race and in religion. Colonel Leake, writing more than half a century ago, mentions the great families of Tchapan Oglou, and Kara Osman Oglou, who ruled over most of western and south-western Anatolia, and says that the mildness and equity of their government had attracted thither great numbers of Greeks from Europe. Centralization has certainly not improved the material position of the people in Asia Minor.

July 2nd.—Started at 6.45 A.M. to see the inscription. The road was across the mountain we had descended yesterday, and then far down into the valley of the Gieuk Sou, across many deep ravines. The

inscription is carved on the face of a rock, which stands in the deep glen down which the Gieuk Sou flows. The river passes between sheer precipices of rock, and broken mountains of dark red limestone, which rise to a great height above its channel, and are all of the boldest and most abrupt forms. The rock itself is bounded on one side by the river, from which it rises like a wall from 700 to 800 feet; on the other side it rises sheer up from the mountain slope about 250 to 300 feet. About a mile from it, up the course of the river, is a pretty little basin of fertile land, well cultivated. High mountains rise steeply from it on every side, and the river winding through it passes in a deep gorge under the rock on which is the inscription, and so flows onwards to Bostànsu. The inscription is about 6 feet long by 3 feet 6 inches wide, and is about 35 feet from the ground. The whole surface of the rock is naturally smooth, and the precipice rises above like a wall. It commemorates the capture of this rock fortress, from the brigands who held it, by a force under the command of Bassidius Lauricius, "Comes and Præses," at the order of the Emperor Constantius and Julianus the Cæsar. A garrison was stationed there to maintain tranquillity, and the name Antiochia was given to the place.

No date is given, but the time must have been a few years before the death of Constantius in A.D. 361. Julian was made Cæsar in 355 A.D. The rock is situated to the N.W. of the village of Tchukour, in a spot called by the country-people "Nounou," far down in the ravine of the Gieuk Sou. It is most difficult of access, and we were told that within the memory

of the people round, no European had visited the spot. At Karaman I had heard the most exaggerated stories about this inscription. "It covered the whole face of the rock," &c., &c. At Yeni Kishla, they more modestly made it fifteen lines. I found it to be thus:—

IVDSVDDNNCONSTANTITRIVMFATORIS
\VCVSTIETIVLIANINOЬCAESARIS
CASTELLVMDIVANTEAALATRONIЬVS
POSSESVMETPROVINCIISPERNICIOSVM
BASSIDIVSLAVRICIVSVCCOMET
PRAESESOCCVPAVITADIVEADPERPE
TVAMIVIETISFIRMITATEMMILITVM
PRAESIDIOMVNITVMANTIOCHIAM
NVNCVPAVIT

"By command of our lords the triumphant Constantius Augustus and Julian the noble Cæsar, the illustrious Bassidius Lauricius, Count and Governor, took possession of the fortress Divantea, which was held by brigands and was mischievous to the provinces; and in order to maintain tranquillity, garrisoned it with troops, and named it 'Antiochia.'"

"Triumfatoris" (not classical), equivalent to "victorious." Comes, one of the later Roman or Byzantine titles of honour, and equivalent to "Lieutenant-General." There was a "Comes" of Isauria, Lycaonia, &c. Præses, equivalent to "Civil Governor."

The date of this inscription is marked by the opening lines, in which Julian, under the title of Cæsar, is associated with the Emperor Constantius. Julian, who was the Emperor's cousin, had been appointed Cæsar on November 6th, A.D. 355, and in 360 he was proclaimed Emperor by the Gallic legions. The death of Constantius in 361 gave him undisputed possession of the throne.

So great had been the disorganization throughout the eastern provinces of the Empire, that the savage Isaurians profited by it to descend from their rugged mountain fastnesses and ravage all the neighbouring districts, and in 359 Lauricius (the Bassidius L. of the inscription) was appointed "Præses" and "Comes" of Isauria, and sent to establish order. It was during this government that the capture of "Antiochia" occurred.

Cilicia had been hitherto divided into the provinces of Cilicia of the Plain (*πεδίας*), and Rocky or Mountain Cilicia (*τραχεῖα*). But under Constantine the latter was called Isauria. In the reign of Arcadius, the former was subdivided into Cilicia Prima and Secunda. Heraclius united

these to Isauria, and gave to the entire province thus formed the name of the "Seleucian Thema." It remained thus without change until the eleventh century, when the whole country was conquered by the Seljook Turks. Ammianus (xix. 13) notices the troubles in Isauria, and says that Lauricius was sent to Isauria as Governor, after receiving besides the title of "Comes." The capture of this brigand stronghold, therefore, probably happened between 359 and the spring of 360, the date of Julian's proclamation as Emperor. Besides the notice of Lauricius by Ammian, Sozomen and Socrates, in their ecclesiastical histories, mention that he was present at the Council of Seleucia, A.D. 359, to maintain order and defend the council during its session. (Socrates, II. xxxix. 149, xl. 151-2-5; Sozom. IV. xxii. 163-4.) In none of these passages is the name Bassidius given, but his titles in the inscription exactly correspond with those given to him by the historians; e. g. Socrates calls him *ὁ τῶν κατὰ τὴν Ἰσαυρίαν στρατιωτῶν ἡγούμενος*, and *ὁ λαμπρότατος ἡγούμενος τῆς ἐπαρχίας*· Sozomen calls him *ὁ τῶν στρατιωτῶν τοῦ ἔθνους ἡγεμών*.

I have supposed that the DIVANTEA of the inscription may be the original name of the place; it may, however, be the words "diu antea," though I prefer the former explanation.

After copying the inscription, I mounted to the summit by a chink or narrow crack in the rock. Up this the ascent wound steeply through overhanging walls of rock. There may have once been a wooden stair in this chink, closed by a door or gate, but I saw no marks of this. There were a few remains of buildings on the summit. Both up and down the stream the country looks wild and savage; the rocky sides of the glen are many hundred feet in perpendicular height, and broken mountain summits of the strangest and boldest shape rise on every side.

I had ample opportunity whilst returning to notice the geological formation of this district. I never saw so difficult and impracticable a country, and do not now wonder that even the Roman Government failed to put down and keep in order the Isaurians. The mountains are not of very great height, but the deep glens, profound river ravines, and rock precipices with

which the whole face of the land is seamed, the constant broken ascents and descents, render the country immensely difficult. The mountains seem to have been forced up by some mighty subterranean explosion, and either to have risen through the softer strata into plateaux with precipitous sides like so many walls, or more often to have been tilted in the process, so that on one side there is a long steep ascent, then from the topmost ridge the precipice sinks plumb down into an abyss. And these great slopes are no mere hill sides, but spaces which it takes hours of painful marching to traverse. Of the material of these mountains I shall speak farther on. Here, they consisted of deep red limestone, often even vermilion in colour, but stained by the exposure and sun and rain of ages, in great blotches of brown and black and cream colour.

Heavy rain cooled the air as we returned, but the ride was very exhausting, and occupied fully six hours exclusive of time for resting.

As we passed the yaila of Kizilja, at the top of the steep ascent from Atchilan, our guide pointed out the grave of a man who had been shot dead here, four years ago. The assassin waited for him in a clump of bushes near the path, and fired at him from behind. The ball entered the back of his head and passed out through his forehead. When news of the murder was brought to Kizilja, the whole village turned out in arms to search for the assassin, but nothing could be easier than to escape pursuit in such a country, and besides he had a start of an hour or two. Both the Government and the people of the villages round

made every effort to discover the murderer, but all was in vain. The murdered man came from the village of Khadem, and it appeared that he had a private enemy there. This man was strongly suspected, but there was no proof against him. The murdered man was buried where he fell, and in our guide's words, "Allah only knows who did the deed."

We reached Yeni Kishla at 8 P.M. The room was full of villagers, but not one stirred to give us space for sitting down.

After waiting a while, Nahli asked where we were to sit. "Oh," said one, "there is the balcony empty; go there!" As it was raining, this would not have been pleasant, and Nahli replied in a rage, "What! is this the way in which you treat stranger guests? Get up, and go into the balcony yourselves!" Rather to my surprise they complied, but not one would bring us anything we required, though I had paid liberally for all we had consumed the day before. But our guide, who might be considered a travelled and more enlightened man, went out and brought us some bread; our stores supplied what else we needed, or these inhospitable fellows would have left us without food.

July 3rd.— As the villagers would bring us absolutely nothing, and Nahli's eloquence failed, I was obliged to take up the matter myself. I sent for the mukhtar, showed him the bouyourdi from the Governor of Adana, and reproached him for their inhospitality. He tried to excuse the people on the score of the scarcity, but I would not admit this; e.g. we needed a tallow candle for softening the bridles, &c., which were hardened and cracked by the sun—no one would

either give or sell one. We needed a little bread, but they would not supply any, and yet I was ready to pay for everything I consumed! At last, thoroughly ashamed, he went off and sent what we required. I made them accept payment to the last para.

Left Yeni Kishla at 8.30 A.M. Fine and cloudy day. Crossed a series of rounded hills, and in about two hours was opposite Aghadj, a little village on the left. A wide plain opens out beyond Aghadj, and about an hour beyond, on a high ridge at the side of the plain, is Durgèller. Under the mountains to the north, and in front of these two villages, the limestone is cleft by a deep ravine, down which runs the Gieuk Sou. In this ravine, at the upper end of the plain, is a great source, which here flows into the river. The greatest body of water rises from beneath a rock not far from the river, on the south side of the ravine, but many other springs burst from the ground all around the large source. These are concealed by a thick growth of brush and underwood, of bramble, wild vine, and rank herbage of many kinds. The water of these springs is charged with carbonic acid gas, and leaves a grey stony deposit, like the travertine of the great source at Hierapolis in Phrygia.

It is curious to see the fields and gardens of the villagers of Yerkooblü (the hamlet and mill near the source), surrounded by walls, once of loose stones, but now formed into a solid mass by means of the deposit from the water.

The miller told me that every second or third year he is obliged to renew the water tubes for his overshot mill, as the deposit rapidly fills them up. The water

of the spring is beautifully clear, but not fit to drink, though good for irrigation. The Turks call all such springs "Kara Sou," "black water," and prefer to send miles rather than use such water for drinking purposes. There is a similar source above Tarsus, which spoils the water of the Cydnus, and two on the Sarus, at Ak Keupri in the pass beyond the Cilician Gates.

Yerkooblü is a deep depression along the river bed, about 500 feet below the general level of the plain. The descent to it is extremely steep—a succession of sharp curves in the rock road down the side of the limestone precipice which forms the south side of the ravine—and of course we were obliged to descend on foot. I enjoyed a bath in the Kara Sou, which so refreshed me, that I mounted the steep ascent again almost without an effort; not so poor stout Nahli, who came up panting and perspiring, and loudly protested that on no account would he again mount such an ascent on foot.

The land round the hamlet of Yerkooblü is most productive, and the fruit, especially the cherries and apples, equal to good English fruit, but it must be an unhealthy spot and liable to fevers owing to its heat and humidity.

We had sent on our baggage to Durgèller, and rode up the white marble hill side to the house of the mudir. This gentleman was one of the few kind and hospitable men I met in this barbarous district. He is a fine-looking elderly man, named Khalil Effendi of Koniah (Kònialü). His house was one of the best I saw in Karamania. He received us most kindly, and

ordered some refreshment, telling me that it was both his duty, and a pleasure, to do all he could for me. The lunch consisted of buttermilk with sliced cucumber, spinach dressed with butter, stewed apples, and excellent unleavened bread. He pressed me much to stay, but I declined. However, on going out I found a perfect collection of ancient funereal monuments. In front of the mudir's house was the "Serai" or Government House—not old, but having been very badly built, it had fallen down before it was completed, and had been then abandoned. It was constructed in great part of ancient remains, and I counted more than fifty tombstones built into its walls. They showed me the spot where all these monuments had been discovered, in a field close to the mudir's house. It had been the cemetery of some ancient city, but I could learn nothing as to the site of an old town in the neighbourhood. The mudir and the villagers told me that Durgèller was founded in the time of the conqueror Karaman Oglou, and derived its name from "dulgiàr," "a carpenter" (i.e. "Carpenters' village," another instance of the inversion of letters in a name, so common in Karamania, the plural being "dulgiàrler"). As there is a considerable extent of rich land in the ravines round the place, as the air is remarkably pure and healthy, and the water supply good and plentiful, it is probable that the old town stood near if not upon the site of the present village; but the people could give no further information, and the name of the place was not mentioned in any of the inscriptions.

When I saw these antiquities I determined to

accept the mudir's invitation, and although our souriji had already started, a messenger was sent to recall him; besides, the rest was much needed, for all of us, both men and horses, were exhausted. Then I commenced copying the monuments and inscriptions, and worked on until sunset, when I was summoned to supper. We supped in the open air, and spent a pleasant evening, for the mudir was most courteous and hospitable, and the conversation was sensible. There were present the mudir's son-in-law, our acquaintance the Kadi of Kizilja, the douanier of the district, and the head villager of Durgèller. The mudir had two pretty grandchildren, a little girl, and a boy with flaxen hair who came to sup with us, and behaved quite like a grown man.

No one could give me any information as to the antiquities of Durgèller, but incidentally one of the company spoke of a magnificent sarcophagus, standing in a wilderness not far from Eskil, on the shore of the great salt lake "Tatta Gôl," in Lycaonia.

The supper was most plentiful: it consisted of eiran soup (buttermilk), kabak (vegetable marrows) stewed with meat, small pieces of meat stewed in butter, stewed apples, spinach with yaourt, eiran, and cucumber. The mudir apologized for the fare, but it was really excellent, and I said the diet of the country suited me very well; indeed, I never was in better health, or more capable of bearing fatigue, in spite of the rough life and in general scanty diet, but in a few days more I was prostrated by fever.

Although the mudir was so kind, there was something wild and "farouche" about his servants, and

indeed about all the people not immediately connected with him.

Our souriji, Ali, brought us an unfavourable account of the people of the village. He said that all without exception were a "bad lot," they were "thieves" if they saw an opportunity, and had been not so very long ago "brigands." He said this openly before the servants of the mudir, and no one contradicted him, or appeared at all indignant at the charge. But Ali would be a very awkward antagonist in a quarrel; and, moreover, I believe the latter charge was really true.

Some fine silken yorghans, from the mudir's hareem, had been sent in for us, and we were preparing to retire, when in came the head servant, who looked more like a brigand than any of them, and warned us against thieves, bidding us at the same time not to be afraid, "Some one might, perhaps, come into our room during the night, but it would only be somebody who was hungry, and would come to see if he could find a little bread, &c., &c., but we need not fear." I replied that I had travelled for nearly three months in the country, and had felt no fear; besides, I was under the protection of the Padshah, and, moreover, I had a revolver of five barrels, and my interpreter one of six, and we might be tempted to fire upon anyone who entered our room surreptitiously at night." We determined, therefore, to keep a good look-out. For myself personally I had no fear, but I was rather anxious about the horses. However, we carefully secured them with the leg-irons, and charged Ali, who stays with them, to keep a good watch.

After the servants had left, Ali brought a great log

of wood, and set it against our door on the outside, for there is no fastening of any kind on the inside, and the door opens outwards. Our position was not altogether pleasant, we were in the country of the Isaurians! There was, of course, no glass to the windows, the shutters were open on account of the heat, and as I sat down to write up my journal, I overheard the servants talking amongst themselves of our arms. I had taken care to produce my revolver and explain its use. By-and-by one came to the window, and looking in, asked me if I did not "intend to go to sleep," again bidding me "not to be afraid." At this I laughed, and soon after lay down to sleep. Anyone who wished might have easily clambered through the window, but we were not disturbed by any visitor.

I believe the whole scene was got up to see if we were armed, and to try of what stuff we were made; not that our revolvers would have been of the slightest use had there been real danger, rather the contrary; and next day, on our way to Alata, I could not help thinking how very easily they might have carried off my baggage, had they *really* formed any such plan, when our cavass had induced us to turn aside to the yaila, and send the baggage on through the forest with Ali alone. But these poor Turks are truly a sterling race, whose good qualities come out upon closer acquaintance; and as regards their honesty I can only say that throughout my journey I never missed the smallest article, although there were abundant opportunities for abstracting, had the people been so minded. But I verily believe they would not condescend to pilfer, even though they might turn brigands!

July 4th.—A perfectly quiet night, and sound sleep. Rose at 5 A.M. quite refreshed; *café au lait*, cigarette, and to work. I made a pencil sketch of Bozalla Dagh, but I much regret that my skill is not equal to my opportunities. The "effects" in this beautiful land are truly exquisite! About three-quarters of an hour beyond Durgèller on the same side of the plain, on west by north is the village of Tchakàller. Nearly due north on the mountain side opposite Durgèller is Sarahaji, a large village, where, as I heard, are many similar antiquities. A little farther up the river, and below Sarahaji, is a small village, Omar Oglou. Yet farther, three hours up the river, is Yàghjiler. Of the upper part of the river I shall speak hereafter.

At 8.30 the mudir called me in to breakfast—again a good and abundant meal. Roast meat with burghoul stuffing, bahmeahs (*Hibiscus esculentus*), and stewed meat, kaimak and petmez, kabak and minced meat with yaourt, eiran and sliced cucumber, burghoul pilaff. It must not, however, be supposed that this was the usual fare of the family. All this was in our honour. The Osmanlis of Karamania, partly from habit, partly from poverty, usually live in the most frugal and sparing style.

Soon after breakfast I had finished all I cared to do; so bidding adieu to the kind old mudir, we started at 11 A.M., and riding across the beautiful white marble rocks, on which the village is built, began to mount the steep ascent at the back of Durgèller. Warned by past privations, we took a supply of excellent bread from the mudir's house, and I saw our "souriji" wrapping up a large quantity for himself also. We

had still our barley bread which we had brought from Yeni Kishla. "Waste not, want not," is vividly impressed on the traveller in this hungry land.

The cavass whom the mudir gave us, did not please me; he had a lowering expression of countenance, and never looked me straight in the face; altogether a bad specimen after our former companions. Our route was up the steep mountain side, and then we followed the tops of the chain towards N.E. Our destination was Alata, but I was all abroad, for our direction by the compass did not at all accord with the map. At first we passed over heights of blue marble veined with white, then over whitish limestone; then for a long distance over what appeared to be limestone calcined, and lying in friable flakes, of brown, green, and yellow. At 1 P.M. we were near the yaila of Durgèller, and our cavass, who wished to go there in order to change his saddle, pressed us to go up to the yaila and take coffee, saying that Ali could go on through the wood with the baggage as the path was perfectly plain. I was very reluctant to leave the baggage, but he pressed me so much, that not wishing to show distrust, I at last consented.

From the high ground near the yaila there is a wide extended view over the Isaurian country to W. and N. and N.E., and over the district under the south side of Bozalla Dagh, a district of great elevation, and consisting of a number of broad plateaux, up to the foot of the mountain itself. Kara Dagh was hidden by Bozalla, but I could see a faint outline of the mountains beyond the plain of Karaman, and the white limestone hills which we had crossed when leaving

Karaman for Mout—a noble country, but wild, savage, difficult, and impracticable. No wonder its inhabitants in the old days were brigands! Opportunity makes the thief!

Arrived at the yaila, the cavass pressed me much to enter his hut, of large loose stones, roofed with brushwood; I was obliged to do so. Then, "Would we have milk or yaourt; or should they prepare some food for us?" I declined all except a cup of coffee. The air of Durgèller had made me suspicious, and nothing would have been easier now—had any previous concert been arranged—than for some of the villagers to fall on Ali left alone, and carry off the baggage into the forest! And all my money, in good Turkish gold liras, was in it! The very thought was agonizing! I hastily swallowed my coffee, and, without waiting for cavass or Nahli, mounted my horse, and pushed on by a short cut through the oak scrub, to rejoin Ali. In half an hour I caught him up, and I need not say was heartily relieved. The forest here was of oak and pine, full of admirable places for ambuscades, and, I will confess it, I kept looking right and left, with no slight misgiving and anxiety. At about 1 P.M. we halted to allow the horses to graze, and the cavass came up to Nahli and asked for bread, "he was hungry." Nahli took out our Yeni Kishla barley bread, and offered it, but it was contemptuously refused. "But," said Nahli, "we never eat except when the tchelebi eats; and we often have no other bread but this kind. What is good enough for us is surely good enough for you! Last year you were starving, and eating grass!" I thought the man

would have struck him. He had seen our Durgèller bread, and wished to have it. At last, with a surly and discontented air he grumblingly took the barley bread, but I did not see him eat any of it.

After passing many valleys in the forest, and many rough and rocky dells, each with its brook, full of fine specimens of porphyry, we at last came out upon a wide mountain valley—I think it was a continuation of the valley we had crossed in descending from Muharram Bel. There seems to be a long line of precipices, forming the west side of this valley, all the way from Gelibel to Alata, and we could now see how the Ermenek cavass had taken us out of our direct route, by leading us to Kizilja instead of directly to Alata or Khadem. The road from Ermenek to Alata is eight hours long. There are no villages on it, only at wide intervals a few Yourouk encampments. Had we taken this route, we should have saved time and trouble, but then I should have missed the antiquities at Nounou and Durgèller. After emerging from the valleys of Allah Dagh, the road is easy as far as the descent above Alata; then the way becomes bad, being steep and of hard calcined limestone gravel, so that it was difficult to avoid falling. We reached Alata at about 6 P.M., after five and a half hours in the saddle: we were told it requires an hour more to go from Durgèller to Alata than the reverse journey.

Alata is a large village in a deep mountain dell, with fountains, and a considerable stream, and much well-cultivated land about it. Looking down the stream from above Alata, we saw a perfect maze of volcanic hills along the river banks, their tops gilded

by the setting sun. As we rode into the village, we had the usual reception from the many loungers about, to which we were now becoming accustomed in this inhospitable region—"The mukhtar was absent at the yaila — so were all the people; there was no house, no firewood—nothing!" It was not till strong language had been used, and they had been solemnly assured that they would be *paid*, that they would do the least thing for us. At last a wretched shelter was found, some eiran and burghoul brought, and forage provided for the horses. The cavass behaved ill; he was worse than useless, and his dour, ill-omened face disgusted me.

After a long parley I saw that we could not get on without the help of the mukhtar, so I enclosed in an envelope our order from the Kaimakam of Karaman, and sent it to him up to the yaila, by a boy, begging him to come down next morning and help us, and to let us have some eggs and a little milk for our breakfast.

We got rid of the villagers at last, only the man who had waited upon us remained for coffee; the churlishness of all, excepting that man, was very plainly shown!

July 5th.—The mukhtar did not come, so I told Nahli to direct the cavass to mount his horse and ride up to the yaila to bring him, to which the man gave a point-blank refusal. Then I took him in hand, and I found that I could manage these difficult cases better than Nahli, who used to lose his temper. I represented to him that I was "recommended everywhere to the authorities; that everywhere they had

given me assistance, and he himself had been sent to help me; that I must have a guide, and without the mukhtar I could not obtain one. Would he tell me plainly if he would go or not? as then I should know what to do." Very sullenly he consented to go.

At last the mukhtar arrived, bringing with him milk and eggs, and we breakfasted. But again our cavass began to give trouble, interfering whilst we were settling accounts, and putting obstacles in our way instead of helping us; so finally I took him by the shoulders, and pushed him out, bidding him "go back to Durgèller; he was useless, and had better return to the plough, for he had evidently mistaken his vocation when he became a Government cavass." Extinguished by the laughter of the villagers, he took his "bucksheesh," and went off. After an infinity of trouble and vexation a guide was found, but he only came with the greatest reluctance, at the earnest half entreaty, half command of the mukhtar, and at first Nahli and I were obliged to keep him between our horses in the narrow path, to prevent him from running away.

We started at about 9 A.M. This day's journey was more exhausting than any I have yet made. The heat of the sun was very powerful, especially as the road lay through a succession of deep and narrow river valleys. It followed the course of the little stream that flowed down from Alata, at first towards S.W. then N.W. It crossed transversely the bases of those rounded hills of calcined limestone whose summits we had seen at sunset from above Alata. In the bends of these hills the road was

tolerably good, although from the narrowness and steepness of the path, and the hard gravel of which the hill was composed, it was difficult marching for the horses. But at the extremity of each hill, where it touched upon the river, there was always a group of the hardest rocks, over and round which the track passed, and here it was steep, rough, and difficult. The road seemed interminable, without variety, and most uninteresting; no villages, and but scanty cultivation. After about three hours our guide showed us a short cut over the mountains, in front of Auschar, a large village on the west side of the stream. In front of Auschar we recrossed the river—here flowing deep and slow—by a bridge. The road then followed the east side of the river, and became more difficult as we advanced. Three-quarters of an hour from Auschar is Iljibounar, on the west side of the river. Below it, is a bridge, but we still kept on the east side. Beyond Iljibounar is a lofty mountain spur, with the village of Ardishlü on its summit. In the valley beyond, is the village of Sazak. A side ravine, down which a considerable torrent flows into the river, runs behind this village far up into the heart of the mountains, displaying the higher part of Allah Dagh, great plateaux edged with deep precipices, and covered with thick forests. From this point the road became constantly worse. The geology of this district is very remarkable. The soil is all either of marble of many varieties, or an infinite variety of volcanic substances, with a thin surface-covering of gravel; never, I should suppose, in any place could a greater variety be found!

The road was a quick succession of ascents and

descents, not of any very great height, but surprisingly abrupt and steep, and rendered difficult beyond measure by the nature of the soil. The path was a mere scratch in the side of a steep slope extending far down to the river, so slight that at times we were puzzled to trace it. This is owing to the extreme hardness of the angular gravel and loose sharp-edged stones with which the whole surface is covered; we were obliged continually to dismount, and walk for considerable distances. The heat was intense, and as the day waned, the sun seemed to strike under the brim of my hat with a force I had not before experienced. The river here runs in a deep narrow bed between the steep slopes of the mountains on one side, and high rock precipices on the other, leaving a narrow margin, in which here and there at wide intervals may be seen a house or a patch of cultivated ground. The soil is not in any part of the common mountain limestone, but of the very hardest varieties, white, grey, yellowish, or even of a pinkish tint; many even of these, streaked and veined with white marble, or flint of different tints. There was a great variety of marbles, the principal being blue with veins or streaks of white; but really fine white marble constantly occurred in great beds; there were also great masses of yellow marble, and here and there of porphyry. The veins of hard volcanic substances were very numerous and of many colours; there was jasper, and trap varying from light grey to coal black, all of great hardness; and a variety of other rocks, amongst them a dark red flinty stone, with darker veins in it. I collected a few specimens

as we passed, amongst them amygdaloid. I might doubtlessly have collected many more, but I was much fatigued, and therefore perhaps less observant than I should otherwise have been.

At about 5 P.M. we crossed, by a good stone bridge, to the west side of the river. It runs there in a deep channel of rock, the sides of which are worn smooth as glass by the current, so that it has all the appearance of an artificial cutting.

Our guide said this bridge was two hours from Khadem.

On the east side of the river, high up on the mountain side, is the village of Sarinj. Opposite to it, and high up on the west, is the village of Mernak, three-quarters of an hour from the bridge; our guide said we might either pass through this village, or follow a longer but easier route along the edge of the river; we chose the latter, and in half an hour were below Mernak; from this spot the road to Khadem crosses a high ridge, and then turns sharply to the left up a side valley. The river continues its course to the right, through a ravine bordered by deep precipices, and so is lost to sight.

Our souriji had remained some distance behind us, but when he came up with us, it was evident that to-day's march had proved too much for his horse, and we were obliged to stay for the night at Mernak, and send down from the village a mule to bring up the baggage. The road to the village was long and tedious, and it was sunset before we reached the house of the mukhtar. He could only offer to share his room with us, as his own house was under repair. It

did not look very inviting, but I was so thoroughly fatigued that any place would have been acceptable; his supper, however, was really uneatable, so I was forced to be satisfied with a little bread and a cup of milk. Five or six of the leading villagers, who came in later in the evening, were superior to most of their class; nearly all had been on the pilgrimage to Mecca, several had passed a year or two in Egypt, knew Cairo and Alexandria, and spoke Arabic. They were travelled and comparatively enlightened men!

July 6th.—Passed a restless, uncomfortable night, full of strange dreams, and rose exhausted with pain in head, eyes, and back, and a heaviness in every limb. I felt that some illness was upon me, but thought it was only from exposure to the sun, and fatigue, and that a good day's rest would remove it all. Seen by daylight the mukhtar's room is really handsome, though not large; it is lined about half-way up the walls with wainscot, and the fireplace is surrounded by an elaborate and artistic carving in hard wood.

To our mutual regret, we were obliged here to part with our good souriji, Ali, for his horse was no longer able to carry the baggage; he started for his home, Karaman, intending to travel very leisurely; and the mukhtar having found us a baggage mule, we left for Khadem. The road to Khadem follows (as I said) a ravine to the left from the river. There were several villages in sight, but I was too ill, and too indifferent, to write their names. Although a strong breeze was blowing, the heat was very great. We reached Upper Khadem in three-quarters of an hour, and in half an

hour more arrived at Khadem. As we passed the village cemetery, I confess that sinister thoughts crowded in upon my mind. "Will it be my lot to be laid here, far from home and friends, with nothing but one of these rough lichen-covered stones, to mark my resting place?"

The village of Hodjilar (the unfortunate name which had caused us so much wandering) is still higher up in the mountains than Upper Khadem.

Khadem is a straggling village, built along the sides of a low open valley; we were directed to the Serai or Government House, a large barn-like building, and on alighting at the door, were brought into a hall on the ground floor, where were some twenty soldiers, and a large quantity of stacked rifles. From this a broad staircase led up to a wide wooden gallery, having rooms opening off from it. Into one of these we were led by a soldier, and introduced to the kaimakam, who, with five or six others, was seated on a long divan, in a kind of projecting bay window. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, tall, good looking, of bright red and white complexion, but of a dour, proud, look. I heard afterwards that he was only the son of a peasant of Ipbrada, near Alaya, and I found him utterly ignorant (so ignorant that he once asked me if London was the capital of England), with no experience of the world; having nothing to say, and nothing to ask, he puts on this air of cold dignity and reserve, a device the Turks well know how to employ.

Next to him was seated the kadi, a man of fifty years, with a continual smile on his lips, and a steady

stare. I may safely say, that he scarcely turned his eyes from me whilst I was with them. I distrust and dislike a man who is always smiling, and instinctively I felt this was not a pleasant person to deal with. My judgment was fully borne out by the account I afterwards heard of him.

Near to him sat the kaimakam's brother-in-law. I know not why, but I instinctively disliked these men!

On my entering the room, all stared at me as if I had been some strange wild animal, but even the ordinary civility, "Bouyouroun!" "Sit down and make yourself comfortable," was not vouchsafed, so I took a vacant place on the divan and sat down. No doubt this sudden appearance of a foreigner dropping amongst them, as from the clouds, must have seemed strange, and probably no European had ever before visited their village. Then Nahli explained who I was. The "bouyourdi" of the Wali of Adana was produced, read, passed round from hand to hand, and subjected to the most minute scrutiny, even the Wali's seal being closely examined. I found out afterwards that they had formed the bright idea I was a Russian spy! and it must be admitted, that after the revelations of Russian intrigue in European Turkey for a long time previous to the insurrection of Bosnia and Herzegovina, such an idea was not so unreasonable as then it seemed to me to be! Then a whispered conversation took place, and at length "Khoosh geldinez," "You are welcome," was said. It was far from a pleasant reception, and I was quite disconcerted by their fixed and suspicious stare. Then began the usual questions. "What is this gentleman's business? Why is he

travelling?" to which I replied through the interpreter, "I am travelling for my own pleasure." On this the kaimakam, not knowing that I understood Turkish, made the rude remark, "One does not travel for pleasure in heat like this!" To this I replied in Turkish, "Still the matter is really so, Effendim! I am travelling for my own pleasure!" Silence ensued, then again whispers. "When did the gentleman leave Stamboul?" I did not leave Stamboul at all; I came from Alexandria in Egypt, as it is written in the passport. Then the interpreter explained the causes of my detention in Adana. Again silence and whispers. I was tired of this treatment; no offer of service or help was made, they simply sat, and stared, and whispered; so I said, "Tell the kaimakam I have a favour to ask of him." "But he has not offered to do anything for you!" "Never mind! Ask him if he will give me a room in the village, a private room to myself; I am very tired, and not well; I need quiet and repose. Also in a few days will he give me a cavass and a souriji, to resume my journey?"

This the kaimakam promised, and a soldier was called and ordered to bring us to the house of Hadji Emin Effendi, chief mufti of Khadem, a very benevolent old gentleman, who keeps, it seems, open house, and entertains all travellers who visit Khadem.

Accordingly we were taken through the cornfields to his house on the opposite side of the valley, and found him sitting in a large wooden room, fitted up with divans all round it. Some five or six friends were with him, but when the soldier gave the kaimakam's message, all rose and left me in possession,

and I at once lay down. My head, eyes, and back were in great pain, with a high pulse, great heat, and intense fatigue. I took a dose of James' Powder, and slept. Profuse perspiration came on; at evening I took another large dose; passed a quiet night, but no sleep, only profuse perspiration. Diet rice soup, and tea.

July 7th.—Towards midday fever diminished, still heat great and pulse high, but I lay utterly exhausted, and not venturing to administer quinine till the pulse became calmer. Diet rice soup, and tea; towards night a little sleep. There is little to write of to-day, but I noticed that Nahli's face wore a very serious air as he sat by me on the divan. In the course of the day many visitors dropped in, but I was too ill to take much notice of them; towards evening the mufti came to see me, and brought me a few roses. He is a fine-looking elderly man, of about sixty years, with a handsome and thoroughly Oriental face, great flashing dark-brown eyes, bronzed complexion, an aquiline nose, full grey beard, and bushy black eyebrows.

He wears the old-fashioned Turkish or Arab dress, a long caftan of some dark-coloured cloth, an under coat of thick satin, with a Cashmere shawl as girdle ("kushàk"). His broad turban ("sàrik") was of muslin, the finest and whitest possible. I noticed that he wore one handsome diamond ring, but no other jewellery. Some such men as he were the Old Testament patriarchs in appearance. At night Nahli told me that the kaimakam and one or two of his friends had come over to the evening meal, for the mufti's table is open, it seems, to all; and during a pause in the

conversation he had asked Nahli if "I was not a raki drinker, and if my illness did not proceed from that." Nahli replied, "Effendim! I wonder you are not a better judge of character than that. Is it likely that a gentleman who bears a firman from the Sadr-el-Azem, and has been recommended by the English Embassy at Stamboul, should be a low raki drinker?" The subject dropped.

July 8th.—Better, heat less, pulse calmer. Nahli brought me word that the mufti had found me a doctor if I chose to see him—a retired army doctor, Ali Effendi. I reflected that he must have treated hundreds of fever cases, and would well know how to manage my case, so I replied that I should be very glad to see him. He was a quiet and gentlemanly man, of about fifty, settled at Khadem, in the Government service. He felt my pulse, said the fever was diminished, but was still there, and there might be a relapse at any hour, but he must "cut" it by giving quinine. Accordingly he sent for a few grains of wheat, and with them weighed me out a dozen grains of my own sulphate of quinine to take in three doses at intervals of an hour.

July 9th.—Fever almost gone. The pure bracing air, and the quiet airy room in which I lodged, had much to do with this rapid recovery. It is a room of wood, about 20 feet square, lofty, and being intended only for summer use, is well ventilated by open interstices under the eaves. Wide cotton divans run along three sides of it. The floor is of clay, covered with matting, and a Turkey carpet, not, unfortunately, without inhabitants, owing to the slovenliness in which

even the richest Osmanlis here habitually live. At this season the climate is exquisite, but I am told considerably hotter this year than usual. Regularly every day at about 11 A.M., a strong breeze rises, and blows downwards from the high mountains on the N.W. There is no rain or thunderstorm at this season, and the nights are calm and balmy.

Fever is almost unknown on this side of the valley, but, strange to say, of frequent occurrence on the other side. Several cases occurred during my stay, for which application was made to me for quinine, and I gave what I could spare.

I will now try to describe the house of Hadji Emin. This is his midsummer residence; he has besides, three others, in which he resides alternately, according to the season. This involves no great trouble; so simple is the Oriental way of life, that a couple of hours suffices to remove from one residence to another. The position of the house is on an oblong level space, in a nook of the mountain, which forms one side of the Khadem valley; terraces of garden ground descend from it, planted with fruit-trees, amongst them cherries, equal to the finest Italian cherries. Unfortunately before I was well enough to avail myself of them they were nearly gone. I only came in for the gleaning, but even that was good. One morning I was awakened by a great noise under my window, my host was sending off two or three horses, laden with cherries as presents to his friends and the "great people" at Koniah.

The principal reason for the choice of this particular spot on which to build the house, was, that a copious

spring bursts out of the rock here; another source—the village fountain—with much better water, was not many yards distant. The house consisted of one long series of low, wooden rooms, with the kitchen at the end. The women's quarters (i. e. the lady travellers, not the mufti's "hareèm") was on one of the lower terraces; a suite of rooms of masonry, and they were occupied by a lady who was attended by two or three well-dressed negresses.

A grass-plat, overshadowed by a large old willow tree, was under my windows, with a deep tank into which the waters of the source flowed. The mufti's favourite seat was on a wooden divan under the shade of the willow; here he received his friends, and the company took their meals seated on the turf; my portion being sent on a separate tray into my room. I was told that sometimes the house is quite full of travellers and guests, and they have as many as 100 cotton "yorghans" (quilted coverings) kept in readiness. Fortunately for me, very few guests were then staying in the house. It seems that the old gentleman is very rich, and delights in spending his income in this way; it was the custom of his ancestors before him, and he keeps it up. He has very extensive estates, and, according to the rule of cultivating the ground in Karamania, he shares with his villagers the net produce. He told me that his average annual income was 12,000 kilehs of grain, besides fruit, cattle, sheep, &c., of which he had very many, now pasturing higher up in the mountains. Now, in Karamania, this implies very great wealth. He is of course subjected to much extortion from the

provincial authorities beyond the regular taxation; but his position, and his very goodness and liberality and harmlessness, will doubtless keep him from any very great trouble. He told me how Essaad Pasha,* when Wali of Koniah, had persecuted him. The Vali paid him a visit to Khadem, and was so pleased with the fine air of the place that he remained about a fortnight. During all this time the mufti had entertained him, and provided his suite with all they needed, incurring of course considerable expense, for which he declined all payment. It happened just about the same time that some Turk of rank in the province was endeavouring to marry the mufti's daughter, but he did not like the man's character, and therefore rejected his suit. This man persuaded Essaad Pasha to revenge the refusal by causing official inquiries to be made as to the poor mufti's title to his estates; the title was irrefragable, most of the lands had been in the possession of the mufti's family for nearly 700 years. "But it cost me a very heavy sum of money," said the mufti, when telling us the story. This was a bad requital for the old man's hospitality; but I can well believe that the story was quite true, such acts of injustice are of daily occurrence in the provinces, committed by a bureaucracy that is ruining the empire.

The mufti is descended from a noble family in one of the tribes of Hedjazi Arabs; one of his ancestors

* Essaad Pasha married a niece of Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, was Grand Vizier for a short period, and was then sent as Governor of Syria to Damascus. He died there very suddenly in 1876, in the very council room. As usually happens in such cases, there were suspicions, probably groundless, of poison.

did a great service of some nature to the Prophet Muhammad, and the Prophet, pleased with him, gave him the title of his "khadem" (i. e. his "servant"). The man took the name as his family name, and it has been retained in the family ever since. I asked how they came to settle in Karamania; he said that a short time after the conquest of Karamania by the Seljooks one of his ancestors was obliged to fly from Medina, his native place, in consequence of some civil broil or feud, and came as a soldier of fortune to Karamania. He settled in that very district, which was then quite a solitude, gave his name to the mountain, and the village he founded here, and the family had remained there ever since as country gentlemen, and handed down the office of mufti from father to son continually.

In common with all his neighbours, the mufti had lost a great number of cattle, sheep, &c., in 1873–4; he mentioned a kind of goat, the "betik," of which he had possessed a large quantity; all except about eighty had perished, in spite of every care that could be bestowed upon them. The hair of the betik is of far finer quality than that of the "teftik" (Angora goat).

He had visited Constantinople, and a few years ago had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. Naturally he had much veneration for the two holy cities, and had been greatly interested by what he witnessed in them, but he did not admire the Arab, and still less the Meccan character.

Both his father and his uncle before him had died when on the pilgrimage, and when in his turn he

wished to go, his sons very much opposed it, and tried to dissuade him, fearing for his safety at such an advanced age. "But you see I have come back safely, as I told them I should," and he said he hoped to pay yet another visit to the Hedjaz. One day he told me he would give me some of the true Meccan coffee, and ordered his younger son to take a key which he gave him, open a certain chest, and bring out some of the berries. No doubt the coffee in its natural state would have been excellent, but the Meccans perfume it with some species of strongly smelling drug, and persuade pilgrims that this is the natural scent and flavour of the coffee. Of course we drank the coffee without question, but it was very distasteful.

He seemed much pleased when I could go outside and sit with him in the garden and eat cherries, and he took care to bring to our room the last pickings of the early crop, telling us at the same time that these were the last.

Many a long conversation we had about politics, the different nations of Europe, and the progress of Russia towards India. Like many others, he seemed to be rather unpleasantly surprised when I told him that Her Majesty had very many more Muslim subjects than the Padshah. But he was by no means an unenlightened man, and far more liberal in his ideas than most of the Osmanlis I met. He generally came twice a day, and would usually bring some little present for me, a few flowers, a bunch of aromatic herbs, a little fruit, saying, "Order what you choose, tell the servants what you wish." Certainly

when he was present, or gave the order, the servants were attentive, but it was otherwise when he was not likely to hear of their inattention, and I am sure that they plundered him shamefully. He was far too easy; any strolling traveller, or villager, could enter his house unchallenged, and not unfrequently sit down to eat with him; for it is etiquette not to eat alone; a man who did not invite some at least of the company present, to share his meal, would be looked upon as wanting in good manners and hospitality. His elder son, Ahmed Effendi, who had a fine estate at Saroglan, and usually lived there with his family, was much more exclusive in his manners, and rightly so.

The younger son, Ibrahim Effendi, a handsome young man of about eighteen or nineteen years, was a constant visitor, and it was very pleasing to observe with what extreme deference and respect both treated the father. The Osmanlis would, I think, compare very favourably with many more advanced nations in filial reverence and affection.

One day, as I was convalescent, the kaimakam arrived with his suite, the kadi, his brother-in-law, and several others. In common politeness I was obliged to go out and see them; but the conversation was simply a long cross-examination of Nahli, varied by sundry skilfully-put side questions to myself about St. Petersburg, Odessa, &c., to which I replied so calmly, that I think at last they saw how groundless were their suspicions of me. Then the kadi asked Nahli, if he "drank raki"; now no one liked his three or four little glasses of raki better, and I could not help an inward laugh at the sanctimonious air with

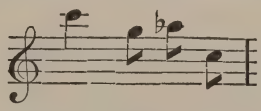
which he turned up his eyes and hands, "Staffar Allah,* *I* drink raki, *heetch! heetch!!* (never! never!!)." Then the kadi turned to me. "But *you*, Tchelebi, *you*, I suppose drink raki?" "Well," I replied, "I would wish to know what you mean by 'drinking' raki. If you mean 'drinking to excess,' that I never do; if you mean a glass now and then, why I do drink it, and Cognac too, and French wine very often. We hold it no sin to use these things; Allah gave them to man for that end—only not to be abused." It seems that they were pleased with my answer.

* Used instead of "Istighfar Allah" (استغفر الله), "I beg pardon of God," a common form employed to express *surprise* and, at the same time, *expostulation*.

CHAPTER XV.

MOUNTAINS OF ISAURIA. RUINS OF ISAURA.

July 10*th.*—There are extremely few birds to be seen here, owing to the severity of the last two winters. In general, however, they are said to be very abundant. One bird amused me much by his tameness and his curious note; about half his body was deep black, the other half bright white. One of them was always flitting about the house; his note was a repetition of



accompanied by abrupt jerks of his tail.

I was very desirous of continuing my journey immediately I had strength enough to mount on horseback, for several reasons combined to make me wish to leave Khadem, but all I was as yet able to do, was to take a stroll in the garden or outside the gate at evening as far as the village fountain, for my legs trembled under me.

Independently of this, the season is now so far advanced that all hope of visiting Lycia must be abandoned. It would require another six weeks at least, and I cannot spare the time; but I hope to visit Isaura, which is about eight hours from Khadem, and

afterwards I shall take the shortest route to the coast, *viâ* Karaman and the Dumbelek Pass, to Mersina. No one is able to give me any trustworthy information as to the country beyond Isaura, even towards Bey Shęhir and Kereli, on the way to Smyrna. And as for the less-frequented country on the S.W. of Isaura, over the mountains of Oroanda and Gieuk Dagh or the valleys of the Melas and Eurymedon, it is either a wilderness (and in Kiepert's map it is a complete blank), or at all events no one here knows anything more about it except that it is all "steep up-and-down" country ("enish yokoush"), and "full of brigands." If I had time I would traverse it, but it is too late now. As events turned out, it was most unfortunate that I decided upon returning *viâ* Mersina, for about the middle of June, cholera appeared in Syria, and all vessels from the Syrian coast had to undergo quarantine. Had I been aware of this, I should have pushed on from Isaura overland, but though our kind host used to bring in the Koniah newspaper, and read us the news, no mention was made in it of the outbreak of cholera in Syria. Moreover, besides my own wish to leave, Nahli had a grievance. It happened that during the first two or three days of our stay, the mufti's guests were polite and civilized people, but latterly, the majority of the guests had been clownish villagers, or people who had not eaten a decent meal for months, to judge by their greedy voracity and gluttonous manners. Often I was quite surprised at seeing him return from the morning or evening meal, in fifteen or even twelve minutes; and he used to complain that he could get nothing! that he had to

come away absolutely hungry! The clownish fellows would thrust the entire hand into the dish, with voracious rapidity, and in a trice the food would be gone! Often, too, six or eight guests would sit down to a dinner scarcely enough for four!* The Oriental custom of eating, unpleasant enough at best, was thus rendered tenfold worse; and Nahli was now as eager for departure as I was myself.

I wrote down from Nahli's dictation the list of dishes on two occasions, at the beginning of our stay.

(1) Soup of eiran (buttermilk) and burghoul (pilled wheat); kibabs of roast meat; kouftis (a kind of minced meat) and leeks; flour and butter with pekmez; dolmas (chopped meat with rice and vegetables, rolled in young vine leaves) and yaourt; meat with spinach and yaourt; burghoul pilaff.

(2) Eiran soup; bits of roast meat and gravy; stewed meat and haricots verts; kaimak and honey; spinach cooked with butter, eaten with yaourt; dolmas and yaourt; peas with yaourt; burghoul pilaff.

July 11*th.*—Accordingly I sent Nahli to sound the old gentleman as to my departure, proposing to leave next day. Certainly, I was still weak, and not fit to bear the fatigues of the journey as yet; but the position was becoming unpleasant. The good old man utterly refused to hear of it. "He is not fit to go, and what will be said of me if I allow him to go in this heat? No! no! Tell him to come out and eat some cherries with me; Inshallah, in a few days

* The additional visitors had not been expected, and therefore no extra provision had been made, but the rule of Turkish hospitality demanded that they should be invited to partake.

he will be strong, then he can go." So there was nothing for it but to stay.

July 14th.—I left the house of this kind and hospitable gentleman. Fortunate, indeed, it was for me, that my illness had come on in so healthy a spot, and where I could obtain such shelter; and I warmly expressed to my host the gratitude I felt for his kindness. Indeed, I was bound so to feel. Had the sickness occurred in one of those inhospitable villages, I know not what the result might have been. The mufti, with his son Ibrahim Effendi, came to the gate to bid me adieu; gave me his blessing in a very paternal way, to which I replied by warmly thanking him for his kindness, and praying that Allah would give him and his family every blessing. Then we shook hands, an unusual thing with Orientals; he wished me a safe return to my family, and so we parted. Nahli had gone to the serai the day before, to give his fee to my doctor, to excuse me to the kaimakam, and to ask him for a zaptieh. He at first replied in an off-hand way, that he "had none to give. Why did I not take the man he sent five or six days before?" Nahli replied that I was "too ill to leave then, that one cannot avoid what is sent by Allah!" Then, after a pause, "Well, Effendim, am I to take back that answer?" Hereupon the kadi interposed, "No! no! we must find him a zaptieh." And they sent an excellent fellow, "Hassan." He had no horse, but I never saw a finer marcher. Courteous, cheerful, and obliging he was withal, and yet with a certain dignity and independence. Such men are plentiful enough in the Turkish country population, but they have little

chance of advancement in any branch of the public service. It requires very different qualities from theirs to rise in the Turkish governmental service! But men of this stamp are the very bone and sinew of the country. Let us hope that under the new organization, they will have better prospects.

We began to mount the hill to the north of the village. At the highest point I asked our zaptieh to explain the course of the river, along which we had come from Alata. He said it was the same river that flowed past Yerkooblü, that after it had traversed the rock ravine opposite Mernak in a N.E. direction, it turned abruptly towards the east, and after passing through a deep gorge, near a village called Kallinal, it flowed along the north face of a range of mountains lying nearly east and west, to which he gave the name Alma Dagh, then at the east extremity of this range it again turned abruptly, and after passing through yet another deep depression, it flowed in a southward and eastward direction towards Yerkooblü. From the spot on which we stood, we could trace its course for a long distance through the usual perpendicular rock precipices. The mountain round us was very bare, and the forest did not commence till a long distance from Khadem. All seems wild and solitary, with small patches of cultivated ground in the hollows, and poor crops. The heat of a few days back had been succeeded by fine, cool weather, and contrary to my expectations, I felt no weakness at all on horseback, although my legs still trembled when I walked. We passed the yaila of Khadem and the little village of Hodjilar, and in two hours and a half from Khadem,

arrived at the site of the ancient ruined town of which the mufti had spoken, and which he called Tomashatlu, situated on a hill overgrown with wood. Our host, however, had not told us that he and some other of the Khadem people had formed a sort of joint-stock company for making excavations there, and had spent a considerable sum of money with no result, except the discovery of about a basketful of half-destroyed copper coins. He had been smart enough to arrange with the diggers to give them very small pay indeed, on the understanding that they should have a share of the expected "find!" It is truly laughable; and I remember we talked several times of ancient buried treasure, which he admitted only existed in people's imagination.

While the horses grazed, we explored the ruins. There were many sarcophagi, but none with any legible inscription; the lids of some were carved into the figure of a lion, or panther, as at Balabolu. The town, which was a very small place, is nothing but a great heap of stones. A small theatre, or odeum, still remains, damaged, it is true, by the mufti's unfortunate excavations. So small is it, that the scena does not measure more than nine paces in breadth! It had only seven rows of seats, and was all of the plainest and simplest construction. It is of horse-shoe form, the extremities of the cavea curved a little inwards. Most of the seats are still *in situ*, but part of them had been removed by the score or so of diggers, who had worked eighteen to twenty days, and found only a few old coppers!

At midday, we resumed our journey over a bad and

rocky road, and down an extremely long descent, through pine woods. From the bottom of this, a slight climb brought us to the village of Bolat. Here we halted under some fine old mulberry trees, and I made a sketch of the mosque. On one of the great pine trunks which served to support the roof, was suspended a pair of very large ibex horns, intended to keep off the "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant.

We left Bolat at about 3 P.M., and a long descent brought us through the cemetery to a small river. The hills about are of porphyry, then of shale and calcined limestone. At last we saw before us the heights on which are the ruins of Isaura, still very far off, but, owing to the clear atmosphere, appearing close. Between it and us ran a long line of red rock precipices. At their foot flowed a considerable river from west to east. Our zaptieh said that it joined the river of Yerkooblü. Even at this late period of the summer it has still a considerable body of water. We crossed near a mill, from which a long and steep ascent ran up to a notch in the perpendicular rock wall, and gave access to the plateau above. It reminded me of the ascent to the corner of Adrass Dagh, on the road to Ermenek. The vine seems to be much cultivated here; sometimes the whole side of a mountain would be planted, wherever it was possible, with vineyards.

I could not help admiring the walking powers of our good cavass, Hassan. All day long he had kept up with the horses easily, whatever might be the ground; truly he was tough! Arrived on the plateau above, we passed through groves of stunted junipers to the village of Yelboughi. Here again we halted to

rest. We could distinguish on the mountain top some of the old fortifications, but the distance was still great. After long riding, we were told by an old man we met, that we could not reach Aijilar (Kiepert's "Hadschilar") that night, but must rest at the village of Ashikler ("Lovers' Village"), which was under the mountain, and very near the site of Isaura.

I was not much fatigued, for the air was remarkably pure and bracing, but was not sorry to hear that we were near our journey's end. The ascent to the village was dreadful. How the animals managed to get over it, I cannot tell! It was a track, even that sometimes lost, through great angular rocks, all at a steep inclination; but our indefatigable cavass strode on ahead, and pointed out the way. That man would make an admirable sub-officer in any army.

We reached the village at 7.30 P.M., after having been eight hours in the saddle. Not bad for one who had only just recovered from an attack of fever. The mukhtar gave us a really kind reception. He prepared a supper of eiran and burghoul soup, excellent yaourt, and a sweet dish—of honey. Hassan admitted that he *was* fatigued, and "Bezìm dàghlĕrĭmĭz fèna" (our mountains are bad), in which I fully agreed with him. There was some little difficulty in obtaining food for the horses, but all ended well. The people tell me great things of the old city.

July 15*th*.—Rose refreshed, after a sound sleep. Hassan had been watching me, and when he saw me awake, he stood up with a smile, and said, "You see, I am mounted on my horse, ready to start." It was a heavenly morning; the air pure and bracing, the day

bright, but cool, sunny, and yet cloudy, with a gentle breeze. The village of Ashikler is built much more solidly than any I have yet seen in this country, being of large blocks of stone, set in stiff clay, and compacted with great trunks of juniper. The roofs are of great thickness and solidity, and this is necessary, as the snow lies here four or five feet deep for several months in the year; and the wind in this elevated region is often of extreme violence. The walls are about four feet in thickness. In front of every house is a court, or enclosure, surrounded by high walls of loose blocks. This is the fold, for in winter the sheep and cattle must be brought home, to be secured from the cold and the many wild beasts that abound.

Our lodging, an open portico, looked southwards, and from it there was a grand view of the mountains of Isauria, through which I had been so long toiling. The head of the village, a fine-looking old man, pointed out to me the position of Khadem, Alata, and Yerkooblü. Full in front, and extending a little to the left, was the long ridge of Alma Dagh. The river of Alata runs all along its northern face, then, after running along the front of Alma Dagh, it passes through a deep ravine at the east end of the mountain, and flows on to Yerkooblü. Beyond, and at either side of Alma Dagh, was a perfect maze of high mountains. A little to the right, as we stood (i. e. S. by W. from us), was Ak Dagh, the mountain above Khadem; to S.E. by S. was Alata Dagh. We were far above most of the country for scores of miles around.

At about 8 A.M. we started for the ruins, attended by our host, his two sons, and sundry others of the

villagers. A little distance beyond our lodging, was the village fountain, in which a number of antique tombstones had been inserted, but all the inscriptions were obliterated.

About a quarter of an hour from the village is the ruin of a tomb, or small temple, built upon a rocky platform. The whole upper part of the edifice has disappeared, but the lower part, built of massy hewn stones, eight to ten feet long, still remains, together with the huge foundation stones on which its columns once rested. A few fragments of the columns are lying about. The villagers pull down the stones for the sake of the iron bolts and the lead which they find in them; for iron is dear, costing 8 piastres per oke. The road to the ruins skirts the base of the heights, and commands an extensive view of a country quite new to me, in the direction of Koniah.

We reached the foot of the height on which the ruins are, at 9 A.M. The circuit of the old city, with its walls, comprehends the top of two detached hills lying N.N.W. to S.S.E., and which are the highest ground in the whole district; at almost every point, except on S. and S.W., deep precipices defend the approaches to these hill tops. A line of wall with many towers runs along the S. and S.W., and completes the defences of the place. Most of the buildings of the city are on a lower neck of ground between the two hills. In the valley at the foot of the height, and on the rocky hills around, are an immense number of rock tombs and sarcophagi; there was a small edifice built over a fountain of delicious water, very cold and clear. The spring issued in abundant volume through a square channel of cut stone, and flowed into a small

square basin, beyond which was a heap of large hewn blocks. A little way above, upon the hill side, are the ruins of two other edifices, built of massy hewn blocks without cement, which had perhaps been temple tombs. The one nearest the path was an oblong, 23 feet 7 inches by 11 feet 9 inches, built of huge oblong blocks of fine limestone. On either side of the interior are two niches for statues; and there seem to have been niches for statues also in the wall above. A few of the ornamental blocks remain. They are either of white marble, or of spotted marble (black and white); nearly the sole ornaments carved on them are flowers in lozenge compartments. I noticed also the capital of one Corinthian pilaster. At 3 feet 9 inches from the pavement is a projecting shelf, 7 inches in breadth, all round the interior. The Corinthian pilasters seem to have been in the wall (above this), two on either side, and between them windows, and niches for statues. Portions of the frieze remain, but of very inferior design, and workmanship; one piece represents a hunter killing a stag, by pulling back the head, and cutting the throat; but the drawing of the figures is rude. The other edifice, similarly built on very massy foundations, is now a mere heap of ruin. On either side of the path which leads up the steep hill-side to the great gateway of the city, are many sarcophagi, but all completely defaced.

The entrance to the city on this, the south side, consists of a double gateway in a passage between walls of very massive construction. The entrance is flanked on either side by an heptagonal tower, but the whole external portion of these towers has fallen,

and lies in vast heaps of ruin far down the hill side. This is the case with almost every tower in the whole circuit of the walls, and is no doubt the result of earthquakes.

I never saw finer or more regular masonry. The stones, which are either cubes or oblongs, and are set in layers alternately large and small, are regularly wrought all over, and fitted together without mortar, with extreme accuracy. The larger oblong stones measured in length 6 feet 7 inches, in breadth 3 feet, in depth (which filled up the whole thickness of the wall) 4 feet 9 inches. The material is either the hardest grey limestone, or a stone which is a mixture of limestone and white marble (the stone interpenetrated, and injected with marble), or of porphyry veined with white. The width of the outer gateway is 12 feet 9 inches, height of archway 18 feet, but probably the sill lies deeper, as it is all blocked by huge stones. On the left side of the passage leading to the gateway, shields are sculptured in relief, some quite plain, others with a boss and spear. The passage, after passing under the outer gateway, turns at right angles between walls of the same fine construction, and goes through another gateway, which is now fallen, and in utter ruin.

The line of wall runs eastwards and westwards from the great gateway, along the edge of the heights. On the east side of the great gateway there is but one tower (one of the flanking towers); from it the wall runs up the hill side, but the precipices with which the crown of the hill on that side is bordered soon render a wall unnecessary.

On the west side of the gateway, at a distance of about 150 yards, is a square tower in ruins, then a little further, one like those at the gateway, heptagonal, but built on a semicircular foundation of masonry, next a third tower. Then a deep ravine, across which the wall ran; the ravine sinks steeply down, widening as it descends, and in a little plain at the bottom of it, far below, is the hamlet of Yazdama. On the opposite side of this ravine are three more heptagonal towers, loopholed on the four outer sides, standing at a distance of from 100 to 150 yards apart, and about 100 yards beyond are the ruins of a small round tower. Then there is another ravine, wider, and shallower, but still bordered by steep precipitous sides. In the plain below it is the village of Oloubounar.

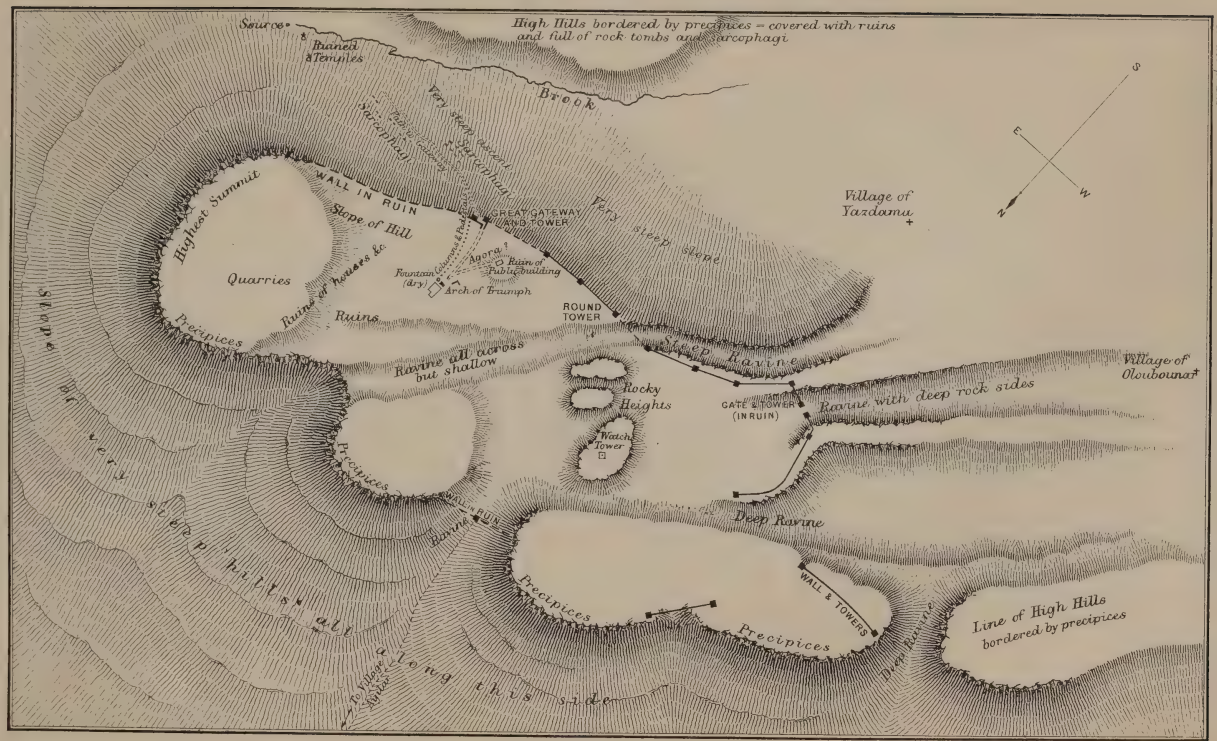
The wall ran across this ravine to a point of rock in it, on which are the ruins of a tower. In the deepest part beyond this, and in the line of wall, is a second gateway—the arch of which still remains—defended by two towers—one on either side, and of the same plan as those at the great gateway, but smaller. On a large stone in the ruins, a helmet and a pair of greaves are carved in high relief, on another stone a coat of mail (or a leathern surcoat?), also what appeared like a dish, with a wreath of vine, and clusters of grapes. The wall runs up the other side of this ravine, which is extremely steep, broken, and rocky, to a large tower in better preservation than any other. These towers must have had several stories, and in this, the holes for the beams of each story yet remain. All are of equally fine construction; the entrance to them was by a door 10 feet

6 inches high, 5 feet 9 inches broad, and the walls are 4 feet 9 inches in thickness.

Beyond this tower the slope of the height is very abrupt, so that a wall is hardly needed, but about 200 yards above it is a small round tower. In front of this the precipice descends steeply, forming one side of a very deep ravine, which divided the height on which I stood from another eminence. I did not observe any remains of wall across this ravine, but near the bottom of the opposite height was a tower, and ruins of wall up the slope of the hill transversely to another tower. I did not visit this side, as I was greatly fatigued, and our guide said that these formed the extreme limit of the fortifications. The whole circuit of the heights from S.E. and round by north to west is bordered by deep precipices, accessible at two points only; the remainder of the circuit, from S.E. and round by south to west is defended by fortifications, which are themselves very difficult of access, and are faced by lesser rocky heights or steep slopes. Here, as in all the Isaurian district, the shape of the mountains is very peculiar. Beginning from Gelibel, the same rugged, broken, abrupt formation everywhere prevails, at Tchukoor, Durgèller, Alata, Khadem, and indeed throughout the country.

The precipices on the northern side are only accessible (as I have said) at two spots, one a narrow ravine to the north of the great gateway, and which leads to the village of Aijilar. This was defended by a tower, with walls extending on either hand to the precipitous hill-side, all across the ravine. I did not, however, observe any gateway in it. The other spot

PLAN OF THE RUINED CITY OF ISAURA.



London: Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross.

is on the N.W. portion of the heights, this also is defended by a wall and towers.

The wall which connected all these towers is either ruined, or perhaps much of it was never completed, but all the buildings are of the same severe and solid architecture. I have seen no such ancient masonry, out of Egypt; many of the stones are 8 feet by 3 feet, and fitted together with the utmost exactness.

So much for the fortifications of Isaura. As I have said, most of the buildings in the city itself are upon the depressed space or neck, between the two heights. On the opposite side of the city from the great gateway is an arch of triumph, consisting of a single archway, of simple and severe, but very solid, architecture of the Ionic order. In front of it lay a huge heap of fragments, and great blocks of stone; on one of them, which had formed part of the lintel of the gateway, was carved the following inscription. I searched for the remainder of it, but the stone had been broken, and the other fragments could not be found.

ΑΙΑΝΟΥΥΙ⊜ΘΕΟΥΝΕΡΟΥΑΥΙ⊜Ν⊜Ι

Hamilton and Texier (the only travellers who appear to have visited Isaura before myself) give this inscription in full :—

ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΙΚΑΙΣΑΡΙΘΕΩΙΑΔΡΙΑΝΩΙCΕΒΑCΤΩΙ
ΘΕΟΥΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥΥΙΩΙΘΕΟΥΝΕΡΟΥΑΥΙΩΝΩΙ
ΙCΑΥΡΕΩΝΗΒΟΥΛΗΚΑΙΟΔΗΜΟC

"To the Autocrat Cæsar, the Divine Adrian Augustus, son of the Divine Trajan, grandson of the Divine Nerva, the Council and People of the Isaurians."

Texier gives the measurement of this triumphal arch. Height a little more than 7 metres, breadth about 5 metres, thickness about 3½ metres. He says it is built of red and yellow marble, but it is of the same stone as the wall and towers.

It has been diminished by the erection within it of a square doorway, formed of three great oblong blocks.

Amongst the débris I noticed a large Ionic capital of debased style, with a head in high relief between the volutes, and some fragments of twenty-sided marble pillars, not monoliths, but in several pieces. There was, however, extremely little marble in the city. A street bordered with limestone columns, and with many pedestals of plain construction, extended between the arch and the great gateway. The street was curved, and at about half-way along it, was a wide, open, level space. It was evident that a pavement still existed below the surface. This was no doubt the site of the Agora, and the columns belonged to a covered porticus at its side. Around the Agora were most of the public buildings. Another street extended in a straight line from the arch towards the west. It is only half as long as the curved street, and seems to end at the ruin of some large building, of which the substructure and a few feet of wall still remain.

The ruins of private houses lie thickly strewn on both sides of these streets, and up the slope of the eastern height; near the top of the height are very extensive quarries, but by far the largest part of the space enclosed by the fortifications must always have

been void, for the *enceinte* is extremely spacious. The void space was full of rock tombs, sarcophagi, and many quarries. I noticed one sarcophagus covered with triangular bands in relief, at the end of each band was a lion's head.

Behind the Arch of Triumph are the foundations, and some feet of the walls, of several large public buildings. That nearest the arch must have been a magnificent room. Heaps of hewn stones and sculptured fragments cumber the whole interior, but I saw no bas-reliefs or carved figures. There were several inscriptions, only one of which I could decipher, the limestone having crumbled away. I observed no spring or cistern, but at the base of the wall, immediately behind the archway, our guide pointed out a spot where a fountain had once gushed out, of which he had himself drunk. Unfortunately, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had done much mischief at Isaura by pulling down the stones in order to extract the iron bolts and lead with which they had been secured. Much of their mischievous labour had been expended on the masonry of the fine wall behind the Arch of Triumph, and probably the spring had been choked by the falling stones. There must, however, be many cisterns, and probably other springs, amidst the ruins.

On the western of the two heights inclosed by the fortifications, rise four projecting masses of rock to the height of about fifty feet above the general level of the ground. These rocks are ascended by steps cut in the stone. On the second of these eminences (from west to east), at the highest point, are the ruins of a great octagonal tower, of which nothing

remains beyond the foundations, and a few feet of wall. There had been large windows in each side; the pilasters of porphyry which had formed the sides of the windows, and the stone arches, lay amidst the ruin. Near the tower I found a number of cubes, of glass (some gilt), porcelain, and red jasper. From their small size, the mosaic of which they had once formed part must have been finely made; but I saw no pavement, or church, to which they might have belonged. Nowhere, indeed, in any part of the city did I see any Christian emblem whatever. All that I saw was either old Greek or Roman under the earlier emperors. The city "Isauropolis," however, had Christian bishops, so that there must have been Christian remains, although I did not observe any. Great quantities of fragments of pottery are scattered about, mostly of red and black colour, and some extremely fine and thin, but none that I saw bore any design, except sometimes black lines. The very little sculpture I found was of bad quality, and, moreover, defaced. Although I carefully searched, I could find no theatre; the old city had been apparently built only with a view to war, and not to peace.

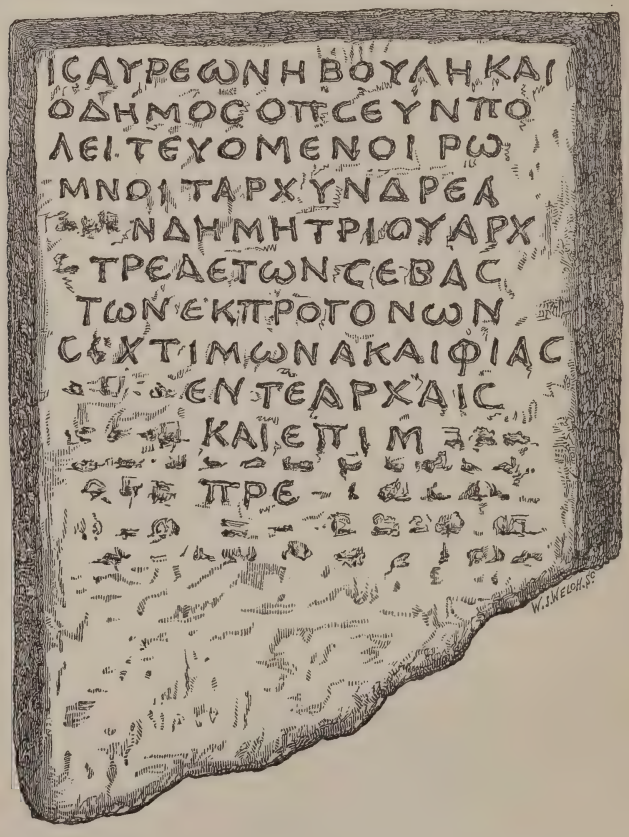
The tower on the rocky eminence was the great look-out or watch-tower. The whole site of the city was admirably adapted for a community of robbers and brigands such as the Isaurians always were, itself strongly fortified both by art and nature, in the heart of a most difficult and impracticable country, inhabited by a population fierce, warlike, and predatory. The view from the watch-tower extended over a vast extent of country, and with a telescope it

was possible to see what was going on over an immense space. I do not know that I ever beheld such a prospect.

The view from Kremna in Pisidia is very grand, but this is far wider and grander. The only points of the compass on which the view is at all obstructed are the south and south by east, towards Khadem and Alata. On the N.E. Karajah Dagh could be faintly distinguished, Kara Dagh and Bozalla Dagh plainly. All the plain of Karaman could be seen, only on the extreme due north the very distant view was obstructed by nearer mountains, although even they were a long way off. The whole lake of Seidi Shehir and the country round it was clearly visible. The view towards W. and S.W. is over a vast number of ranges of inferior height till the horizon is closed by the long line of Yout Dagh and Geueu Dagh.

There were many fragments of inscription, but all illegible excepting one, of which I with difficulty deciphered a part; but no doubt some of the letters are incorrectly rendered, for in this, as in all, the limestone has crumbled away. It is interesting, as giving the name of the city. I might perhaps have deciphered more of it, but the old simpleton, our host of Ashikler, his two sons, and several other villagers crowded round, impeding and annoying me extremely. These foolish people had formed the idea that I was about to discover a buried treasure, and they neglected their business and sacrificed their time in order to come with us. They did not leave me all day long; one at least was always at my elbow, and I was obliged to order them away to be alone even for a minute. I

could not help laughing heartily at their discomfited looks when we started. We had chaffed them all day long about "hidden treasure" (defn), but they would not be convinced, and I am sure still stick to



their belief. As we mounted our horses, Hassan and our souriji ironically condoled with them because they "had not brought bags large enough to carry away the treasure." We had a hearty laugh, but I must admit they took their chaffing with great good

humour, and returned to their village sadder, but I fear not wiser, men.

There was still much to see in the old city, but sunset was fast approaching, and I was very wearied. I dared not bestow another day on the exploration of this most interesting place, for I had calculated the time exactly, leaving, as I thought, only enough for making the journey to Mersina, so as to reach it the day before the arrival of the Russian steamer. This would only allow time enough for packing, and for disposal of my horses, and I could not linger anywhere on the road. Could I have foreseen the delay that took place at Mersina, I might have remained some days longer here.

The air of this elevated region was most exhilarating —the best, I think, that I ever breathed—the sun warm and bright, but not too hot. Nay, while I sat in the shade I found the air even cold. This is, however, the very finest season, and I cannot imagine how the people who lived here in the olden time, could have endured the inclement winter weather at this great altitude.

I had still about half an hour to spare, and I sat down on the side of the height which looked towards the lake of Seidi Shehir, and tried to draw the outline of some of the many mountain ranges in view. While there, nearly all the villagers who had formed our tail throughout the day, gathered round me, and, said one of them, "Excuse me, effendi" ("Àfou idèrsen effendim"); "how much do you receive per month for going about in this way?"—i. e. for my trouble in exploring, with a view, I presume, of discovering

hidden treasure. When I replied that I did not travel for money, but for my own pleasure and instruction, he was silent; and when soon afterwards our Ashikler host came up, he said to him, "It is not as we supposed."

I did not succeed in finishing even the outline of the grand landscape before me. It was evening, and the mountains were already in shadow, which deepened more and more every minute. But so grand and multitudinous were the ranges, rising one above the other, that to do them justice would have required the pencil of a Turner or a Claude.

The mountains beyond the lake are very high, but there is now little or no snow on them. They looked desolate enough, but we were told that there were villages upon them. They rose steep and gloomy from the edge of the lake, and are out-topped by higher ranges beyond. N.W. by W. lie the mountains of "Arwan" (Oroanda), as our guide called them. Beyond them is a huge snow mountain, which the villagers called Anamas Dagh, not far from the town of Bey Shehir. N.W. by N. are the mountains near Kereli. Very far off towards the west is the top of a great mountain faintly visible (perhaps Boz Borun, in Pisidia). It must be of great height to be seen at such a distance. The only village in sight was Ali Tchartchi Keui, on the shore of the lake nearest to us.

We descended by the ravine on the north, which lies in the depression between the two heights, and above which most of the buildings of the city stood. It is too steep to ride down, but the village of Aijilar is only about three-quarters of an hour distant. Four

fine ranges of mountain were visible as we descended; Bozalla and Kara Dagh, near; Karajah Dagh, faintly visible and thin as vapour; and, barely to be distinguished, the double cone of Hassan Dagh, about 140 miles off to the N.E.

The villagers of Aijilar received us very hospitably. In the first place we had an excellent zaptieh, who took great care for our requirements, and next, our souriji was a "green-turbaned" man, and therefore a real or pretended descendant of the Prophet; then he was a "moollah" to boot, and, besides, a very good fellow. The villagers were in the mosque at the "asr" (evening prayer) when we arrived. On coming out they gave us the porch of the mosque to lodge in. It was the best, the cleanest, the most comfortable lodging I had occupied for many a day. In front was an abundant spring of excellent water; the air of the place was cold and pure; the cleanliness of the villagers (i. e. the *comparative* cleanliness) great, and it was evident that much care had been taken to keep the neighbourhood of the mosque neat. They told me the origin of the name of their village. In the days of one of the Karaman sultans a child was born to the chief of the village having feet like bears' feet, and in consequence of this the name "Aijilar," "the bears' village" (from "Ayou" or "Ayi," "a bear"), was adopted. I had many questions to ask, but although desirous of obtaining information from them, I was too fatigued; so dismissing these kind-hearted, simple-minded people, I slept soundly "under the shadow of the church."

July 16th.—Left Aijilar at 9 A.M. Day cool and

cloudy; now and then light showers. Road easy, but uninteresting, over rocky hills covered with juniper and scrub oak, and with very little cultivation. The hills cut off the view, except of Bozalla Dagh, which rose before us bare and rugged, and of a light cream colour. There was, however, a good view of the heights of Isaura. We passed on our left the village of Khunnet, in a line with Ashikler, and entered a tract of finely cultivated land. At 11.30 we passed on our right Kuzeuran; at 12.15, Geunik; at 12.45 we reached Saroglan, and were most hospitably received by Ahmed Effendi, son of the good old Mufti of Khadem, who usually lives here with his family on his "tchiftlik." He pressed us to remain the night, but we explained that I had only time to reach Mersina so as to meet the steamer. He gave us breakfast, to which only he, I, and Nahli sat down, although there were many others in the room. It consisted of new bread, thin and well buttered, with slices of cream cheese as sandwiches, a dish of kaimak and honey, burghoul and yaourt. On bidding him adieu, he said: "Perhaps we shall never meet again, but do not forget us! think sometimes of us!" And often since I HAVE thought of that hospitable family, to whose kindness, it may be, I owe my life.

I am quite unable to make out the topography of this district of Isauria. In front of Saroglan, looking towards the S.E., there is on the right a red conical mountain, which I had not observed before, called Armoodlu Dagh, in the direction of Khadem. Farther off, behind Khadem, is Tchili Dagh. The long line of Evschenler Dagh is full in front of Saroglan.

Behind this runs the Alata river, and farther to the S.E. is Durgèller.

The road from Alata to Saroglan is (so they told me) fourteen hours' ride—a bad and rocky road. From Khadem to Saroglan, seven to eight hours, also difficult and rocky, with many steep ascents and descents. Indeed, all the roads in Isauria are bad.

We left Saroglan at 2.45. The road was very easy. It traversed a district of hills extending right and left as far as the eye could reach, covered only with scrub oak; a rocky, sterile district, without inhabitant, all the way to the corner of the great plain. Constant showers of rain fell. At the entrance into the plain, in a ravine on the right, was the village of Armoodlu; in the plain, on the left, Kara Zengir; the latter looked very bare, there did not seem to be a tree or bush in or near it, and the same barren prospect extended all along the plain.

At 6.30 we came to Elmasun, very tired; there was the usual inhospitable reception; at first no one would show us any room at all, then those they showed were so dark and dirty that I resolved rather to sleep under the tree at the village fountain. But before deciding I rode round the village to reconnoitre, and espied the porch of a house, which looked the best and most inviting shelter attainable—for even some Greek Christians near the fountain, to whom Nahli applied for help, disdained to assist us, and would scarcely trouble themselves even to return an answer to his inquiries. Thus reduced to our own resources, I ordered the souriji to deposit the baggage in this porch. Presently up came an old

lady, a neighbour, and began to reproach us for so doing—"it was the house of a widow," &c., &c. But when we pleaded necessity, and the inhospitality of the people, and were not to be dislodged, she yielded, and was really kind and attentive. Soon after, up came the mistress of the house, and after considerable grumbling, finding that we were not to be dislodged, she agreed to let us the porch for the night, money down. By and by two of the villagers came. One of them said he was the mukhtar, and wished to see our passport; but as he could not read, we told him to bring some one who could, and we would show him the order of the kaimakam at Karaman to see that our wants were supplied. Upon which they went off, and we saw no more of them. No doubt the contingency of being obliged to furnish what we needed, and that (as they would expect) without payment, was disagreeable; yet our first care on arriving at a village always was to reassure the people on this all-important point.

We engaged a boy to watch over the horses, and tried to sleep; but sleep in the hot, enervating air of the plain is not refreshing. The only hospitable person in the village was the old woman, who brought us what we needed.

July 17th.—Left Elmasun at 6 A.M., and yet the mistress of our lodging importuned us for an additional rent, because we were so late in starting! I was thoroughly tired even before we set out, and dreaded the hot and exhausting ride over the plain. But it was better than I expected. There was a fine breeze from the west, and by halting now and then and turning to

face the breeze, we were refreshed; shelter from the sun there was none. About half an hour from Elmasun is Kol, a village on the right, with a fine and cold spring near the road. After passing this, I felt so tired that I fell fast asleep upon my horse, unable to keep my eyes open. The plain here is slightly undulating; at intervals are patches of cultivation, with fine crops of wheat and barley, now ripe, in the favourable spots; but the greater part of it is uncultivated, and so lonely that for three hours together I saw scarcely a living creature beyond a few butterflies, and here and there some wild bees in banks of dark earth, full of their nests, and to be carefully avoided! Every now and then, the whizzing noise of grasshoppers was almost deafening. Besides these, there were neither animals nor men, save where at long intervals one or two reapers were at work, or a woman or girl threshing out the grain with the sledge drawn by oxen, and then winnowing it in the usual clumsy way. The grain is laid up in heaps awaiting the inspection of the ushirji. There was still a much greater amount of verdure than I should have expected from the great heat and scorching sun, and here and there masses of brilliant flowers, which give the most beautiful tints to the distant parts of the plain.

At 9 A.M. we passed Bussola, a village deserted except at sowing and reaping time, on account (we were told) of its unhealthiness. It is on the site of an ancient town, and great heaps of stone, bits of wrought marble, sarcophagi, and many cisterns surround it. A large ruined church with pointed arches stood in the middle of the village. As the

place lay at some distance from the road, we did not visit it in consequence of the intense heat. In three hours and three-quarters we came to Kassaba, a village in a hollow of the plain, with fine springs, and surrounded by magnificent crops of grain, on which the villagers were busily employed.

Conspicuous a long way off is the minaret of the mosque, but it presents nothing remarkable. The place itself is an oblong enclosed by a wall with towers at intervals, all now dismantled. Both the wall and village are built of thin slabs of limestone set in clay. It was probably a flourishing place before the sad times of 1873–4, but now it is half deserted, and whole streets of the houses are fast falling to ruin.

We rested under the scanty shade of a willow tree, near one of the village fountains, in the neighbourhood of a ruined mosque and cemetery. While there, and whilst everything around was bathed in the burning sunlight, and hardly a sound broke the deathlike stillness of the place, the dead body of a little child was brought to be buried, wrapped, as is the custom, in a Cashmere shawl. An old, long-bearded Osmanli, probably the moollah of the mosque, came with the friends of the child, and recited the formula for the burial, which is in Arabic. His pronunciation sounded very strange. In place of "Allah hu akbar!" he said "Allah heu èk-bìr!" repeating it in a loud voice, and afterwards in a tone hardly audible. In a few minutes the shallow grave was filled in, and all relapsed to its former breathless silence and solitude! No one seemed to take any notice of our presence,

although we were quite close, and the friends of the dead stood placidly by, and, outwardly at least, displayed no emotion.

To a European the calmness and composure with which Orientals usually bend to the stroke of death, either their own or of their relatives, is surprising —sometimes it is even shocking! And yet it is not from apathy, for between members of the same family, love is seldom or never deficient, and between mother and son is in general remarkably strong. But when death comes, all other feelings merge in resignation to the will of Allah; and the devout Muslim would look on excessive grief as something not only uncalled for, but absolutely impious.

I remember a remarkable case in point. One of my friends was travelling from Aleppo to Alexandretta. At nightfall he had reached a village called Tokat Termanin. The weather was cold and inclement, and no shelter could be had except a stable; for the roof of the khan had fallen in, owing to the excessive rain. In despair, my friend went out into the village, in the hope of finding a lodging. The first person he met in the street was a respectable-looking Muslim, to whom he told his necessity, and was at once invited to the man's house. It was comfortable —for the East—and his host busied himself to provide what the stranger needed; nothing, indeed, could exceed his hospitality. But every now and then he would ejaculate, "El hamd lìllàh Mohàmmed achoòi màt" ("Praise be to God, my brother Mohammed is dead!"). My friend, who understood Arabic, was much surprised, but hesitated to ask his host what

was the meaning of these words. In the morning, however, he found out that the brother of his host had died the preceding night, and that the man was returning from his brother's house when he met him. Yet this family misfortune did not prevent him from exercising the duty of hospitality; and the man's words were merely an indication of his resignation to the will of God in taking away his brother. To my mind there is something really very affecting in such a feeling. In truth, the Muslim Oriental, as a rule, accepts with great—nay, immense—magnanimity, dispensations under which the European too often sinks. Who is there that has lived in the Muslim East, and mixed familiarly with the people, but can recall instances in which the most sudden and disastrous reverse of fortune has been borne with a noble calmness which we Europeans may admire, but cannot imitate? A Muslim suicide is almost a prodigy.

Left Kassaba at 2.20; at 3.45 reached Ilisera—a miserable village, but surrounded by good land, and with splendid crops, on which the people were hard at work. After passing this place, I again slept upon my horse for half an hour, so exhausted was I by the overpowering heat. At 4.20 we reached an eminence in the plain, and saw in front of us Karaman, with its long line of dark green trees and gardens. The rays of the setting sun struck upon our back almost more fiercely than at midday, and it was nearly two hours more before we reached the khan—utterly beaten, and glad to return even to such rudiments of civilization as Karaman afforded, after the barbarism and inhospitality of the villages. We had been about eight

hours in the saddle since leaving Elmasun, exposed all the time without shelter to the powerful sun. It is this which wearies, not the mere ride; for in the bracing air of the mountains one may ride all day without feeling half as much fatigue as is caused by a march of three or four hours in the lowlands or the plain.

We passed no stream of any importance between Elmasun and Karaman, although several are laid down in the map as flowing from the mountain district of Bozalla into the plain, but perhaps at this advanced season they had dried up; and at about an hour's distance from Karaman is a finely-built bridge of two pointed Saracenic arches, over a torrent bed, now dry. The stones—beautifully cut cubes and oblongs—are of various formations of trachyte—one especially fine, of deep black, with granules of bright white in it. Near the bridge is about a couple of miles of carriage-road—an abortive attempt at establishing communication between Koniah and Karaman, which no doubt cost the province a heavy sum. The cultivation of the land round Karaman, and the state of the crops, would do credit to the best English farmer. Especially fine are the gardens of the town itself, full of heavy crops of grain, maize, &c. There are many fields of poppies, now in the head, and the people are busily engaged in scraping off the opium as it exudes from the poppy heads. These gardens are full also of magnificent trees, and are all surrounded by walls of unbaked brick. I should suppose that Karaman had been a very populous place three or four centuries back, as it contains a great number of cemeteries. This is in

general all that remains of a decayed Turkish town; the houses speedily fall into utter ruin—only the tombstones remain to tell future generations that men once dwelt there. Our old acquaintances soon assembled at the khan to bid us welcome, and our first care was to find our former souriji Ali; but he had gone to some distant village in order to work at the harvest, and could not be found. It was pleasant to know that he was well satisfied with us, and gave us a favourable character as being "good people," in whose service he had gained "plenty of money." It does not require much to satisfy these simple-minded folks.

CHAPTER XVI.

PASS OF DUMBELEK. HIGH RANGES OF TAURUS. EFRENK.

July 18*th*. — Occupied our former quarters. About one month has elapsed since we were here before, but that time has produced a great change in the climate. The heat is very much greater, and the air oppressive; but in a few weeks autumn will commence, when the heat rapidly diminishes, and at the end of September frost and the first snows may be expected on this high plateau. A traveller (native) who was staying at the khan, had just come up from Mersina, and gave a most unfavourable account of the heat and unhealthiness of that place. I thought that he exaggerated, but I found by sad experience that his account was perfectly true. Strangely enough, he never mentioned the news of an outbreak of cholera in Syria, and consequent quarantine on all the mail steamers.

A handsome "Killim" carpet was offered to me for T. 2*l*., by one of the merchants in the khan. I did not purchase it, as I feared the difficulties of transport, &c., but I afterwards regretted the opportunity lost.

There were the usual difficulties in providing means of transport. The first souriji who came, demanded T. 2*l*. for a single baggage horse to Mersina. The outside price is 80 piastres— this man asks more than 200, which is about one-third the worth of the animal itself!—and as we could not obtain a more reason-

able offer, I was obliged to send Nahli to the Serai. I excused myself to the kaimakam from calling upon him in person, on the score of weakness. He has been throughout most courteous and kind to me. He inquired with much interest how we had fared, and when told of our adventures expressed his regret, and said that the villagers of that district were naturally churlish and inhospitable, and the Government authorities—do whatever they would—could not better their behaviour. The chief zaptieh, after taking considerable trouble, at last brought me a souriji—a very pretentious gentleman. Then came the usual delays. He had not half what was necessary—no bags for our boxes, no sacks for carrying barley (an unfortunate want, as will be seen hereafter). Besides his pay, which is high, he requires his own food, and food for his horses, with tobacco and coffee for the journey, and I wonder he did not make an extra charge for giving us the honour of his company! After all this, he had to confess that he did not know the way; for, as we found out later, he was not a souriji by profession, and moreover bore but an indifferent character. Still, we were constrained to take him, for the chief zaptieh told us we should probably find no other souriji, as almost every man and animal in the country is busied with harvesting. Accordingly, we engaged him and his two horses. He poised every article of our baggage with as much care as if he, and not his horses, would have to carry it. The whole was about one moderate horse-load now, and yet he grumbled at it as heavy for two!

We could not start till the afternoon, as we waited

to take the letters of our friend, Tchelebi Effendi Morales, to Mersina.

The Greek khanji Simeon made an exorbitant charge for our night's lodgings, and I was obliged to oppose a resolute stand before he consented to reduce it to a more moderate amount. Even as it was, he was paid twofold more than the fair sum. Unfortunately the character of nearly all the Oriental Christians I have met, is grasping and overreaching, and I must confess that in all business transactions, I would infinitely rather have to deal with the much maligned and hated Muslim, who is generally a man of his word, and though less clever, is much more honest, than the Rayah: such is my experience in Asiatic Turkey. Of course it may be different in Turkey in Europe; I can hardly think it really is so. And as to the *rich* Levantine Christians, especially those who have gained the protection of some European Consulate, they are unbearable. Their purse-proud arrogance, their vanity, their ignorance, their grasping, avaricious greed, their tyrannical injustice where they have the power, their cynical immorality (in the wide sense of the word), all this must be witnessed to be appreciated. I have no doubt residents in the Levant (not the mere traveller who stays a week or two in these lands, and then goes back to Europe convinced that he knows better than the resident of many years), *residents*, I say, in the Levant, will no doubt recognize the truth of what I am saying. No honourable man can avoid a feeling of righteous indignation at what he too often witnesses in their dealings with the unfortunate people of these countries.

At about 3 P.M. we started. Our route crossed a district of limestone and marble hills to the S.W. of Karaman. Our halting place that night was to be the village of Ibrala, said to be five hours distant, but we found it more, as owing to our souriji's want of skill, there were continual delays to shift and re-arrange the baggage. The heat as we toiled up the dry ravines and across the bare marble hills was extreme, but we soon reached higher ground and a cooler air. At 4.15 we descended into a well-cultivated valley, traversed by a large stream flowing northwards, and crossed the stream by a fine bridge of one high pointed arch, which was carried from one large rock to another opposite. Night soon came on, and at 8 P.M. we stopped at a large village with many gardens, great groves of poplar and walnut, and extensive cemeteries. We alighted at the house of the mukhtar, a rich cultivator, to whom Tchelebi Effendi had given us a letter of introduction. We had, however, but a cool reception, and having arrived rather late, were fain to content ourselves with a very scanty and poor supper. Having been introduced by a friend, I had not looked for such a reception, but this rich peasant is inhospitable, like most of the villagers in this district.

The people here seem very devout. Everyone in the household—of males, that is—assembled to the Namaz (the canonical prayer) at night. Even the negro slaves of the house were of the number, and these seemed especially devout. Our host took the lead, and the formula which he used, and the ceremonies, prostrations, &c., were far longer and more elaborate than any I had hitherto witnessed.

It had a strange effect to see some eighteen or twenty worshippers, crowded in a small room, all moving alike with the utmost precision, kissing the ground at once, then standing erect with closed eyes, and softly repeating to themselves the words of the formula, then again bursting into a wild chant in response to their leader's words; and all apparently absorbed in ecstatic devotion.

After the prayer was finished, "yorghans" were brought out. I chose a raised, open balcony, projecting over the road, as my resting place; many of the company lay down on the floor of the room beneath, which was covered with prostrate sleepers; soon a loud chorus of snores was heard, which did not, however, prevent me from sleeping soundly.

July 19*th.*—Arose somewhat refreshed, yet still tired; the air of this narrow valley is hot and enervating, and I should suppose feverish. Nahli was obliged to make a remonstrance before the people of the house would bring a little milk and a few eggs, for our breakfast. They brought them at last, but grudgingly and sparingly. In houses like this the traveller is placed in a dilemma; to offer payment downright would be regarded as an affront. Yet there is a reluctance to supply what is needed, they will neither "give" freely, nor yet "sell" freely, and so the unfortunate stranger comes badly off.

The district beyond Ibrala is an extensive rocky plateau almost without cultivation, and uninhabited, except by a few Yourouks during part of the summer. The ground rises continually till it reaches the foot of the high mountains. In a deep valley beyond them is

the village of Efrenk, established a few years ago by the Government in order to induce the Yourouks of the district partially to settle. But as this village was more than a day's march distant, our host gave us a letter of introduction to Mustafa Tekerlèk, chief of a tribe of Yourouks who were usually encamped at some springs called Kara Koyu, and with whom we should be obliged to remain for the night.

Our host also, without mentioning it to us, arranged for us to give a medjidieh to a guide whom he engaged, promising him that, should we object to the amount, he would himself pay whatever fell short of that sum.

About 7.20 A.M. we left. We did not follow the river valley, but ascended to the high ground above the village; nearly at the top we came to a cold and abundant spring, the last water we should be able to find for six or seven hours. Beyond this spring the rocky plateau rose continually till the whole country round could be seen from it, Kara Dagh, Karajah Dagh, Sidevre, the volcanic cones opposite Serpek, and all the east part of the plain of Karaman. The whole of this plateau is bleak and sterile, three-fourths of it being patches of bare rock intermingled with stony earth, and covered with scanty vegetation. At this season there is no grass, but an abundance of flowers still in bloom notwithstanding the great heat. There were a few patches of miserable wheat or barley belonging to the Yourouks, who, in summer, frequent this inhospitable region; and in the torrent valleys, a little better crops and much herbage, though very little grass. With but little variety this was the character of the landscape during a ride of six hours.

There was no water anywhere, except in one or two deep cisterns, but the owners had taken care to remove the rope and bucket belonging to them. At last, thoroughly tired and parched by the heat, we alighted at a little fountain on the edge of the mountain district, and turned our horses to graze on the rich grass. There was not so much as a bush to offer a shelter from the burning sun, and when I asked an old Osmanli, who was tending a few wretched sheep near the place, why the people did not plant one or two trees by the fountain, to shelter wayfarers from the sun, I received the very characteristic reply, "If Allah had wished trees to be there, would he not have caused them to grow?"

At this season this route seems well frequented; we met several camel trains, and many labourers returning home from their work in reaping the harvest of the Cilician plain.

At 3.15 P.M. we left the fountain and entered the hilly district which borders Bulghar Dagh on this side.

In about an hour and a half we saw before us the camp of the Yourouk chief to whom we were consigned. We found Mustafa Tekerlèk living under a juniper tree, with a thick fence of juniper boughs in a semi-circle behind him, to keep off the north wind. The air was chill, even cold, immediately after sunset, and the men kindled a huge fire, on which a whole juniper tree was dragged. It certainly cast out much heat, but while sitting near such a fire, one side of the body is scorched whilst the other remains chilled. Besides this, the wind suddenly chopped round to the S.W. and blew violently, bringing clouds of pungent smoke into

our faces. There was some difficulty in obtaining grass for our horses. Mustafa could supply no barley, and although we had expressly charged our souriji to bring a large sack, which we would fill, before starting, at Karaman, in his desire to spare his horses the extra weight, he would not do this, and in consequence we had but very little barley with us, and were forced to husband it for probable future need. There was no grass to be had excepting at a considerable distance from the camp, and the chief proposed sending his men with our baggage horses to fetch some. To this our surly souriji objected, "his horses were tired and should not go." But the chief quickly brought him to reason, by saying, "In that case we will fetch grass for the horses of the tchelebi, you can provide for yours as you please." Thereupon he allowed the horses to go; but himself went with them, being evidently distrustful. They returned in about an hour and a half with plenty of grass; but it was poor fare for our half-starved animals.

The Yourouk chief, Mustafa Tekerlèk, was, for his station, polite and well informed. He was a man of about fifty years, strong and thick set, with pronounced hook nose, projecting chin and under-lip, and grizzled black hair and beard. He was well dressed, for he is rich, possessing very many flocks, and much cultivated land in the plain. The Government has obliged the Yourouks partially to settle; lands have been assigned them in the plain, where thousands of acres are in a state of nature. They are thus forced to become cultivators; but nothing can make them quite abandon their old wandering ways.

Mustafa did not display the ill-bred curiosity I had so often experienced, but contented himself with the explanation that I was travelling with a firman, at my own expense, and for my pleasure. He listened patiently to what we chose to tell him of our journey, and put no questions. There was another traveller staying in the camp, a man from a village in Alvanlo, the mountain district west of Mersina, who had, I think, some good reason for lying *perdu* in this out-of-the-way place. He said he had seen Nahli at Mersina, and they engaged in a long conversation about the town and its governor, &c. Mustafa here struck in, and told us that he was at feud with the Kaimakam of Mersina, who was a "fellahh," as he contemptuously called him (i. e. a Nusairi), and had seized all his wheat; but if ever he caught him in these mountains he would make him repent the wrong he had done him. Then, as if a new thought struck him, "Could not I help to arrange the quarrel between them?" I said that of course I had no influence with the kaimakam, but that, perhaps, by speaking for Mustafa to the English Vice-Consul, something might be done to settle matters. Upon this, he said he would come down with us next day to Mersina. The conversation next turned upon the difficulties and dangers of travel in these regions, and he declared that if there were no Yourouks in these mountains, either the Government would be obliged to keep a large armed force here, or else in a short time the mountains would become impassable for travellers, on account of brigands. He said that even when travellers brought no recommendation to him, he usually sent one of his people to

watch them at a distance, as, if any harm happened to them, the Government would hold the Yourouks responsible. It was bad policy on the part of the Government to remove the Yourouks, and the more so, as if there were no Yourouks, these mountains would become useless, which now supported a great many sheep and cattle.

Suddenly, as if the mention of brigands had reminded him of something, he declared that he had seen our souriji before. "Where had we picked him up?" and calling the man, with an imperious gesture, "Gel! otoùr!" ("Come—sit!"), he began to question him very minutely. I could not quite follow his questions, but they seemed to cause much embarrassment to our companion, who answered reluctantly and evasively. When the examination was ended, Mustafa took my interpreter aside, and told him that he knew this man, that he had been a companion of Zeybek brigands in Kara Dagh and Allah Dagh, and came from the "thieves'" quarter in Karaman, but since the Government had become severe, he had turned souriji. Possibly this was true. He was a tall, finely-made man, with an unprepossessing expression, though good-looking in face, but he did not know his professed occupation, and his hands were certainly not used to labour. At length supper was brought. I wished to have my own rice prepared, but Nahli said that Mustafa would be offended, so I did not insist. Mustafa's supper did not deserve the name. It was scarcely enough for three, but six or seven sat down to it, and I rose still hungry. After a while I told Nahli to make some tea. While drinking it, Mustafa said that

the tea plant grew wild on these hills, that they often gathered the leaves and used them, that he knew a place not far from the camp where the plants grew in large quantities, and he promised to show me a specimen of their tea, but did not. After this, the Yourouks, with the exception of Mustafa, began to ask us for tobacco, and we gave what we could spare. Some of them asked if we could give them also a little gunpowder. Then Mustafa began to talk about firearms, and desired to see our pistols. We showed them and explained their action, whereupon Mustafa said his fingers could not handle anything so fine (nazìk), and asked me to discharge a barrel. The pistol had been charged since May 13th, but was still perfectly in order, and being heavily loaded, when I fired in the air close by his ear, the loud report from so small an arm somewhat startled him. Nahli, who was a joker, told some unconscionable fibs as to the distance of its range, which I was glad Mustafa did not ask to see verified; and I think the incident made a good impression. All night the wind blew cold and violent, but I covered myself well, and slept soundly under the juniper tree.

July 20th.—Rather an unpleasant affair occurred with our guide, who is really a good fellow. When he told me of the arrangement about his pay, made by the mukhtar of Ibrala, I told him that a mejidieh was too much. I would give him 12 piastres, and Nahli should write him a letter to the mukhtar, to say that we had given him that sum. With this he was quite satisfied, but when the letter was written, he began to mistrust our sincerity, and it seems, insisted upon

having the letter read by the "moollah" of the tribe. When I learned this, I told him he might have trusted our assurance. "But," he said, "I was afraid you had written something different from what you told me." Upon which I asked him if he "was mad (sen deli mi sen?) Did he think an English gentleman would write one thing, and tell him that he had written another?" He seemed abashed, and then quietly replied, "Deli im, effendim, deli im!" ("Yes, sir, I am a foolish fellow!"). We had charged him especially not to let the Yourouks know what we had given him, but he could not keep his tongue still, so that none of them would act as our guide under a mejidieh. This I would not give, and we were obliged to dispense with a guide.

I was much annoyed by the curiosity of the people; they would not even give me a little leisure for my toilet, until Nahli appealed to them several times. But the Alvanlo villager, of whom we afterwards heard a very bad account at Mersina, was most pertinacious, and returned again and again, evidently wishing to see what was in the zinc case which contained my personal baggage. Three times Nahli was obliged to send him away; the last time he turned upon Nahli angrily, and said he was insulting him. They came to high words at last, and the Alvanlo man bade him remember "he was not now in Mersina, but in the mountains." The tone of the voice was ugly and menacing, and the expression of his face as he mockingly addressed the interpreter, "dostoùm" (my friend), very unpleasant. Fearful of some violence, I was obliged to interfere. I sent away Nahli,

who retired vowing vengeance if ever he found the man in Mersina. Meanwhile, I insisted on being left alone for the present, and the fellow reluctantly retired. But it seems the Yourouks too were offended, and all left. As we sat down to breakfast, Mustafa came up. I was so vexed with him for allowing me to be thus annoyed, that although Nahli wished me to invite him to share the meal with us, I would not do so, and he too went off, probably offended. Breakfast over, we packed up and prepared to start. Mustafa meanwhile had mounted his horse, slung his gun across his back, and was ready to accompany us as he had himself proposed. But at the last moment he changed his intention, afraid, perhaps, of putting himself in the power of his enemy, and rode off without bidding us adieu. When about to start, Nahli called to one of the Yourouks, and asked him "if there was no one to whom we could bid adieu?" It is regarded as the height of discourtesy to go off without the formula of usage, "Allaha iss-marladik," "We have made a request to God" (for you), or "We have commended (you) to God." To which the reply is "Oghourlar ola" (or "olsoun!"), "May you have a favourable journey!" (perhaps derived from the Latin *augurari*). The man accordingly came up, told us Mustafa had gone to a distant encampment, and would join us on the road in an hour. I wished Nahli to pay this man. "What for?" said Nahli. "At the outside it would be only four or five piastres. If Mustafa treats us thus, he shall have nothing." So we started at 7 A.M.

The country all about Kara Koyu consists of broken

hills of limestone, scantily covered with junipers. The pasturage is much burnt up, but the wealth of the tribe must be considerable, judging from the large flocks of sheep and goats which were being tended by the armed shepherds and their magnificent grey dogs. The encampment of the women, half a dozen dark-brown tents of goats'-hair cloth, was at some distance apart from Mustafa's bivouac.

Our horses were half starved, owing to the negligence of our wretched souriji in not providing bags sufficiently large for carrying a supply of barley. The little that we have we are obliged to use very sparingly, as we know not if we shall be able to find any food whatever farther on in the mountains. About half an hour from the camp, we stopped at a beautiful little meadow. Two Yourouks who were watching it, said that my horses might graze, but not those of our souriji; but for a piastre per head they permitted all to graze. A few cigarettes made us excellent friends, and they told us that Mustafa would never venture into Mersina; that he was in trouble, and at feud with the kaimakam, who had seized all his wheat for real or pretended arrears of taxation. At Mersina, however, we heard much less favourable accounts of our friend Mustafa.

Even hard work and starvation do not tame my spirited little horse, for he broke loose from his tethers and rushed off to fight the horses of the Yourouks. One of the men was so pleased with him, that he offered to give me T. 9*l.* for him. He would give me an order on Mr. Mavromati, the Greek merchant of Mersina, with whom they did much business, and

would send a man with me to receive the horse when I had drawn the money. We saw no more of Mustafa, but these men gave us minute directions as to our route.

A long, dreary, tedious ride followed, across flat-topped undulating hills of rough limestone, but the track was plain and easy. There were a few small Yourouk encampments, and we met many passengers, amongst them two zaptiehs from Mersina, on their way to arrest a man who had not paid his taxes. Nahli knew them and inquired "if they had been sent to arrest Mustafa Tekerlèk?"

All this district is gloomy and desolate; there is no vegetation except a little withered aromatic herbage; there is not a tree, nor even a bush, and in about three months from the present time the route will become impassable from snow.

We had left the meadow at 10 A.M.; at 4 P.M. we passed on our left a ruined fort, and leaving the torrent ravine down which we had been long marching, we turned abruptly to our left, and after crossing sundry heights, at 5.30 P.M. we entered a region full of magnificent forest. This was the highest point of the pass. A very long, steep, and rocky incline, which we were obliged to descend on foot, brought us to a little plain. Again we turned to the left, and after passing through a number of hills, came to a second long descent. A young negro boy whom we met here, directed us to keep continually descending towards the left, and that Efrenk was "not far off." Yet again we turned leftwards, and a longer descent than either of the others, between mountains covered

thickly with forest, brought us to the head of a magnificent mountain valley, watered by a beautiful little stream, and full of cultivated ground, fruit trees, and wheat still in ear—some even only about four inches high. From our point of entrance the village seemed close, but it took us an hour and a half to reach it, so deep and wide were the many ravines between us and it. Much of the upper end of the valley had been cleared of forest, and there was a luxuriant growth of grass along the brook.

Efrenk is one of the villages established by the Government some five years ago, in which they wished to force the Yourouks to settle. The climate now is exactly that of England in June, only that the sun is much hotter; but in winter the snow lies four to five feet deep, and the place is quite cut off from human society. It was about 8 P.M. when we reached the village, and upon inquiring for the mukhtar, we were told by a boy whom we met, that he was "up above." Thinking he meant the upper part of the village, we followed, but when he pointed to the top of a mountain range, some 1200 feet above us, and said that he and all the men, were in a higher yaila "up there," we resolved to stay in the village, neither we nor our tired horses being capable of further exertion that night. After wandering about for some time in the darkness, we settled at last on the flat roof of a house, tethered the horses, and prepared to take possession of a deserted portico, but some boys came up and warned us to avoid it on account of the fleas! We therefore camped out on the roof. A hospitable woman came up and brought us some firewood, a little butter, and

some excellent "eiran." Pilaff and tea were made, and we supped. Nahli engaged the boys to go out and cut some grass for our horses; the poor animals were half starved, we had not been able to procure them anything excepting the little grass in the morning; indeed in this country it is harder to find food for one's horses than for oneself! The moon rose grandly above the mountains on the south side of the valley, and here and there in the forests on the high summits could be discerned the twinkling light of camp fires, kindled by some wandering Yourouk or "tahtaji" (wood cutter); none else live in these wild solitudes. We were not troubled by visitors, as only women, boys, and a few old men remained in the place, and I was not sorry to be free from the intrusion of the men, who generally never leave the stranger alone for a single instant.

Late at night the poor woman who waited on us, sent in a great hurry to beg a little pepper; her husband had just returned from Mersina, ill of a sun-stroke.

The humidity of the air was excessive, so different from the dry, cold, bracing air of the plateau where we had passed the previous night, at the camp of Mustafa Tekerlèk! Everything was completely wet, but I wore my mackintosh, and on lying down to sleep spread it outside all my coverings; then taking care to cover well my eyes and head, I slept soundly; nothing more readily causes fever and ophthalmia than the chill night dews of these latitudes.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEUZNA. FEVER EPIDEMIC IN MERSINA.

July 21*st*.—The heat of the sun as he rose above the horizon was very great, and we felt it severely as we had no shelter; we hastened therefore to breakfast and start, but not before leaving a few medicines for the patient of last night, who is in a dangerous state. This valley must be a very hotbed of fever; the dampness is excessive, and the air heavy and enervating. It is always so in valleys at the foot of lofty mountain ranges. Our course was parallel with the river, over undulating hills and across ravines half cleared of forest and full of rich herbage. High chains of mountains shut in the valley north and south. In about an hour we entered the virgin forest. Here in the valley it consists entirely of juniper trees (ardidj), but very fine indeed. This forest is too distant for the "tahtajis" to cut, and the trees, from springing up closely together, grow tall and tapering, not like junipers usually are, very thick at bottom, then quickly tapering and short. Here excellent masts for the largest ships might be cut; I saw hundreds together, straight and taper as a dart, and from seventy to eighty feet high. The heights above are covered with an equally luxuriant growth of pine (tcham) and "ketràn." All the mountain ranges from this point

along the coast of Karamania westwards—one may say almost all the way to Smyrna—are full of forest. But the noblest forests of all, are between Selefke (Seleucia) and Anamour (Anemurium). There, the trees grow as they have grown for centuries; it is only of late years that the woodman's axe has been heard in those stately woods, and as yet much of the forests of South Karamania are virgin.

At length we emerged from the woods of juniper, passed some extensive clearings and a tchiftlik (farm), and began to approach the river. Its banks here are fringed with magnificent planes; a little way back are groves of walnut and oak; the mountains all along, are densely covered with pine and ketràn. The river itself resembles an English trout stream, and the most beautiful glades and bits of natural meadow-land occur along it at intervals. There seem to be scarcely any inhabitants, and from Efrenk downwards we only saw two or three Yourouks.

After following the stream about an hour and a quarter, we turned up the mountain side to our left; a very steep ascent brought us to the summit; here we found a small encampment of villagers. As yet I had not been able to discover our route on the map, and was uncertain where we were, but one of the elder villagers came up while we were resting and allowing the horses to graze, and on questioning him, I found that we had come much farther to the north than I had supposed. He pointed out the direction of Deirmen Deresi, Nemroun, and Geuzna; then turning to me, "But I have never seen you, Effendim, in Mersina; Ajeba! have you come to farm the dîme?"

We laughed heartily at the tone in which he asked the question.

At last we saw the back of the ranges which overhang Mersina, of broken and very beautiful outline, and overspread with dense forest. Through this portion of the chain, which forms the outposts of Bulghar Dagh, three rivers make their way to the plain—the river of Pompeiopolis, the river of Ichma, and the river of Mersina, the same whose head waters we had crossed above Efrenk, and along whose course we had been all the morning advancing. The ravines of these rivers are bordered by walls of red limestone, not perhaps so great as some of the vast precipices I had seen in the interior, but still very grand and imposing. There was one of these precipice-bordered ravines just below the spot at which we now left the river, and the strip of land in the river bottom was richly cultivated, and green as an emerald.

I asked the name of this spot from several wayfarers whom we met. At last I learned it was called Soundrass or Soundratch. The village of the same name is on the west side of the river, opposite to the spot where we turned off eastwards; near the village a magnificent spring bursts from the rock and falls into the river, and this source forms the main water supply of the town of Mersina.

We were now gradually approaching the last mountain bulwark which separated us from the plain and from the sea, but many and steep were the ascents and descents before the last great descent was reached. The country was extremely picturesque, full of deep rocky dells, and broad hills with precipitous sides;

the open spaces brown and yellow with grain crops, which the people were busily reaping; everywhere patches of forest, and the whole surface of the country green as in England in "the leafy month of June."

At length from the top of the last ridge I saw the sea, and the plain thickly covered with a curtain of cloud and mist. Pleasant thoughts of home gave me fresh strength, though I was much exhausted by the hard work and bad fare of the last few days, for we had been in the saddle eight hours and a half on the 19th, nine and a half on the 20th, and to-day, instead of four or five, as we had been told, we rode eight hours and a quarter before we reached our halting place—Geuzna. But we had wandered a little out of our way, and the direct road from Efrenk to Geuzna occupies only six hours and a half.

The descent to the plain was down one of the great clefts in the chain, such as I have before described, and bordered on either side by great precipices of limestone or sandstone, furrowed by deep rifts, and full of caverns. The change of climate and of vegetation was here very sudden and remarkable. Instead of the dry, cold, bracing, and healthy air on the plateaux and mountains of the interior, there is a warm, damp, enervating atmosphere; instead of the towering pine forest, with almost no undergrowth of brushwood or vegetation, a region succeeded full of the densest underwood, and of trees altogether different—a curious mixture of Northern European and semi-tropical vegetation—the oak, ash, ivy, hawthorn, bramble, honeysuckle, and other trees and shrubs of Northern Europe, but mixed with myrtle, arbutus, jujube, Judas tree,

wild olive, clematis, and other southern trees and shrubs. The most beautiful ferns and creepers abounded. The season of flowers is past; in the spring and early summer these romantic ravines and river dells must be full of a charming flora, but with the returning heat comes malaria, and fever lurks in every corner! This richness of vegetation is due to the abundant rainfall which occurs daily along this the most southern line of the mountain range.

The sea breeze, loaded with moisture, begins to blow about ten o'clock A.M. Soon the mountain tops are covered with vapour, and heavy rain ensues at intervals. It was so now; the thunder clouds gathered, and a heavy downpour descended on us.

At 5 P.M. we reached the bottom of the descent, but did not advance into the plain. The nearest village in the plain was still several hours distant, and we hoped to reach Geuzna by sunset. There we should find Europeans, and hear news of Mersina and Europe.

The precipice on our left receded gradually, and it was on the other face of the mountain to which this belonged, that Geuzna was situated. We turned towards the left near a small ruined Saracenic fort, and began to mount transversely the face of the mountain, through a wood more like a thick English wood than anything I had before seen in the East, following a path made by the cattle through the tangled brush and thick underwood, the rain all the while falling heavily. Night had closed in when we saw above us in a deep cleft the lights of the village of Geuzna. The music of plashing runnels from many a fountain struck pleasantly upon the ear, and at length,

after passing numerous houses amid umbrageous gardens, we reined in our tired horses under a wide-spreading plane tree near a resounding source, and Nahli went to search for a lodging. He found one in the house of the Austrian Consul, Mr. Castravelli (since dead). He was himself in Mersina, but his housekeeper offered me a room. It was more difficult to find food for the horses, and an hour and a half passed before Nahli could procure barley and straw ("saman") for them, and then only by paying exorbitantly.

On his return Nahli told me, with the peculiar laugh he always had when there was disagreeable news to communicate, or the misfortunes of anyone to relate, that "cholera had appeared in Syria and was spreading both in Damascus and Beyrout; that the Ottoman Government had imposed a quarantine of ten days at least on all arrivals from Syria; that the Russian line of steamers would be suspended, the next steamer being the last that would call at Mersina; and it was even reported that the service of the French line of steamers also would be discontinued." This was indeed unpleasant news, especially to one who knows what quarantine signifies in the Levant; for in nearly all these countries the quarantine establishments are perfectly atrocious! I bitterly repented now not having gone on from Isaura to Smyrna. By this time we should have been more than a third of the way there; but regrets were useless.

July 22nd.—The balcony of Mr. Castravelli's house commanded nearly the whole of this pretty little settlement, the yaila of the Europeans of Mersina, and partly also of Tarsus and Adana. It is situated

in a gorge, a depression at the top of the first high range between the coast and Bulghar Dagh. Many intermediate heights of less elevation rise between it and the plain, and down the gorge Mersina with its shipping—few indeed just now—and a long line of coast could be distinctly seen. On all sides the cliffs, as on yesterday's route, were thickly covered with trees and brushwood, from base to summit. The rainfall is very great here, and almost every day several heavy showers fall. The houses of the village are scattered about along the sides of the gorge, almost every one has its garden and orchards. Several were pointed out to me as having once belonged to an English gentleman, a certain Captain Dingwall, who some fifteen years ago came out to Cilicia, and either from a spirit of reckless speculation, or deceived by false representations, invested a vast sum of money in the province. His first speculation—a large purchase of cotton—was most lucrative; but soon afterwards the American civil war came to an end, and heavy losses succeeded to the previous profits. Then he began to import Manchester goods, but to such an enormous extent, as to glut the market completely. Prices were depressed not less than 50 per cent., and even then sales could only be effected on credit. At that time the money-lenders of the country were in the habit of advancing money to the cultivators, on the security of their crops, at the usurious interest of 5 and 6 per cent. per month, and in order to recoup his enormous losses this unfortunate gentleman, through the agency of some Syrians resident in the province, began to make advances to the native culti-

vators on the additional security of the borrowers' land and real property. But with such recklessness was this done, that at last even his agents refused to act, and sent back some of the sums consigned to them for investment. In the meanwhile the state of the country became continually worse; no money could be recovered from the debtors, land was unsaleable, matters came to a complete dead-lock, and for six years, incredible as it may seem, no communication took place between Captain Dingwall and his agents; at length, about the year 1871, he came out to Cilicia. His agents handed over to him all that was left out of the wreck of his fortune, but he was completely ruined; the shock proved fatal, and I saw his tomb in the Greek cemetery at Mersina.

When a vessel becomes derelict, no wonder if plunderers use the opportunity. The Dingwall succession was in this position. It fell into the hands of a knot of dishonest Syrian Christians, and a large portion even of what had been left, disappeared, so that when at length liquidators were sent out from England, the mischief was past remedy, and I believe not much above five per cent. of the moneys invested was ever recovered. I am credibly informed that the value in all of about 90,000*l.* in money and goods was lost. This extraordinary case is far too complicated to relate in full, but the main facts are as I have given them, and I relate them as a warning. The island of Cyprus has lately become a part of the British Empire, and it is to be feared that much too sanguine expectations have been formed concerning it. Cyprus is doubtless rich in resources, but if it at all resemble Karamania,

those resources will require a long time to develop; probably much British capital will disappear in the process, and it is certain that the ports of the Levant abound with clever, plausible, and dishonest persons, —notably some of the native Christians able to speak English—who in their own country are adepts in every kind of chicanery.

The climate of Geuzna is mild and agreeable, but extremely damp, and I much doubt if it be healthy now, but the autumnal months must be charming here, and it is inhabited by a few of the natives all the year round, although winter brings with it a deep snowfall.

Just as we were about to start, our souriji appeared. He objected to go down to Mersina; he wished to be paid, as he desired to return at once to Karaman. Had I consented, this would have entailed another day's delay. Nahli advised me to let him go, and deduct some of his pay, but this did not suit me. I told him "he had agreed to carry my baggage down to Mersina, and unless he fulfilled his agreement, I should not pay him. He must not suppose he could treat me as he pleased; we were not now in Kara Dagh or Allah Dagh" (at which he looked somewhat taken aback). I then asked him what he meant to do. To which, after a little hesitation, he replied, "Neh yapaim?" "What can I do? I will go."

We started at 10 A.M. The road, though very steep, is good, and in some places well made of large blocks of stone fitted together. It is one continual descent through lovely dells and romantic river valleys, (Karanlik Dere and Dalak Dere) to the plain. It is a descent from moist, cool spring, to burning and yet

damp heat, far worse than the worst autumnal weather in Egypt. The side ravines, the richly cultivated lands in the dells, the fine trees in the river bottoms, the luxuriant vegetation along the whole route, are perfectly charming. At eleven heavy rain came on and lasted an hour and a half. At 2 P.M. we came to a small café, but it was full, literally, of people sick of fever. More than a dozen were lying on the floor, or in the balcony, in various stages of the sickness; some rolled up in thick rugs, were shivering with the deadly chill, although the heat indoors was now above 85° Fahrenheit. Others had passed out of the cold stage, and were lying exhausted, with dull glazed eyes, and sallow, shrunken faces. The cafeji was too ill to attend to us. It was a very ill-omened sight, and on the road we met several other sick people on their way to Geuzna, in order to escape the heat and malaria of the plain. Alas! too many only carry their death with them, so deadly and obstinate is sometimes the form of malarious fever which prevails on the lowlands of Cilicia!

At 3 P.M. we came to the little village of Boloukli; it is on a rocky height, about 500 feet above the level of the plain, and close upon its edge. The air of the place, though far from being good, is yet a little fresher than the air of the town, and it is near, being only an hour and a quarter's ride from Mersina, so that many of the business people of the town have country houses there.

Here I found Mr. Tattarachi, the British Vice-Consul, sick of fever and dysentery. Although recovering, he is still miserably weak, too weak, indeed,

for a sea voyage, even if quarantine did not deter him from leaving.

At 6 P.M. we started to cross the plain to Mersina. Although so late in the day, the sun was still very powerful, and the stifling heat of the town and plain quite overpowering. As we approached Mersina through the gardens which surround it, I saw many sick people lying on mattresses spread upon the ground at the door of their houses. They had been brought out for air; as for coolness, it was not to be had, day and night being almost equally hot. The mortality during the past two months has been very great, and several of my interpreter's personal friends had died. I hoped, however, to be on the sea in two days, but as we entered the town we heard that in all probability the Russian steamer would not call at Mersina.

There was yet another disappointment: we halted at Nahli's house, but found that during his absence his brother-in-law had sublet it; so our only shelter was the khan, which, however, is good and clean, being new, and open only to respectable people. Sleep was impossible; the damp and stifling heat quite prevented it, not to mention the incessant attacks of sandflies and mosquitoes.

July 23*rd*.—Rose utterly exhausted. Nahli has engaged himself in the Government service as a collector of the dîme, and has brought me his young brother-in-law to wait upon me. He offers to buy from me the horse he has ridden on the journey; the price is very low, but he has acted so well throughout, that I have done him this little favour on condition that if all the lines of steamers should be suspended (as it is

reported will be the case), the sale shall be void, and in that case he is to give up the Government service and come with me overland to Smyrna, for I cannot pass all the summer in Asia Minor.

Went out together to breakfast at a little Greek restaurant, and found the cookery tolerable. The number of people who are sick in the town is truly astonishing. The news from Damascus is bad — cholera reported on the increase, and it is feared that it may appear any day at Adana. The agent of the Russian steamer cannot say whether or not the steamer is coming—in his opinion, *not*. This will entail at least eight days' stay either in Mersina or Boloukli, or in Geuzna. A room in Mr. Mavromati's house at Boloukli has been offered to me, but the house is empty—not so much as a divan in it—no company, and no place at which I can obtain food, and I know no one there except Tattarachi, who is still very sick. Geuzna is even worse in these respects, and six hours distant. But the heat of Mersina was so oppressive that I prepared to start for Boloukli. At the last minute, however, I decided upon staying in the town, as it is just possible—though unlikely now—that the Russian steamer may call, and I must not throw away any chance.

I hear that our Yourouk friend, Mustafa Tekerèlk, is likely to fall into great trouble; indeed, it is thought that he will be sent to the Government arsenal at Larnaca, in Cyprus, where in all probability he would soon die, accustomed as he is to the free life and pure air of the mountains; for it is a most unhealthy place. It seems that years ago he used to rob travellers and

caravans passing through his district, whenever the opportunity offered; but when the Government began to be severe on such practices he turned over a new leaf. By his own account he was a thoroughly honourable man, who looked tenderly after the welfare of travellers. It seems, however, that of late he has begun to resume his old practices, being rendered a little desperate owing to the seizure of his wheat by the Kaimakam of Mersina for arrears of taxes. The people here said that he had treated us with much courtesy, "for him," partly because of the letter of recommendation to him from the man at Ibrala, partly because it is dangerous to molest Europeans—above all, those who are known to the authorities—and I cannot help thinking that our pistols had some little effect, and all the more in consequence of Nahli's exaggerations about them. Our informant also said that Mustafa was not hospitable, and seldom or never gave any refreshment to strangers. Certainly, what we had received from him was not much, all the supper I could obtain being a small cup of milk, and a little bit of native bread! Our breakfast next morning we purchased of one of the other Yourouks. The troublesome fellow, too, who was so pertinacious in his attendance, was well known to the police of Mersina as a suspicious character and associate of thieves, and I am convinced that the object of his coming so often was to spy out the contents of my zinc case. On the principle, I suppose, that two of a trade never agree, Mustafa did not like our souriji. Certainly the latter, as I have said, is no souriji by profession. He seems to know little or nothing about

the duties of such a calling; and since he has been in Mersina he has sold one of his mares, and is haunting the drinking shops all the day long—by no means like a good Muslim! Happily for us, no harm arose from it all. To rob a European so near the coast would make too much noise—farther inland it would be very different—besides, they would at least *expect* to be resisted, and with good European arms, whatever resolution the traveller might himself come to on the point! Still, if the people of the country were determined to rob travellers they could very easily do it, and all resistance would be worse than useless. This must be remembered to their credit; nor in so wild and thinly peopled a country would malefactors find much difficulty in concealing themselves.*

* To prove that brigandage is at times rife in Asiatic Turkey, and that the danger from it is really very great, I quote the following from the 'Levant Herald':—

"Smyrna, March 9, 1877.—Owing to the exertions of his Excellency Sabri Pasha, our Wali, the hydra-headed monster of our vilayet—brigandage—has received a severe check, no less than twenty-eight brigands of different bands having been recently either killed or captured. Sabri Pasha, tired of the continual acts of rapine daily reported, resolved to finish with these wretches, and for this purpose he divided the police into four bodies, one of which was sent into the Saroukhan, the second took up its position in the mountain gorges of Dalidja, in the sandjak of Aidin, the third went to the Yundagh, while the fourth remained near Koula. In about a week, they had captured or slain the greater part of the brigands. A band that had been seen in the environs of Bournabat, having robbed a zeybek of Kavali Dere, he with seven of his companions went after them, and succeeded in shooting the chief and his 'aide-de-camp.' He wounded another, took a fourth prisoner, but the remainder escaped. The head of the chief, a Yourouk named Moussa, and the two prisoners, were brought into Smyrna by their captors, who are to be rewarded for their victory.

"The following is a list of the brigands who have been killed:—The Yourouk chief, Moussa, Keloglan, his 'aide-de-camp' (and five others, all Muslim).

"The prisoners captured are Theodori, Costi, and Yiorghi, the receivers

July 24th.—The Russian steamer has not arrived, nor is it telegraphed. It is certain now that she will not come, so I must wait yet a week for the French Messageries boat; but it is rumoured that even that will not come! The heat and malaria here are awful. Should the French steamer fail, nothing will remain but either to go up to Geuzna or Kulek Boghaz, and wait till the cholera ceases, quarantine is relaxed, and the steamers again call, or else to make my way as best I can, overland to Smyrna—a journey of some twenty-three days. Nahli has promised to see me through; but shall I be able to stand the journey? Every day in this heat enfeebles me more and more. Should I ever again travel in this country, on no account will I stay so late in the season. Although it is a most beautiful and interesting land, yet the pleasure is balanced by the pain, danger, and trouble inseparable from such a journey so late in the season.

Passed a dreadful night; the air of the room—nay, of the whole town—is like that of a damp, yet hot, oven. How the people can endure it at all, is to me most strange! As it is, the amount of sickness is appalling! In every street are many poor fever-stricken patients, lying at their doors, with sallow, shrunken faces and dull eyes. Many who are not actually pros-

of the different bands; Athanasi, Lambo, Christo Lako, all Christians; Kanli Mehemet Ali, his 'aide-de-camp,' and eleven of their band; Ali, the brother of Keloglan, and three others, all Muslim.

"Notwithstanding these important captures, the pursuit is still very hot, and no doubt we shall hear of other captures. Nine zeybeks were seen a few days ago near Sokia; they contented themselves with robbing a young clerk belonging to one of the liquorice factories."

At all events the Ottoman authorities do not favour and support brigandage!

trate are still so ill that they can hardly crawl. Greek, Turk, and Syrian all suffer alike. I have seen several of the people from the mountains lying for days together in the street facing the sea, and no one seems to take any notice of them, or to offer them any help. The hospital is crowded; the poor khanji who has charge of my horse is a wretched spectacle. Most of these poor people either cannot afford to buy quinine, or what they can procure is of bad quality; and there is no other remedy to be obtained here.

Breakfasted at the Greek restaurant, and fell in with the Austrian naturalist, Haberhauer, whom I had seen at Tchukour Bagh, near Kulek Boghaz. He was on his way to Europe, and he gave me good news that a telegram had just been received from Constantinople announcing the departure of an Ottoman steamer from Smyrna. She would come to Mersina, and leave again on the same day, so that we should escape quarantine. This report, however, proved unfounded.

At about 7 P.M. went out to Boloukli. I think that another three days' stay in Mersina would have caused me a dangerous sickness; the climate now is perfectly pestilential. I was strong and vigorous when I came down from the mountains, but now all my strength is gone. Nahli's brother-in-law, Gabriel, a young lad of seventeen, came out to wait on me; but though a native of the place, and accustomed to the climate, he suffers as much as myself!

As we passed through the village of Christian Keui (formerly Giaour Keui), half-way between Mersina and Boloukli, I saw that the inhabitants were suffering just as in Mersina, and the souriji, a mountaineer,

who was bringing out what I needed, muttered to himself, as his eye fell on the poor people lying about, "Sitma! sitma!" (fever! fever!).

Arrived at Mr. Mavromati's country house, I managed to fit up a kind of plank bedstead on trestles. Tattarachi lent me a few necessaries, but it was very uncomfortable. Slept heavily, but was not refreshed.

July 25*th.*—So utterly exhausted that I lay in a half stupor all day, and seemed to be sickening for a severe fever; my head all wrong, and all sorts of horrid dreams and visions present; at times I was almost delirious. Can remember Gabriel coming in now and then and looking at me, but can remember nothing else. Towards sunset came the crisis, as it were a severe struggle going on in my head, and a feeling as if something was being driven out of my brain. Very profuse perspiration came on, and I was able to rise and take a strong dose of quinine, and give a dose to Gabriel, who is also suffering. At about 8.30 crawled into Tattarachi's house to beg a little food, as the young lad is too ill to procure anything for me, and there is no one else to do it. Passed a tranquil night, but could not sleep.

July 26*th.*—Tattarachi, who is better, came up to see me. I was just taking another dose of quinine (about five grains). He laughed and said that was too little; that he has often been obliged to take doses of fifteen and twenty grains at a time. Only very strong doses would stop the fever of this country. Can this be so? Surely the quinine must be adulterated.

Boloukli is a bad place for an invalid. There is nothing to be had—no meat, no milk, no butter—or else my poor attendant is too ill to go about and forage. It seems to be a choice between fever in Mersina and starvation here. I am like a prisoner in my room. I have a plank bedstead and two or three rush chairs, and I shift uneasily from one to the other all the day long. The position of the house is very good; it is at the highest point of the village, commanding a view of Mersina, Christian Keui, and the plain and sea. There is a small enclosed garden attached to it, but quite uncultivated; and at one corner of it a spring bursts out from under the rock with a volume of water as large as a man's thigh.

The heat is tolerable till about 8 A.M. At about 10 A.M. the sea-breeze begins to blow, but at this season of the year it is extremely slight. Owing to the position of Mersina, shut in by lofty mountain ranges, there is almost a stagnation of the air except for the sea-breeze; this comes in, charged and saturated with moisture, but only serves now to render the air yet more oppressive and relaxing. It dies out at about 4 P.M. Then follows stifling, steamy heat, till, at some uncertain hour in the night, a breeze blows from the mountains. It hardly deserves the name of a breeze now, for it is scarcely perceptible, and resembles the softest possible sigh. Still it produces some little effect, and at least renders the early morning cool and pleasant. In short, Boloukli is a wretched place, and yet its air is certainly better than the air of Mersina.

July 27th.—Tranquil night, determined to ride into Mersina every morning, and return to Boloukli each

night. But found it very hard to pass the time in Mersina. All places in the town seem to be alike. Never have I felt so utterly exhausted. Mind and body alike lose all spring and energy in this enervating air and heat. The sickness in the town increases daily, and many funerals pass under my window. This morning I counted five in a very short time.

At sunset returned to Boloukli. The chief crop round Mersina at this season is sesame seed. The grain crops have long been reaped, but much of the soil is uncultivated and covered with brush.

July 28th.—Slight improvement in the weather, but only for one day. News to-day from Syria worse. Every one fears an outbreak of cholera in Adana, and consequently its appearance also at Tarsus and Mersina. If so, there will be nothing left but to make my way as best I may, across Asia Minor to Smyrna. The ride to and from Boloukli is not unpleasant. I am generally accompanied by some of the people who are settled for the summer at Boloukli, mostly Greeks or Syrians; nearly all speak French. It is remarkable how great an influence France has upon the Roman Catholic population of Syria. After the burning day in Mersina, the cool spring in the garden of my dwelling is most refreshing, but I am cautioned not to drink much of it, as the water is of bad quality. The water of the town, which is good, though not cool, is supplied by an aqueduct from the river to the west of the town. A few years ago the only water supply came from wells; it was extremely unwholesome, and caused deadly fevers.

I dispensed with Gabriel's attendance at Boloukli.

The former owner of the house is permitted by Mr. Mavromati to live there still, and he looks to my horse and makes my coffee.

July 29th.—No record. Same monotonous life.

July 30th.—Roused early by a visit from Nahli. He looks dispirited, and is disgusted with the Government service. It seems he had been sent to some villages near Tarsus, to take account of the dîme. Many villages purchase the dîme of their own crops, and at harvest time a Government officer is sent round to estimate the amount due to the Government, which is then paid in directly by the villagers. It is the most advantageous arrangement for both parties, but at the same time offers great scope for fraud, if only the inspector can be bribed—usually no very difficult matter in this country. It seems the village he first visited is inhabited by Nusairiyeh ("fellahhin," as Nahli called them), and the owner of the land was the Kaimakam of Mersina, himself a Nusairi. When Nahli arrived, he had a very discourteous reception. The grain was yet in the sheaf, unthreshed, and the villagers insisted on his estimating the dîme of the crop in that condition, telling him "it was the custom" there. When he refused to do this, and said "that he could not estimate the crop until the grain had been threshed out," high words arose. Nahli tried to mount his horse and go away, but the men would not allow him to leave; and it was evident that had he resisted he would have been seriously maltreated. At length they forced him to affix his signet to a paper, already prepared, to the effect that "he had estimated the dîme of their harvest, and it amounted to so much." Afraid to go to

any other of the Nusairiyeh villages in his district, he returned to Mersina and complained to the Medjlis (Town Council). They, however, were unwilling to quarrel with the Kaimakam, and advised him "not to trouble about the matter, but to leave things as they were," and they would give him another district. The fact is, the man is too honest for this country; and the advice I gave him was rather "politic" than "high principled"—viz. "to float with the stream," "that he could not expect to reform the prevalent abuses; that he would only stir up for himself a host of enemies, without effecting any good result."

Nahli tells me a strange tale of the audacity of the wolves. A certain Mr. Geoffroi (a French subject residing in Mersina) and some others, had a flock of 104 choice sheep feeding in the plain close to Mersina, on the east side of the town. The usual guard of dogs and shepherds was with them. No one could have supposed them in danger from wild animals; but about a week ago a troop of fourteen or fifteen wolves came down from the mountains in the night, drove off the dogs, and in a very few minutes killed twenty-six of the sheep, and fearfully mangled many more. Some had a portion of the tail — so large in the Karamanian sheep — torn away; others had the throat bitten through. Out of the whole number, only about forty escaped uninjured. The shepherds gave the alarm, great fires of straw and brushwood were kindled, and a chase of the wolves began; but, though many shots were fired at them, not one was killed. There is nothing, or very little, to eat in the interior, as the flocks have perished, and the wolves

are pressed by hunger; but such an incursion as this was never heard of before in Mersina. If they are so bold and fierce now, what will they be in winter? Sometimes, although rarely, accidents occur — e. g. about three winters ago, a Greek was devoured by wolves near the cemetery, quite close to the town. There was deep snow in the mountains, and the animals were fierce with hunger.

Whilst I was breakfasting with Nahli at the Greek restaurant, my former interpreter, Hanna, came in. He was in no wise abashed, although he slightly started back at first. When I reproached him for his bad treatment of me, he defended himself; utterly denied that he had cheated us; laid all the blame on my friend's severity and harsh language to him; said that his pay had been less than Nahli's, and therefore he had only done himself justice by going off with our money. In short, he is an impudent rascal, and, from what I now hear of his character, capable of any bad action; so I was well rid of him (and, indeed, I have often thought how easy it would have been to do me some serious mischief in one of those out-of-the-way places in the interior; no one would have ever been the wiser, and the people here tell me that this man is perfectly capable of such a deed. I may have done him wrong by admitting such a thought, but here he bears a very bad character). Hanna did, however, admit that he had not acted well in leaving me in a strange place, with the care of the poor sick patient. I had the barren satisfaction of telling him, before all the company, and in the most concise and forcible terms I could use, that he was dishonest and untruthful; but he

took it all with the utmost equanimity, and only smiled. Said Nahli, as we went out, "Did you ever notice what round eyes Hanna has? We have a proverb in Turkish, 'Beware of a man with round eyes.'" As we left the restaurant, the Greeks and Syrians present gathered round him to hear his account of the matter. About two hours after this, I met him in the street, and he saluted me very politely. I could not help laughing at the fellow's impudence. But, with all that, I believe I unwittingly escaped a very serious risk when Hanna left me at Adana; and I could not have fallen in with a more agreeable and more honourable man, and one at the same time better adapted for a travelling companion in these countries, than my good friend Nahli Sabbagh.

Nahli rode out with me to Boloukli in the evening. He wished to show me the hot springs at Ichma, but the place lay some little distance out of our way, and I preferred to go quietly to Boloukli, being too wearied and indifferent to explore any more at present. My horse is in very bad condition, owing to hard work and insufficient food, but I have sold him for T. 10*l.* to a good master. He has served me well. I bought him for T. 12½*l.*, and I have ridden him throughout the whole journey. He has never once stumbled; never been sick; has borne the longest and most difficult marches (often with very insufficient food) with the utmost fire and spirit; in short, it was a fortunate purchase. On the other hand, he could never agree with other horses, and his fierce pugnacity often caused us much trouble.

July 31*st.*—To my great joy, saw the French mail

steamer coming up to the anchorage soon after daybreak. Being now sure of the means of departure, I can telegraph home.

Again and again, as we rode across the plain into Mersina, I turned to look once more at that stately line of heights which walls in the lowlands.

Never, probably, again shall I visit this country, but to the last day of my life I shall retain a vivid recollection of its entrancing beauty and absorbing interest. Yet beautiful and interesting though it be, it has many dangers. Not the least of these is its climate, and I carried away with me the seeds of a dangerous fever, which at one time threatened the most serious consequences, and which, during nearly a year after I had left Cilicia, prostrated me again and again.

This was entirely due to the delay in the plain, for I was in good health, and cared little for fatigue, privation, and exposure when I descended from the mountains; and could I have left Cilicia at once, I should no doubt have escaped these unpleasant consequences. But a few days' stay in the deadly air and heat of the lowlands during summer is enough to break down the strongest.

Herr Haberhauer, a veteran traveller, and a strong, robust man, suffered as much as myself. "Ah," he said to me, one day, "we are both blackened now by the sun; but if we stay here a few days more in this damp heat, we shall be bleached."

In the course of the morning I sent off a telegram to England. The line through Koniah was occupied in transmitting Government messages; but the chief

of the telegraph, a young Greek, most kindly sent my telegram to a friend at Diàrbekìr, with a request that he would forward it immediately. While I was still waiting in the office, a reply was received from Diàrbekìr that it had been safely received, and had been sent on at once to Pera.

The telegram, which was in English, was thus sent back from Cilicia to the frontiers of Mesopotamia, and thence through Constantinople to England. It was duly received at its destination the same afternoon, and correctly, excepting that the address was given wrongly by the telegraphic agent in the place to which it was addressed, who wrote "Muscat," and then "Messina," till, on reference to London, the correct name was given, "Mersina."

I had felt unwell all day, and on going to the office of the Messageries to take my passage for Marseilles I was seized with a sudden chill and shivering, and forced to go back to my lodgings. At about six o'clock I was well enough to proceed to the ship. Although she lay only about 400 yards from the shore, the boatmen would not take me off under two medjidiehs (8*s*.). They laughingly declared that "it was not every day they had the chance of meeting an European 'hawaja,' and I must pay!" All these boatmen, and indeed almost all the labouring people of Mersina, are Arabs of Syria. Arrived at the 'Ilyssus,' I bade Nahli a hearty farewell. A good-natured Turk—one of the passengers on board—carried my baggage up the ladder, for I was too weak to do it myself, and none of the crew seemed inclined to do it—and, adieu Mersina.

August 1*st*.—Towards sundown the 'Ilyssus' left her anchorage. The whole expanse of plain between the mountains and the sea was covered by a curtain of deep blue and silvery haze, which in places mounted like the vapour of a furnace, and marked the extreme humidity of the air. It seemed to throw a soft, mysterious veil over the deeper purple of the hills and nearer heights, and set off in strong contrast the rich orange tones of the higher ranges, still coloured by the setting sun. As our ship stood out to sea, the rose-tinted cones of Harpalik and Metdesis, the loftiest snow peaks of Bulghar Dagh, were faintly outlined against the sky, till evening slowly faded into night, and the long line of colonnade at Pompeiopolis could be just distinguished as we came abreast of the old city, the last object on which my eyes rested in this lovely, but dangerous, land.

The ship was crowded with Syrians from Beyrout and the coast towns, escaping from the cholera; and the ex-Pasha of Bagdad, with his suite, was on board *en route* for Constantinople. Half the quarter-deck was curtained off for the women and children of the party.

The Pasha had brought with him several of the fine white Hedjazi donkeys, and some tolerably good horses, but none equal to five or six Arab horses from the Syrian desert, exported from Alexandretta by an English officer, Captain Upton, who had purchased them from (I think) the Anazi tribe. He had been obliged to go nearly to the river Euphrates before he could obtain any, and had paid high prices for these. I never saw any horses with so broad a forehead

between the eyes, or with such deep jaws. Though rather small, they were beautifully formed, and the eye was very lustrous and intelligent.

In about thirty hours from Mersina we came to Rhodes. We had been in sight of the highlands of Karamania for nearly the whole distance, and the night before were near enough in shore to see an immense conflagration in the forest.

The voyage was most tedious; we were three days in quarantine at Vourla (Klazomenœ), (not being permitted to approach Smyrna). We could not, of course, land at Messina or Palermo. The heat, though not so great as in Cilicia, was still most oppressive, and I was laid up half the voyage, from fever.

Arrived at Marseilles, we were placed in quarantine for four days in the Island of Frioul, and finally released on August 17th, when I hastened homewards towards the north.

What an immense change has come over the Ottoman Empire since I left Cilicia!

What unutterable misery has been brought upon its people!

Is there a heart so hard, as not to feel deep commiseration for the poor victims, Christian and Muslim, of that Nineteenth Century Crusade, that "more than knightly mission" of a cruel, treacherous, hypocritical despotism?

Doubtless, the inscrutable wisdom of the Most High is visiting on the Osmanli people the many and deadly sins of its ancestors. National punishment follows inevitably upon national sin; but in our

just detestation of the evil Osmanli *Government*, let it not be forgotten that there is also an unfortunate Osmanli *people*, and let us not exclude *them* from our human sympathies.

The vast majority of *them*, at least, contributed nothing to the causes which led to the late atrocious war; *they* could exercise no influence on the march of events!

And if the Osmanlis are suffering in great measure for the sins of their fathers, must we not also believe that in His own time the justice of the Almighty will bring to judgment that system of organized hypocrisy and cruelty—that incarnation of brute force and injustice—the Russian Government and the Russian Imperial rule?

The poet's words are as true of nations as of individuals—

> "Raro antecedentem scelestum
> Deseruit pede Pœna claudo."

CONDITION OF THE MUSLIM PEASANT IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

It might be supposed from the complaints of certain English orators, that the Muslims *as a class* systematically oppressed the rayahs *as a class*. So far as my own experience extends, this is not the case. Both classes suffer alike: both have to bear the burden of a corrupt and immoral bureaucracy; both are crushed under a taxation which, though in itself not excessive, is, compared with their resources, most burdensome.

Certainly the rayah, besides the very real and tangible grievances which he has in common with his Muslim fellow-subjects, has also grievances of his own (e. g. he is practically excluded for the most part from State employ), and grievances too of sentiment; but in most *essential* points he is on the same footing as the Muslim; and not once, but several times, Christians in the interior of Karamania have admitted to me that the Central Government *at least tried* to act justly towards both classes alike.

The misfortune is that so much depends on the character of provincial governors, and of the leading members in the provincial councils (medjlis), for these give the tone to the administration. If such administration as that of Midhat Pasha in Bulgaria was more common, less would be heard of complaint against the Central Government; unfortunately, such governors are very rare. Such grievances, however, can hardly be cured by mere legislation, but the natural course of events is gradually removing them. The Greek and Armenian

Christians, for instance, are rapidly rising in numbers, wealth, and education, while the Muslim is stationary, or even falling back, in these respects, and this in a short time must have an effect.

Turkey is essentially agricultural and pastoral. Her manufactures are inconsiderable, and constantly diminishing under the influence of European imports. But she is a vast producer of raw material. Her climate and much of her soil are magnificent, but she has neither the population nor the capital requisite for developing the gifts of nature. Immigration—the grand resource of all under-peopled countries—is for her impracticable. European colonization on a small scale has been tried, and failed; immigration of Europeans on a large scale would be dangerous while Europeans can claim at pleasure foreign support and enjoy special immunities such as no other class in the empire possesses.

The State is in theory the owner of the land in Turkey, and any land lying uncultivated for five years, reverts *ipso facto* to the State, and can be granted afresh. Even Europeans can obtain land by submitting to the same conditions as the natives, and renouncing (in so far as they become landowners) the special privileges secured to them by the Capitulations.

But though the experiment has been often tried by private individuals, it has never succeeded; sooner or later the European landowner has been obliged from one cause or other to retire, often with heavy loss.

Nor must it be assumed that there is an unlimited quantity of waste land capable of cultivation. At least one-fourth of the surface of Anatolia, and much more in Karamania, never can be utilized except as pasture land. No doubt such districts as the great plain of Cilicia, and many of the river valleys, contain much waste land, and would easily support threefold their present population, but their climate is unhealthy; even the natives prefer the poorer mountain lands to the rich soil of these plains. How, then, could the European colonist thrive, or even live in such positions?

What the population of Asiatic Turkey is, can only be

guessed. I have heard the most ludicrous discrepancies in the estimates made by Turkish officials as to the population even of the town in which they lived, and a census is impossible. It is supposed, however, that the Muslim population of Asiatic Turkey exceeds the rayah by at least tenfold.

It is therefore on the former that the great amount of the State burdens fall. There is no difference in the taxes paid by these classes, for, be it remembered, it is not the *man*, nor even the *land*, but the *crop*, which pays, and the days are nearly past when a pasha or Government official could plunder, imprison, or put to death with impunity, the provincials subject to his rule. Still less will such deeds be possible in future should the Turkish parliament begin to exercise an influence in the State. And even already the much-reviled Khatti Humayoon has secured a great deal for the rayah.

The backbone of the State, then, is the Muslim peasant, holding his land directly from the Government, or cultivating in partnership the land of another, somewhat on the "metayer" system.

In general the peasant is miserably poor, for in the first place he is not industrious. His wants are few, and neither the climate nor his surroundings tend to render him enterprising. Partly from these reasons, partly from lack of skill, of capital, and want of communications with the outside world, he does not draw from his land nearly as much as he might. At least a third of his arable land must lie fallow every year. At intervals of a few years, drought ruins his crop—this is a constantly recurring trouble; his son is drafted as a conscript into the army (a fate which the rayah avoids, or has avoided hitherto, at the moderate cost of from five to ten shillings per annum); the Government inexorably exacts its dues. Too often, sooner or later, the unfortunate peasant is obliged to resort to the money-lender (who is nearly always a Christian, for his religion forbids the Muslim to lend money on interest), and then his fate is sealed!

Even when the seasons are favourable, and the harvest

abundant, this is of no permanent benefit to him; the Osmanli never seems to accumulate capital; he lives from hand to mouth; his surplus resources (if any) are never expended on some remunerative undertaking. A pilgrimage to Mecca on a larger scale than usual, a new wife, or some such folly, speedily absorbs all his profits, and then when the pinch comes, there is nothing between him and want. This was abundantly proved during the great famine year of 1873–74.

The Government taxes him, but does almost nothing for him. There are not a dozen roads in the empire; and though a heavy debt has been contracted, there is very little internal improvement to show for it. Still it would be unjust to lay all the blame upon the Government. The character and spirit of the people, their prevailing form of religion, their unhappy political position, and the accumulated evils of centuries of misrule, all, in various degrees, tend to make the Ottoman empire what it is—a scandal to civilization, and a constant source of trouble to Europe.

The Asiatic provinces of Turkey, then, are inhabited by a population, poor and unenterprising, but sober, peaceful, hospitable, religious, loyal even to a fault—and this last virtue is one of the greatest obstacles to their progress. The Padshah is not only the head of the State, but the head of their religion also. What is done in his name is accepted with implicit submission. They may suffer, but they submit! Of late, however, the abuses of the Government are beginning to wear out even their patience, and in conversation with some of the more intelligent, I have heard the opinion freely expressed that the only persons who benefited by the present state of things were some few thousand officials and others at Stamboul. But I never heard the least complaint against the Sultan personally. "The Padshah is good!" "The Padshah does not know all this." "If only the Padshah knew," &c., &c. Such are the excuses made for the head of the Government. We may smile at this unreasoning loyalty, but there it is, a great fact, unfortunately, for the well-being of the people themselves. It must not be supposed that they

are wanting in spirit, but their religion teaches them to look upon the Sultan as the vicegerent of Allah, and this is really the great obstacle to revolution. Were they subject to a Christian Government to which their religion did not bind them to yield passive obedience, they would certainly never submit to similar treatment.

Much has been made of the supposed fanaticism of the Muslim population, and certainly there are districts of the empire where, owing to the opposition of races, the fiercest bigotry is at times displayed, as, e. g., in Damascus, and some other portions of Northern Syria. Amongst certain of the official class also, and the well-to-do tradesmen and merchants, there is much of the old jealousy and hatred of Christians, but this sentiment is far from common. It may exist, but it is dormant, if not dying out.

It is true that neither the people nor the Government approve of conversions from Islam to Christianity, and in fact they are exceedingly uncommon (while on the other hand conversions to Islam are not uncommon, though due almost always to some bad or mean motive); but is it such an unheard-of thing, even in Europe, that converts should suffer in some respects when they change their profession of faith? But further, even as compared with many of the Christian Governments of Europe, the Turkish Government is singularly tolerant. Every sect is allowed the free and unrestrained exercise of its public worship, and may possess property and administer its internal affairs without hindrance or interference from the Government, unless internal dissensions render such interference necessary. Even such bodies as the Protestant communities throughout the empire are gradually obtaining an official recognition, which has only been delayed hitherto because the Government requires that every religious community should have a recognized official head, and the Porte could not at first comprehend a Church without a patriarch or some such ecclesiastical chief.

Amidst the many grievous defects and faults of the Ottoman Government, let us at least give it credit for its toleration

in religious matters. It is not so very long ago since we ourselves passed the Catholic Emancipation Act; and as compared with Russia, Spain — even with France — the Government of the Sultan has no reason to be ashamed of its legislation and practice in matters ecclesiastical.

The principal taxes of the Turkish empire are—(1) The dîme, or tithe of the crops (really 12½ per cent.). (2) The "vergui" or "salyan," a kind of property tax, which, being arbitrary, and arranged between the Government officials and the leading members of the village council, is often the means of much oppression. (3) The sheep tax, of 2½ piastres (about 6*d.*) per annum for each head of sheep or goats, in return for which they have the right of pasturage on the Government lands. (4) The "timùttaa," an income tax of 3 per cent. on the annual gains or revenue of each person; even the poorest is obliged to pay this. This tax is estimated by the town council. The lowest amount accepted is 7½ piastres; but it is usually fixed at a very low rate. (5) "Imlak," a property tax on houses, magazines, &c., founded on the saleable value of the property. This is fixed by the Government through the town council. A man who occupies his own house pays only 4 piastres per cent. on the value. If the property be let, the percentage is much higher; the valuation is, however, low, and of course there are ways of arranging matters. (6) "Import and export duties," respectively 8 and 1 per cent. on the value of the merchandise. Usually the estimate of value is low. (7) The tobacco duty, which is fast destroying the culture of tobacco. Several of the villagers who used to grow large quantities of tobacco have told me that, so great was the annoyance and loss caused by the arbitrary method of levying the tax, that they intended to abandon the cultivation. The farmers of the tax examine the growing crop, make an estimate of the probable produce, and on this the amount of the tax is fixed. Often the crop falls short of the estimate, yet the amount is exacted. Endless, in short, are the vexations connected with this tax. (8) The "bedeliyeh," or exemption tax from military service—established after the Crimean war in place of the

"kharaj," or capitation tax—paid only by Christians, and amounting to from 5*s.* to 10*s.* per annum.

Of all these taxes, two only—the dîme and the "vergui"—much affect the peasant. The import duties scarcely touch him; so few are his wants, that hardly anything foreign is consumed by him except coffee and calico. His clothing is mostly of home manufacture, and in many districts the women spin a coarse but durable cotton cloth. His household furniture is simple even to bareness—no chairs, no tables, no knives and forks, no crockery, no glass. A few cushions stuffed with cotton, and some quilted coverlets, form his bedding. He sits, sleeps, and eats upon the floor. His plates and dishes are of copper, and last a lifetime. The few and simple agricultural implements he employs are of home manufacture; his plough is of wood, for he never ploughs more than a few inches deep. Nearly every article of iron work that he uses is manufactured in the country; and some of the towns in the interior (e. g. Marash) turn out very good work in iron, and in native cloth; others excel in leather work, and the current prices of these articles are surprisingly low. Scarcely any machinery is imported. Production is slow and cumbrous, for nearly everything is made by hand; yet some special articles are of an excellence and finish not to be attained in Europe.

The frugality of his diet is unexampled. His drink is water or coffee; wine or spirits he would not touch, even had he the opportunity. His chief food is unleavened bread of rye, barley, or mixed wheat and barley. Meat he does not eat once in twelve months. Whilst he had a flock, milk formed the chief item of his food; but since the loss of the flocks even that has been cut off in great part. In short, the Turkish peasant has reduced the expense of living to a minimum; it would not be possible to live at all on less!

Much has been said and written touching the resources of Turkey, and the chief items indicated are the mines of the country, its forests, and its waste lands.

As to the last, I have before said that the waste lands which

can be utilized are, after all, less extensive than would be supposed; and even of them the best portion is unsuited to the European. But whence could the requisite skill and capital come, except from Europe? from what other quarter can immigration be looked for?

No doubt the mines are valuable, but mines are chiefly of value as supplying materials for manufacturing industry. Mines that can only be worked by foreigners cannot add very materially to the wealth of a country. Moreover, European mining enterprises in Turkey have not often succeeded.

Last, as to the forests, no doubt it would be easy, and very profitable for the moment, to sell or lease the forests to foreign companies; but when the mountains had been bared of their wood—which would soon be brought about—the effect both upon the climate and the population could not fail to be disastrous. Nor would much be gained by clearing the land. The great mountain ranges of the south are covered with forest that extends almost without a break from Adana nearly to Smyrna, and again eastwards round the great plain of Cilicia almost to Alexandretta; but the soil is rocky—only a small portion of it could ever be cultivated—much of it, indeed, is covered with three or four feet of snow for a large part of the year.

The great resource of Turkey, after all, is her agriculture, and the mainstay of her agriculture is the Muslim peasant. The essential point, therefore, is to improve the condition of the poor down-stricken agriculturists of the interior, by urging economy at Constantinople, by helping to open up the country through roads and railways—above all, by ceasing to advance loans, which even now would probably be only squandered, and can but increase the burdens and miseries of a population that is already almost crushed to the very earth.

(Since writing the above, two articles have appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century Review' for August and October, 1878—viz. "The People of India" and "The Bankruptcy of India." If the statements in them be correct—which I presume there is no reason to doubt—it is evident that a very sad state of things exists in one of our own dependencies, and that even our own Government is not quite blameless as regards its treatment of the millions of Indian cultivators under its sway.)

THE ARMENIAN KINGS OF CILICIA.

The commencement of the Roupenian line of kings who ruled Lesser Armenia, comprising Cilicia and portions of the neighbouring provinces of Cappadocia and Isauria, dates from A.D. 1080. Gagik, the last king of Armenia Major, was assassinated in the fortress of Kizistra by the Byzantines. Roupen or Reuben, one of his relatives, escaped to Cilicia, and being aided by the Armenians who were settled there, began to make war upon the Greeks. In 1086 the Greeks were driven out of Armenia by Malik, Shah of Persia. He treated the Armenians well, but upon his death the Persians began to oppress them, and many emigrated to Cilicia. Roupen was succeeded by

Constantine I. (1095 A.D.). His reign was a continual series of wars with the Byzantines. The first Crusade took place in A.D. 1096. Constantine assisted the Crusaders, and after the capture of Antioch, was made by them a knight and marquis. Constantine was succeeded by his son

Toros I. (A.D. 1100). Attacked in turns by all his powerful neighbours, Toros maintained the independence of his country. He captured Anazarba from the Byzantines, and made it his capital. In 1108 the Persians invaded Cilicia, but were repulsed. In 1110 the Tartars also invaded Cilicia, but without success. Toros captured and punished the murderers of Gagik. He was succeeded by his brother

Leo I. (A.D. 1123, who also made war on the Byzantines and captured "Mamestu" (Mopsuestia). In 1130 Leo was treacherously taken prisoner by Baldwin of Antioch, and obliged to surrender Mamestu, Adana, and the fortress "Sarwand," and to pay a ransom of 60,000 gold pieces. On his release, however, he made war on the Latins and recovered his cities. A peace was at last mediated by Jocelyn of Edessa.

In consequence of Leo's encroachments on Isauria, the Greek emperor, John Comnenus Porphyrogenitus, invaded

Cilicia with a great army, before which Leo was forced to retreat. The Greeks captured Tarsus, Adana, and Mamestu. They laid siege to Anazarba, and after thirty-seven days captured it by assault, but they suffered fearful losses, and the garrison cut their way out. Vahkah, a fortress to the north of Sis, and which had been the first seat of the Roupenian thakavors, was captured. Leo at last was blockaded in the mountains, and forced to surrender. He was sent to Constantinople, and imprisoned with his wife and sons. The Armenian troops were driven from Cilicia, and 12,000 Greek troops left in it in 1137. The captives were well treated by the emperor, and released from prison for a season, but Leo was again imprisoned, and died in confinement. Thereupon Toros was released and kept near the emperor.

John Comnenus died in 1142, and was succeeded by Manuel Comnenus. Upon this Toros secretly fled to Cilicia, and concealed himself in the mountains.

Toros II. (1142 A.D.) headed a revolt of the Armenians against the Greeks. Captured Vahkah, Amuda, Adana, Sis, and Anazarba. The Emperor Manuel then sent Andronicus, his general, with a great army under orders to extirpate the Armenians. But the Greek army suffered a terrible defeat, in one of the passes of Mount Taurus.

About this time the Tartars began to attack the Armenians of Cilicia, but were on several occasions repulsed. A long desultory war continued between the Greeks and Armenians. Toros died in A.D. 1167, and was succeeded by his brother

Mileh I. as regent to the young son of Toros. At the end of the first year of his regency he dethroned the son of Toros, but after a reign of five years he was killed by his own troops. He was succeeded by the nephew of Toros,

Roupen II. (1172 A.D.). The war between the Greeks and Armenians continued, and Roupen recovered Tarsus and Amuda, which had again fallen into the hands of the Byzantines. In 1183 Roupen was treacherously captured by Bohemond of Antioch, but released, and after a reign of eleven years he abdicated, and was succeeded by his brother

Leo II. (A.D. 1183). He extended his dominion beyond the Taurus. This king rebuilt Sis and made it his capital, but he resided alternately at Sis and Tarsus. The Sultan of Iconium having attacked him, he defeated the Seljooks, invaded and conquered great part of Isauria, and attacked Syria.

In 1189 occurred the Crusade of the German Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. The Crusaders were assisted by the Armenians, but the Emperor Frederic was drowned in the Calycadnus at Seleucia (Selefke). The emperor had promised to crown Leo; and Henry, son of Frederic Barbarossa, performed the promise, by inducing Pope Celestine to send a crown, and Conrad, Archbishop of Moguntia (Mayence), to perform the ceremony. The emperor also sent to Leo a standard, on which was represented a "lion rampant." Henceforward the kings of Armenia bore this as their device instead of the ancient device, "the eagle, dove, and dragon." A close connection with the Latins ensued, and the king married successively two Latin princesses. He continued to resist successfully the Iconians and the Muslims of Aleppo under Kaikayuz and the son of the Sultan Nour-ed-din. In 1207, however, dissensions arose between Leo and the Latins, and in consequence he expelled all Latins from Cilicia. Leo died in 1219, and was buried at Sis. He was succeeded by his daughter

Zabel, who had married a Latin, Philip; but the latter was divorced, and the queen dethroned, and married to

Hethoum I. The reign of this king was one long series of sufferings and disasters. The great inroads of Zengis Khan caused vast disturbances over the whole East. Jellal-ed-din, Sultan of Persia, had been driven from Persia by the Tartars, and on the death of Zengis, Jellal-ed-din made a successful attack on Iconium, but all the Seljook and Turkman chiefs of Asia Minor, combined against him and defeated him. The Tartars invaded Armenia and Cilicia, and the Iconians again attacked Hethoum, but were repulsed.

In 1260 the sultans of Egypt began to attack Palestine, and many people of Palestine fled into Cilicia. Hethoum,

fearing to be attacked, made his submission to the Tartar chiefs Mango Khan and Houlagou, and allied himself with them, but this did not save him from the vengeance of the Egyptians, and in 1265 Cilicia was invaded by the terrible Beybars Bundoukdar. The Armenian army was defeated, Toros, younger son of the king, was killed; Leo, the elder, taken prisoner, and the Egyptians laid waste the entire country, but they were unable to capture the fortresses. Leo was kindly treated by Beybars, and eventually released by him. In 1269 Hethoum abdicated, and was succeeded by his son

Leo III., an amiable but unfortunate king. Beybars again invaded Cilicia and captured Tarsus. But he was defeated by a sudden attack of Leo. Next the Iconians and Muslim chiefs of Lycaonia invaded Cilicia; Leo repulsed them, and in his turn invaded Lycaonia. Leo died in 1289, and was succeeded by his son

Hethoum II. (1289 A.D.), a very devout prince. Cilicia was invaded by Melik el Ashraf, Sultan of Egypt, but he was forced to return by a revolt in Egypt. Kaitbey, his successor, made peace with Hethoum, who abdicated in favour of his brother

Toros III. (A.D 1293). He also abdicated, and persuaded Hethoum to reign again. The two brothers paid a visit to their sister Mary, who was married at Constantinople, to Michael, son of the Emperor Andronicus. Their brother Sempad, who had been left regent during the absence of the king, revolted, and the two brothers on their return from Constantinople were driven out by Sempad, and forced to take refuge with a Tartar khan, Gazan, who slew Toros and blinded Hethoum. Constantine, another brother, revolted against Sempad, dethroned and imprisoned him, and released Hethoum, who after two years recovered his sight; constantine acting in the interim as regent. Hethoum was again obliged to reign, but Constantine having begun to raise revolt, he and Sempad were sent to Constantinople and imprisoned for life by the Greek emperor. The Egyptians and Syrians of Damascus attacked Hethoum, but were

repulsed. Hethoum adopted his nephew, Leo, and abdicated in his favour.

Leo IV. (A.D. 1305). Dissensions arose amongst the Armenians about Church ceremonies and theological matters. The disaffected party persuaded Bilargu, a Tartar chief, who had 1000 Tartar troops garrisoning Anazarba for Hethoum, to kill both him and Leo. The Tartars, however, were expelled from Cilicia. Leo was succeeded by

Auchin I., youngest brother of Hethoum (A.D. 1308). The Sultan of Egypt, El Melek en Nasr, invaded Cilicia, but was defeated. Auchin died in 1320, and was succeeded by his young son

Leo V. (1320 A.D.), under the regency of Auchin Païl. The regent captured Tyre, and imprisoned the sister of the late king, who was widow of the Count of Tyre. The Sultan En-Nasr again invaded Cilicia, and laid siege to Baias or Aias; but the Egyptians were defeated. They laid siege a second time to Baias, and captured it. Cilicia was laid waste by the Egyptians and Iconians. On the retirement of the Egyptian army, help was asked from the Latins, and in revenge En-Nasr determined to extirpate the Armenians. This, the third great invasion of the Egyptians, was the most terrible of all. The very tombs were opened, and the dead bodies cast forth, and the whole face of the land devastated in the most awful manner. Adana and other cities were captured, and 20,000 Armenians carried prisoners to Egypt. No help could be obtained from the Pope or the Europeans, but aid was promised by the Tartar khan, Abou Said, upon which En-Nasr made peace. Leo put to death Auchin Païl, and his brother Constantine. In 1334, on report of another Crusade, the Egyptian sultan determined to attack the Armenians again; but as there was a truce between him and Leo for fifteen years, En-Nasr sent the Emir of Aleppo into Cilicia, who in 1335 again laid the country waste. Leo, unable to resist, shut himself up in the fortresses. In 1337 another inroad of the Egyptians took place, but En-Nasr made peace on condition Leo should never again ask help from the Europeans. Leo, however, broke his oath, and the Egyptians

once more attacked him, but the bishops and chiefs insisted on all intercourse with Europeans being abandoned. Leo died in 1342, and was succeeded by his cousin Johannes, who took the title of

Constantine, a man of a dissolute character and violent temper. He quarrelled with the chiefs, and endeavoured to make the Armenian Church conform to the Roman Church. After a reign of one year, he was killed by his troops, who had mutinied. He was succeeded by his brother Guido, who became king in 1343.

Guido (1343). The dissensions of the Armenians rendered them an easy prey to the Egyptians, who plundered and ravaged the country almost without resistance. Guido gave all power and office to Latins, he chose all the governors of his fortresses from them, and endeavoured to force the Armenian Church into conformity with the Roman Church. But in 1345 a conspiracy was formed against him, and he was killed. He was succeeded by another Constantine, not of the Roupenian line.

Constantine II. (1345). He had some communications with the Pope and the western Europeans, and thereupon the Egyptians determined to extirpate the Armenians, so as to prevent all further trouble from Europe. But though the king repulsed them, the country was reduced to a miserable condition of distress and anarchy. The king died in 1363, and the Pope exhorted the Armenians to union, and recommended them to elect for their king, Leo Lucian, a relation of King Guido.

Leo Lucian (a.d. 1366), a good king, but fallen on very evil times. As was always the case, the dissensions of the Armenians laid Cilicia open to the attacks of the Egyptians. In 1371 they invaded the country, and their ravages caused so terrible a famine, that in Sis a bushel of corn cost 500 pieces of silver. In consequence of a revolution in Egypt, El Ashraf Shaban became sultan, and he sent an army to attack Cilicia. After a siege of two months, Sis was captured, the tombs of the Armenian kings were opened, and their bodies burnt; the country was changed into a com-

plete wilderness; and the Egyptians committed the most horrible cruelties. Leo was blockaded in the mountain fortress of Gaban, and after nine months forced by famine to surrender. The captives were carried to Cairo, their lives were spared, and even liberty offered to them on condition of embracing El Islam, but this they refused to do, and were therefore imprisoned.

The successor of El Ashraf, the Sultan Melik Mansour, made the same offer, but the captives refused, and remained seven years in prison.

With the capture of Leo in 1375, the Armenian monarchy in Cilicia came to an end. The country remained in possession of the Egyptians for some time, and then passed into the hands of the Ottomans. On the death of Melik Mansour, his brother Melik Saleh, a child of six years old, succeeded, and Juan, king of Spain, by means of presents and ambassadors, persuaded the council of the young sultan to release the Armenian royal family in 1382; pledging himself that no future trouble to the Egyptians should be given by them. Leo with his family being released, went to Jerusalem to return thanks, and to visit the Holy Sepulchre. Thence they went to Rome to visit the Pope, Urban VI.; afterwards they went to Spain. During the war between France and England, Leo was sent with the Papal legates to mediate. He tried to obtain help from the kings of France and England, in order to recover Cilicia from the Mohammedans, but in vain. He died at Paris in 1393, and was buried in the convent of the Celestins. His queen, Mary, died at Jerusalem in 1405. From the capture of their royal family by the Egyptians, the Armenians have been a wandering and inglorious people, annihilated as a nation, and the fame of their old renown is only known to the few who care to study their annals!

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

MERSINA occupies the site of an ancient town, the name of which is not known. The coast line along all this part of Karamania is full of ancient ruins, attesting its former prosperity and populousness. Between the present town and the river, to the west, is a wide space full of ancient remains, fragments of pottery, bricks, bits of marble, &c. Texier says Mersina is on the site of the ancient Zephyrium, but Forbiger * calls Zephyrium "a tongue of land."

Ritter † says: "Mersina is a small coast town, like Alexandretta, but more picturesquely situated, and surrounded by orange gardens and mulberry plantations. Near the quarantine station are some pretty country houses of well-to-do people, especially of the Consuls at Tarsus. As the commerce of the place has become more active, the open roadstead is visited by many ships, especially French, although the sea-breeze sometimes renders landing difficult, and even impossible, for several days together. The marshy lowland exposes the inhabitants to dangerous fevers, which are said to be generally cured by the application of leeches. These are exported thence in great numbers to Europe. In order to escape from the danger of the damp ground, people build themselves airy wooden structures, resting on poles. Some Druses, driven away from the Lebanon, have established here village settlements. A very good carriage-road leads from this place to Tarsus."

F. A. Neale, 'Eight years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor' ‡: "The passage from Alexandretta to Mersine, the seaport of Tarsous, usually occupies twenty-four hours. Mersine is a small village somewhat similar in size to Alexandretta, though infinitely more picturesque. It abounds with orange and mulberry trees, and herein consists its superiority over Alexandretta; for in the latter place there

* 'Handbuch der Alten Geographie,' ii. 272.
† Vol. xix. 214. ‡ ii. 263.

is but one solitary palm-tree to be seen. There is a neatly-built lazaretto, and close by are three or four pretty summer houses, the property of gentlemen residing at Tarsous, who resort hither during the hot weather. Mersine, though but an open roadstead, is much frequented during the summer months by French vessels, though even then, so soon as the sea breeze sets in, such a surf gets up that frequently all landing operations have to be suspended for a day or two. The town is twelve miles from Tarsous, but the road is so excellent and level that one might easily drive all the way in a carriage. Mersine is famous as a resort of the little bird called the francolin, which is never disturbed except during two months of the year."

Soli, or Pompeiopolis.—The ruins of Pompeiopolis are on the west side of the little river Liparis (at present without a name); the site of Soli is on the east side of the stream. According to some ancient authors, Soli was founded by Argive colonists, who came to it from Cyprus. Afterwards a Rhodian colony, and still later an Athenian colony, settled there, and some of the coins of Soli bear the image of Athene, with an owl on the reverse. Under the government of the satraps, placed there by the kings of Persia, Soli became a very flourishing place.

During the invasion of Persia, Soli seems at first to have been severely treated by Alexander: "Having recovered his health, Alexander sent Pannemion to occupy the defiles which separate Cilicia from Syria. He himself marched from Tarsus in one day to Anchialon. Thence he went on to Soles, placed a garrison in the town, and, taking with him all his cavalry and his light troops, he attacked the Cilicians of the mountains, reduced them, either by force or arrangement, in the space of seven days, and returned to Soles." *

A little further on he again mentions Soli: "Alexander, having been detained successively at Tarsus by his sickness, at Soles by the games which he caused to be celebrated there when he heard of the success of Asandros and Ptolemy in

* Arr. ii. 5.

Caria, and in the mountains of Cilicia by his expedition against the barbarians," &c.

After describing the battle of Issus, he continues: "After the victory at Issus, Balacros, son of Nicanor, was named Satrap of Cilicia; the town of Soles obtained a remission of the fifty talents, which still remained of the sum it had to pay, and its hostages were restored to it.*

"Soles showed itself grateful. During the siege of Tyre, three galleys of Soles and of Mallus joined the fleet of Alexander." †

Scarcely anything is known of the history of Soli under the Seleucidæ.

Tigranes, king of Armenia, in his wars against the last Seleucids, ravaged Soli, and removed its inhabitants to his new capital, Tigranocerta.

It was one of the penitentiary colonies in which Pompeius Magnus placed such of the Cilician pirates as he thought fit to spare. The town had decayed, probably in consequence of the Mithridatic war.‡

Its port and colonnade (once consisting of 200 columns) are said to have been constructed by Pompeius Magnus; but the architecture of the colonnade marks a time of decadence, and rather resembles the style usual in the age of the Antonines. Pompeiopolis was much injured by an earthquake in the reign of Justinian, A.D. 528, and was restored by that emperor.

Sir F. Beaufort, in his 'Karamania,' says:—

"At length the elevated theatre and tall columns of Soli, or Pompeiopolis, rose above the horizon into view, and appeared to justify the representation which the pilots had given of its magnificence. We were not altogether disappointed. The first object that presented itself on landing was a beautiful harbour or basin, with parallel sides and circular ends. It is entirely artificial, being formed by surrounding walls or moles, which are fifty feet in thickness and seven in height.

* Arr. ii. 12. † Ibid. ii. 20.

‡ Dion. Cassius, xxxvi. 20.

They are constructed of rubble, bedded in a strong cement, but faced and covered with blocks of yellowish, shelly limestone, which have been clamped together with iron dovetails.

"Opposite to the entrance of the harbour a portico rises from the surrounding quay, and opens to a double row of 200 columns, which, crossing the town, communicates with the principal gate towards the country, and from the outside of that gate a paved road continues in the same line to a bridge over a small river. At the end next the harbour there are indications of the two rows of columns having been united by arches; and possibly the whole colonnade was once a covered street, which, with the avenue, the portico, and the harbour, must have formed a noble spectacle. Even in its present state of wreck the effect of the whole was so imposing, that the most illiterate seaman in the ship could not behold it without emotion. The columns, however, taken singly, do not appear to much advantage.

"As there are no inhabitants within the walls of Pompeiopolis, we found great difficulty in ascertaining its proper modern appellation. Three different names were collected. . . . 'Mezetlu,' however, united the greatest number of suffrages."

Tarsus.—One of the most ancient cities in the world. It is mentioned in the list of Asiatic cities conquered by Rhamses III. (nineteenth dynasty). The traditions of its foundation mount to the mythological ages of Greek history, but its real founders were probblay Assyrian. One tradition assigns its foundation to Triptolemus, who had been sent by the Pelasgic king, Inachus, to search for his daughter, Io. Ammian says: "Ciliciam vero, quæ Cydno amne exsultat, Tarsus nobilitat, urbs perspicabilis (hanc condidisse Perseus memoratur, Jovis filius et Danäes—vel certe ex Ethiopia profectus Sandan quidem nomine, vir opulentus et nobilis)," &c.*

Two derivations of the name "Tarsus" have been given: (1) From the verb τερσομαι, "to become dry," ταρσός,

* Amm. Mar. xiv. 8.

"dry." (2) ταρσός, "any flat surface," "the flat part of a foot," "the flat of a wing." The latter derivation refers to the feather from the wing of Pegasus, or to the hoof of Pegasus, which was broken by his alighting. But the former derivation seems preferable; and, indeed, the plain around Tarsus has evidently, at some former period, been a great marsh.

The latest settlement at Tarsus was of an Argive colony, and with this is connected the mythical hero Perseus. The presence of an Assyrian colony is indicated by the tradition which marks out the curious monument called the "Dunuk Tash" as the tomb of Sardanapalus, an Assyrian king. (It is, however, just possible—at least, judging from the passage in Ammian quoted above—that this mysterious monument may have had a non-Assyrian origin.) However this may be, no satisfactory account of its origin has as yet been given, nor has it been possible satisfactorily to establish any connection between the founder of the monument and any one of the Assyrian kings known under the name "Sardanapalus," although M. L'Anglois has a long dissertation on it in his 'Cilicie.' Texier writes thus: "Les historiens Grecs et Latins qui ont fait mention de la fondation de Tarse, citent une inscription célèbre qui était (croyaient-ils) placée sur le tombeau de Sardanapale. 'Sardanapale, fils d'Anaxynderax, a bâti Tarse et Anchiale en un jour. Passant, mange, bois, ris; le reste ne vaut rien.'" (The translation of Texier is in some parts erroneous, e. g. of "παίζε."

This inscription is mentioned by Strabo, xiv. 672; Arrian, 'Exped. Alexandri,' ii. 5; Cicero, 'Tuscul.' v. 35.

It is possible that some light may be thrown on the point by future Assyrian discoveries.

The late G. Smith's curious and learned work, 'History of Assurbanipal,' does not help to clear up the riddle of the so-called tomb of Sardanapalus. Mr. Smith arrives at the conclusion that Assurbanipal is *not* that Sardanapalus under whom the Assyrian empire was overthrown. He says (p. 324): "Assurbanipal reigned forty-two years and died in the year B.C. 626, when he was succeeded by his son 'Assur-

ebil-ili,' or 'Assur-ebil-ili-Kainni,' of whose history we know nothing. It is generally supposed that under him the Assyrian empire was overthrown."

History is completely silent as to the fortunes of Tarsus under its dynasty of Assyrian or native kings. But like all Western Asia, it fell under the power of the Persian monarchy. Perhaps Cilicia rendered only a partial obedience to the Great king, for it seems to have been governed sometimes by kings at other times by Persian satraps, and, as many medals of these rulers are extant, we must conclude that it enjoyed a certain degree of independence, for the kings of Persia always regarded with the utmost jealousy the privilege of coining money (e. g. the history of Aryandes Satrap of Egypt, as given by Herodotus).

At the time of the expedition of Cyrus, the king of Cilicia was Syennesis. Incapable of resisting the invader, he sent his queen, Epyaxa, to meet Cyrus. She accompanied the army till it reached Iconium, in Lycaonia. Thence the queen was sent back by the shortest route into Cilicia (probably by one of the passes to the west of the Pylœ Ciliciæ). Cyrus himself seems to have entered Cilicia by this latter pass. According to Xenophon, near Dana (Tyana), a rich city of Cappadocia, the defiles which led into Cilicia were held by Syennesis; but he retired on the approach of Cyrus, who reached the summit of the pass without resistance. Thence he could see the camp of the Cilicians, and descended into a vast and fertile plain surrounded by mountains. Xenophon describes the plain as "vast and fertile, well watered, full of vines and all kinds of trees, and producing much wheat, barley, sesamum, and millet." Across this plain he marched in one day to Tarsus. The entire march from Tyana to Tarsus occupied four days, and was twenty-five parasangs in length, equal to about seventy-five miles English. Epyaxa had reached Tarsus five days earlier, and Syennesis was persuaded to help Cyrus. Accordingly he gave him his son and some troops, but at the same time he sent off secretly another of his sons to the king of Persia (Artaxerxes Mnemon) to explain that he had only joined Cyrus under constraint. He sent also

information about the forces of Cyrus, and promised to abandon him on the first favourable opportunity. The army remained twenty days at Tarsus, and here a mutiny broke out amongst the Greek troops, who began to suspect the real object of the expedition. It was appeased by a donation of money, which seems to have been raised by plundering Tarsus.

Many ancient medals of cities in Cilicia are extant bearing the names of various satraps or semi-independent kings. The obverse of these medals is a figure of one of the principal divinities worshipped in Cilicia: Minerva, Apollo, Hercules, but, more commonly, Baal (Baaltars) seated. On the reverse is a lion, or a lion killing a steer.

The Duc de Luynes, in his work 'Numismatique des Satrapies,' &c., pp. 29, 30, mentions eight coins by Abdsohar, prince "of the plain" (as distinguished from the mountainous part of Cilicia), "one of those princes who have left numerous medals, and no record in history. The style of his coins and the inscriptions upon them, connect them beyond doubt with Cilicia and the mint of Tarsus. They are of very perfect workmanship, and clearly belong to the time of Artaxerxes Mnemon. The reverse of these medals is composed in accordance with the religious ideas of the Persians. A lion is represented devouring a bull, as in all the mystic groups so common upon the monuments of Asia."

Further on he says: "This region [Cilicia] was divided into two provinces — the one mountainous, called τραχειῶτις, extended from the western slopes of the Taurus—from Isaura and the Homonadians—as far as Pisidia. The other province, named 'plain or level' (πεδιὰς), extended from Soli to Issus.* It would appear that these two Cilicias formed distinct satrapies, for Camissares and Datames, his son, governed for the king of Persia that part of Cilicia which was near Cappadocia, and was inhabited by the Leuco Syri.† It was perhaps the neighbourhood of these satraps, who were certainly contemporaries of Abdsohar, which induced the latter to distinguish (in the inscriptions on his coins) the province which

* Strab. xiv. 668. † Corn. Nep. in Datam. i.

he himself governed, by the Phœnician term, equivalent to 'πεδιὰς.'"

The Duc de Luynes translates the inscription on these coins thus: (numisma) crassum leone (signatum) purum (cusum) ad (manum) Abdsohar (satrapæ) Campi Ciliciæ; i. e. "a full lion dollar of pure metal of Abdsohar of Lower Cilicia." "Is the name 'Sohar' here the name of a person, or of the star of Venus? a divinity both male and female among the Persians. I should incline towards the former opinion."

De Luynes mentions also coins of Syennesis "roi et satrape," pp. 11–14; Dernès, pp. 15–21; Dernès et Syennesis, pp. 21–25; Abdsohar, pp. 26–30, all rulers of Tarsus. At Tarsus also were struck coins of Gaos, six of which are extant, pp. 31–33. Gaos, however, was not a satrap, but held Tarsus for two years as a rebel against the king of Persia. Similarly Ariæus, pp. 34, 35.

During his invasion of Persia Alexander the Great remained awhile at Tarsus. A bath in the cold waters of the Cydnus nearly proved fatal to him by bringing on a violent fever.

After the battle of Issus, Darius III. escaped by a pass lying to the N.E. of the Pylœ Cilicia (probably up the ravines of the Pyramus), as all the passes to the south were in the possession of the Macedonians. M. T. Cicero, when Prefect of Cilicia, became acquainted with this pass during his campaign against the brigands in the Amanus. In the 'Ep. ad Familiares,' xv. 4, he says: "Duo sunt enim aditus in Ciliciam ex Syria, quorum uterque parvis præsidiis propter angustias intercludi potest," &c. It was probably at the eastern issue of the more northern of these passes that the Khalif Haroun er Rasheed, in 801, had the little fortress constructed, which, from his name, was called Harounji, whilst his wife Zobeyde, at the eastern entrance of the Beylan Pass at Bagras, through which then lay the principal route from Syria into Asia Minor, built a great khan, then the first and only building of the kind in that part of Syria. Harounji lies S.W. of Marash. The pass was here closed by iron gates, a double wall, and a ditch.

On the partition of the Macedonian empire, Tarsus was held by the Greek kings of Syria (Seleucidæ). It preserved its privileges as a free city, but shared all the varying fortunes of that dynasty. In 171 B.C. Antiochus Epiphanes made an expedition into Cilicia to reduce Tarsus and Mallus, which had revolted because the king had given them as a present to his concubine Antiochis.

The suppression of the great piratic confederacy of Cilicia brought Tarsus into closer relations with Rome. In the second of the great civil wars of Rome it took the side of Julius Cæsar, and remained so faithfully attached to him, and afterwards to his nephew Octavius,* that the latter gave it the name Juliopolis. It suffered much from the republican troops under Brutus and Cassius, for it was pillaged and heavily fined. It was the scene of the famous meeting between Antonius and Cleopatra, and was much favoured by Antonius; yet the attachment of its people to the Julian family remained unshaken.

Octavius did much for it, and under the earlier Roman emperors it became a very flourishing place, vieing in its schools and universities, even with Athens and Alexandria. Tarsus doubtless experienced the benefits of Adrian, and of the emperors of the Antonine family, equally with the other cities of Cilicia, and under these rulers it constantly preserved its privileges. It was the capital of the Cilician Community (Κοινὸν Κιλικίας), and every year great games were celebrated here in honour of the emperors.

At Tarsus were the tombs of Maximian Daza, and of the Emperor Julian; but neither remains, and even their site is unknown. Zosimus gives the inscription on Julian's tomb, supposed to have been the composition of the sophist Libanius:—

Ἰουλιανὸς μετὰ Τίγριν ἀγάῤῥοον ἐνθάδε κεῖται
ἀμφότερον βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθος κρατερός τ' ἀιχμητής.

Julian, returned from Tigris' mighty flood,
Here lies—a warrior brave, a monarch good.

* Dion Cassius, xlvii. 26.

The Emperor Justinian was a great benefactor at Tarsus. Amongst the other public works he caused to be executed there, was a broad canal which traversed the city, in order to relieve the main channel of the Cydnus during inundations. The city had been much damaged by floods.

On the conquest of Cilicia by the Saracens, the Khalifeh Haroun er Rasheed made it the capital of the province, and strongly fortified it. The whole territory as far as Tarsus had come into possession of the Muslims, and Haroun strongly fortified Adana, Tarsus, and Mopsuestia (Messis), besides securing the passes through the Amanus by means of forts. His son and successor, El Maamoun, further strengthened Tarsus to such an extent that, "it might have resisted the Christians for centuries." El Maamoun was buried at Tarsus, but his tomb does not now exist.

For a short period during the brilliant reigns of Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces, Cilicia was recovered by the Greeks. In A.D. 963, Zimisces gained a great victory over the Saracens near Adana, and the former captured Adana and Anazarba, and the next year Mopsuestia and Tarsus. But in A.D. 969, Phocas was assassinated, through the intrigues of Zimisces and the Empress Theophanon. Zimisces succeeded to the throne. He continued the war against the Saracens, gained great victories over them, and hoped to recover Syria and Mesopotamia, and to free Jerusalem. But in 976 he was poisoned, and all these great hopes perished.

Although Tarsus was the prey of every successive race of invaders, ravaged again and again by the barbarous mountaineers of Cilicia, Isaurians, and others, destroyed by the western nations who directed crusades against its Muslim possessors, it still maintained a certain amount of prosperity throughout the middle ages.

It shared the vicissitudes of the long wars between Greeks, Armenians, and the various Muslim races who disputed with them the possession of Cilicia; but there is a blank in its history for nearly 600 years. Of late years it has revived considerably, but so great have been the changes it has

undergone, topographical and other, that it is impossible to recognize the once celebrated city in the filthy and miserable modern Tersoûs.

Tarsus can scarcely be considered a Turkish city, the great majority of its inhabitants are either Armenians, or yet more Syrians, whose language is Arabic, a large proportion of the latter belonging to the Nusairi, a mysterious sect and people not to be confounded either with the Ishmaliens, or with the Druses (on whose habits, dwelling places in the mountains of Northern Syria, and their obscure tenets—supposed to be a strange mixture of Islam and Christianity —see Ritter, 'Erdkunde,' vol. xvii. pp. 975–95).

"Their physiognomy and religious opinions" (says the Rev. S. Lyde, speaking of the Nusairiyeh) "prove them to be a race different from the other populations of Syria. They are supposed to be aborigines whose home is in the mountainous territory lying between Mount Kasius and the Lebanon, and to have maintained themselves there whilst successive migrations of nations in the lower districts have pushed aside the other autochthones, or replaced them by a new population."

Adana.—The foundation of this city also mounts to mythical ages. Steph. Byzan. (sub voce Adana) says that the two brothers, Adanus and Sarus, who were sons of Ge and Ouranus, after having defeated the Tarsiots, founded the city. One gave his name to the town, the other to the river.

Beyond this obscure reference, there seems to be absolutely no notice of Adana in history till the time of Pompeius Magnus, and it seems to have been of very little importance even then. Appian* says that "in Mallus and Adana and Epiphaneia, and any other town of Cilicia Tracheia (*sic.*), which was deserted or lacking population, Pompeius settled those of the pirates who seemed to have practised piracy, not from viciousness, but rather in consequence of the distress caused by the Mithridatic war."

The first great benefactor of Adana was the Emperor

* 'Bell. Mithr.' 96.

Adrian. He gave his name to the town, as is proved by the legend on some of its coins, "Αδριανων Αδανεων." Of the edifices constructed by this emperor, nothing exists except perhaps the last arch of the bridge on the west side. The first bridge was constructed by his order, and an inscription containing the emperor's name existed on the present bridge about forty-five years ago, but has now disappeared. In gratitude for certain favours conferred by Maximian, Adana, with permission of the emperor and senate, assumed the title of Μαξιμιανων Αδανεων. During the fourth and fifth centuries Adana, in common with the rest of Cilicia, suffered immensely from the Isaurians. Adana owed much to Justinian. This emperor restored the bridge which had fallen into a state of dangerous dilapidation.

Procopius* gives a very verbose account of this great work, from which it appears that the entire structure threatened to fall into the river owing to the decay of the piers on which its huge arches rested, that the emperor caused a new channel to be dug into which the river was diverted. He then caused the ruinous piers to be taken down and rebuilt, after which the river was turned back into its former channel. Besides the bridge, the emperor caused an aqueduct or canal on arches to be constructed, and built great dykes along the sides of the stream.

This aqueduct seems to have been still in existence at the time of Paul Lucas' visit to Adana, in 1705, but it has since disappeared. The emperor's engineer for these works was a certain Auxentius. There is still extant on the high altar of the Greek Church at Adana an inscription which Paul Lucas saw on the aqueduct.

Of the porticus mentioned by Otter† and Kinneir‡ not a trace remains, and the little that still existed of the fort at the west end of the bridge, mentioned by Lucas§ and Kinneir‖, has been lately removed. In 1385, Sultan Bayazid captured it, and afterwards repaired it; in 1388 it was again besieged and captured by the Sultan of Egypt.

* 'De Ædificiis,' v. 5. † 'Travels,' i. 81.
‡ i. 107. § i. 347–9. ‖ i. 205–7.

Adana owed much to the Abasside khalifehs, especially to Haroun er Rasheed, but Cilicia was constantly the scene of war between the khalifehs and the Byzantine emperors. Two only of the Greek emperors appear to have been successful against the Saracens, viz. Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces, but after the death of the latter, Cilicia was soon lost to the Byzantines.

At the time of the first Crusade, Adana was a very flourishing city. Raoul de Caen* calls it "urbs munita turribus, populis capax, armis referta." Guilliaume de Tyr† calls it "urbem qui nomen habet Adana, auro et argento, gregibus et frumentis, vino et oleo et omni commoditate abundantem." The Crusades probably enabled the Byzantines to recover Cilicia, but in the course of the twelfth century the Armenians, under their Roupenian kings, after long warfare, expelled the Greeks, who were never again able to recover the country.

The Armenians were exposed to constant attacks from the Muslims of Koniah and Karaman, varied by occasional inroads of Tartars. But after the disastrous Crusade of Louis IX. against Egypt, a far more formidable enemy appeared. The terrible Beybars Bundoukdar, Sultan of Egypt, invaded Cilicia, and from this time forward, the Armenians of Cilicia were exposed to continual attacks from the Egyptian Sultans; one of them, "El Melik en Nasr," devastated the country repeatedly in the most fearful manner (A.D. 1320–1337). He succeeded in capturing Adana, but could not reduce the great rock fortresses of Cilicia.

These invasions were renewed at intervals from 1343–1375, when the Armenian monarchy was destroyed, and their last king captured and carried away into Egypt by the Sultan El Ashraf.

Paul Lucas writes of Adana as follows (translation): "Adana appears to me to possess the most agreeable climate in the world. During the winter its air is excellent, and the days there, at that season are more beautiful than in many

* 'Hist. de Tancred,' 42. † 'Gesta Dei per Francos,' 677.

other places in spring time. All the year round fruits are grown there which other countries only produce at certain seasons, as, for instance, water melons, common melons, cucumbers, pomegranates, and all kinds of vegetables and herbs. During the summer, however, there does not seem to be so much enjoyment, for in proportion as it approaches, this fine town sees its inhabitants retire. From the month of April, the heats are so overpowering that the citizens are forced to take refuge in the mountains which are called 'Laiassi' [these are the 'Yailas,' summer retreats in the mountains], and which I think are the dependencies of Mount Taurus. There they stay for about six months in the year. But I am told that there also the life they pass is perfectly delicious, and that during these six months the prettiest imaginable towns are constructed on these heights, which are planted with forest and abound in grottoes and springs of water.

"At the extremity of Adana on the south, and at the foot of the walls, a river flows, as large as the Seine, called the Chaquet. On its banks is the citadel of the town; it is small, but built upon the natural rock, and of considerable strength. As I was one day passing by it, the Aga who is in command of it, ordered me to be called, and asked me if I was not the Frank Physician. I told him that I was. Then he begged me to enter, and to take a cup of coffee with him. In course of conversation he paid me an infinite number of compliments on the cures which I had effected in the town. . . . Finally he asked me if I wished to see the castle, and ordered one of his people to show me everything in it. After passing the outer wall, which is flanked by a number of towers, we entered by a gate as old as the citadel itself. It is made of great bars of iron, covered with great iron horse-shoes, three fingers thick, three-quarters of a foot long and half a foot wide, and secured with rivets, the heads of which are as large as a tennis ball, and cut into facets. . . . Then we walked round the walls. There I saw only a single piece of cannon . . . . and in the whole castle I found nothing worthy of notice, except a frightful prison,

the very look of which was enough to make one shudder. It is of a round form like a well, and may be about sixty feet in circumference and forty in depth. It contained at that time some sixty prisoners, almost trampling one upon the other, and whose miserable condition could not fail to excite compassion.

"In this prison was placed Stephen, the Patriarch of the Syrians, with three of his Bishops, who professed the Roman Catholic faith. The schismatic Syrians (i.e. of the Greek Church), after having caused them to suffer an infinity of persecutions and grievous fines, obtained by means of bribery a firman of the grand signor against them. In consequence of that order they were loaded with chains, brought from Aleppo, and cast into this frightful dungeon. The unhappy patriarch died there, professing, even to his last breath, the Catholic faith. Several others followed his example there shortly after, and the Christians of the country assured me that they all died like veritable saints. This little fortress is only about three hundred paces in circumference.

"In passing out from the town in that direction, you cross a handsome stone bridge of fifteen arches. On the right side towards the west are some great aqueducts, at the bottom of which are to be seen a number of wheels, which draw the water of the river something like the wheels of the machine at Marly. These aqueducts carry the water of the Chaquet all over the town by means of different water conduits, and there is no place where there are more or finer fountains than Adana.

"I found only two inscriptions . . . . the second, which is in hexameter and pentameter verses, seems to have been set up in honour of some great personage who had secured the town against the inundations of the river. The inscription wishes for that personage a glory as immortal as those had acquired for themselves who had caused the canals of the Nile to be constructed." *

Of these works not a trace could I discover. The sub-

* P. Lucas, pp. 345–49.

joined is the inscription referred to. The text amended by Boeckh, iii. p. 212.

" Οντως σης αρετης Αυξεντιε και τοδε θαυμα
δειμασθαι ποταμου χειμεριοισι δρομοις
αρρηκτον κρηπιδα σιδηροδετοισι θεμειλοις
ων υπερ ευρειην εξετανυσσας οδον
ην πολλοι και προσθεν απειρεησι νοοιο
Κυδναιων ρειθρων τευξαν αφαυροτερην.
σοι δ' υπερ αψιδων αιωνιος ερριζωται
και ποταμος πληθων πρηυτερος τελεθει
αυτος τηνδε γεφυραν ανασχομενος τελεσασθαι
ηγεμονος πειθου του διασημοτατου
οφρα σε και μετοπισθεν εχοι κλεος ισον εκεινοις
οι Νειλου προχοας ζευξαν απειρεσιους."

"Of a truth, Auxentius, this also is a wondrous work of your ability, to have constructed for the winter floods of the river an embankment that cannot be broken, on foundations secured with iron, above which you extended a wide roadway—and this many before you, owing to their inexperience (want of skill) had made too weak (to resist) the Cydnean stream, but by you it has been fixed firm and enduring above its arches, and the swollen stream becomes (thus) more gentle. Yourself, too, in obedience to the command of the most illustrious prince, patiently completed the bridge, so that hereafter a glory will be yours equal (to the fame of) those who dyked the vast streams of Nile."

The prince is no doubt Justinian; and his engineer Auxentius, besides repairing the bridge, seems to have also constructed solid quays along the banks of the river, which preserved the town of Adana from inundations. The sixth line presents a difficulty, the river is not the Cydnus, but the Sarus, and although at various periods the Sarus and Pyramus have formed one stream, owing to changes in the respective course of these rivers, it does not appear that the Cydnus and Sarus ever flowed together.

Messis.—Its ancient name was Mopsuestia, but the Byzantine Arab and Armenian writers name it very variously,

e. g. Mopsistea, Mampsysta, Mamista, Mamistra, Masissa, &c., &c.

It was founded after the Trojan war by Mopsus. An Argive colony, under Amphilochus, afterwards settled here, but a dispute having arisen between the two chiefs, a single combat took place between them, in which both fell. Mopsus afterwards was worshipped in Cilicia, on account of the celebrity of his oracles. Of the early history of Messis there is no trace whatever. Like many other Asiatic cities, it took the name Seleucia in honour of the Greek kings of Syria. It is mentioned by Strabo, and as a free state under the Romans by Pliny. It would seem to have been benefited by Adrian, whose name it bore, and who probably built the first bridge over the Pyramus. Later it assumed the name ΔΕΚΙΑΝΩΝ ΜΟΨΕΑΤΩΝ, from the Emperor Trajan Decius. Justinian also was its benefactor, and repaired the bridge.* In A.D. 950, Mopsuestia was captured by the Saracens, but in 965 recaptured, after a long siege, by Nicephorus Phocas. William of Tyre says of it,† "Erat autem Mamistra una de nobilioribus ejusdem provinciæ civitatibus, muro et multorum incolatu insignis, sedet optimo agro et gleba ubere et amœnitate præcipue commendabilis." It was here that a fierce battle occurred between the troops of Baldwin and Tancred during the first Crusade. It was captured by the Crusaders in 1097. The town was often taken and retaken in the wars between Greeks, Saracens, and Armenians, and changed hands repeatedly during the Crusades and the later invasions of Cilicia by the Sultans of Egypt. Willibrand, canon of Oldenburg, visited it in the thirteenth century. According to him "Manistere" was a fine town, situated on a river, having ramparts flanked with towers, but ruinous by reason of their age. It had only a few inhabitants, and was subject to the king of Armenia. Near the town was the castle, held by a Byzantine garrison, although the town itself belonged to the Armenian king, Leo II. Both town and citadel often changed hands during the wars between Greeks and Armenians, until finally the Greeks abandoned the place.

* Procop. 'Ædif.' v. 5. † 'Hist.' iii. 21.

Pierre Belon visited Messis in the sixteenth century. He also mentions the castle, and the khan at the east extremity of the bridge. The latter, a large and solidly-built edifice, was erected in 1532, and is one of the numerous khans constructed by order of the sultans Selim I. and Suleimàn during the first half of the sixteenth century. It was repaired in 1830 by Hassan Pasha. In Pierre Belon's time Messis and the Pyramus were the limits which separated the Arabic and Turkish languages, and divided the Ottoman empire from the dominions of the sultans of Egypt. The town was then what it is now, viz. a great mass of ruins, with a few wretched cottages scattered amidst it.

The only celebrated name connected with Mopsuestia is that of Bishop Theodore. He held that see for thirty-six years, and was considered as "primarily responsible" for all the theological commotions associated with the names of Nestorius and Pelagius, for it was under these names that the opinions of Theodore came before the notice of the world. Nestorius was said to have stopped at Mopsuestia as he went from his monastery at Antioch to take possession of the patriarchate of Constantinople, and there to have been imbued with heresy by the aged, and then almost dying, Theodore, and this story, though doubtful in itself, embodies an unquestionable truth. It was the influence of Theodore's episcopate, extending over thirty-six years, during which he was a most popular preacher, which brought to a head those tendencies of Antiochene thought, whose inevitable issue was Nestorianism. And we have fragments of his writings containing the principles and many even of the very phrases of that which was afterwards known as Nestorian heresy. Thus he has been justly called "a Nestorian before Nestorius."

In like manner as to Pelagianism. Rufinus, the Syrian monk, who first led Pelagius into heresy, openly boasted that he was the personal disciple of Theodore; and the diocese of Mopsuestia was treated by the leading Pelagians as the natural head-quarters of their party. There are even extant fragments of a book of Theodore in which he attacks S. Jerome on the question of Original Sin. Our knowledge

of the man himself is as fragmentary as the remains of his voluminous works. Of his life we know only two or three episodes, derived chiefly from some letters of S. Chrysostom. Of his commentaries on the greater part of the Old Testament none remains entire, except those on the twelve minor prophets. The rest, like his great dogmatic works, exist only in scattered fragments, preserved by his theological opponents as testimony against their author, and yet they were esteemed—by friends and foes alike—as the greatest exegetical works which the school of Antioch had produced.

Theodore of Antioch, as he is commonly called, when the works written before he became bishop are quoted, was born at Antioch, about A.D. 347, being thus the fellow-townsman and contemporary of S. Chrysostom. His parents were wealthy, but beyond this we know nothing of his family history. Another brother of the same family, Polychronius, was well known as a bishop and a commentator, and his work on the 'Prophecy of Daniel' is still extant.*

We first hear of Theodore when, at about the age of twenty, he was studying rhetoric with S. Chrysostom, under the sophist Libanius. Shortly after, Chrysostom retired from the world, and persuaded Theodore to follow his example. A violent reaction followed. Theodore left his solitude determined to marry, upon which Chrysostom addressed to him one if not two letters of remonstrance; perhaps, however, the longer of the two, in which mention is made of a lady, Hermione, is addressed to some other Theodore. The result of Chrysostom's eloquent pleading was that Theodore remained constant to his vows. Again he studied with Chrysostom, and their master having been made Bishop of Tarsus, Theodore followed him there, was ordained by him, and remained in the diocese until his death. In 393 he was himself made Bishop of Mopsuestia, the third town in what was then known as Cilicia Secunda, and under the Metropolitan See of Anazarba.

In 404 S. Chrysostom, then for the second time in exile, writing to Pœanius, a cousin of Theodore, styles the latter

* Mai, 'Collectio nova Vet. Script.'

"his master." In the same year he writes to Theodore himself, who, with the tact which must have been habitual to him, had managed to aid S. Chrysostom without offending the opposite party. He wishes it were possible to come to him and enjoy in person his affection, but since this cannot be he must discharge the same duty by letter. "For if I were carried to the ends of the earth never could I forget your affection, genuine, warm, sincere, and guileless, both as it used to be from the very first and as you have displayed it now. For it is no small consolation that I have received even here . . . . the affection of your watchful and generous soul."

Theodore's whole life was one of ceaseless literary and theological activity, "prope infinita scripsit Theodorus." He wrote against the Dualism of Zoroaster. He cleared his diocese of Arianism. His work against Apollinaris belongs to the latest period of his life. His death occurred in 429.*

Immediately beyond Messis commences the border country of the Amanus. Writing of this district, Ritter † says, "The struggles, lasting for centuries in this western border country between the Byzantine emperors and the Arab khalifs, were so full of changes, so sanguinary, and so exciting for the populations engaged in them, that these mountaineers may be said to have lived in a state of constant warfare, without ever arriving at a state of rest. At the time of the Khalif Haroun er Rasheed the whole country as far as Tarsus had come under the power of the Muslim, for this khalif built the fortresses in the passes of the Amanus, and in 758 made Adana and Tarsus into border fastnesses. Similarly Messissa was made into a border fortress by the Khalif el Mansour; all three were to serve as bulwarks for Syria, and Tarsus was still further strengthened by Khalif el Maamoun to such a degree that it "might have resisted the Christians for centuries." Yet Abulfeda says that in his time these very towns had been wrested from the Muslim by the Armenian Christians, and that Tarsus, Ayas, Adana, and others were held by the kings of Lesser Armenia who ruled

* 'Church Quarterly Review,' Oct. 1875, "Theodore of M. and Modern Thought."

† 'Erdkunde,' xvii. p. 1809.

at Sis, and he prays Allah that they may soon return into the possession of the faithful. "These holy wars," says the gloss to Abulfeda, "exist no longer, what has become of them and of their work?"

Abulfeda himself made two campaigns in company with his father. The first, in 1298, was against the Armenians of Cilicia. The Muslim army entered the country by the passes of "Marra" (Marash?) and the Pass of Scanderoun, but the only result was the devastation of the land as far as the army advanced, the killing of the men, the distribution of the women and children as booty, and their sale as slaves. In the second campaign, in 1302, Abulfeda penetrated, by way of Bagras and the Pass of Beilan, as far as Sis itself.

"It is not astonishing that such a warlike existence of populations, enflamed by fanaticism, should have led them to a constant life of plundering and robbery, which under a hated Turkish rule would be intensified through the attraction of revolt against tyrannical, and at the same time cowardly, mercenaries and feeble pashas. Nor, again, is it astonishing that such a condition of things should have prevailed even till now (1855), for besides the encouragement afforded by mountain fortresses naturally strong; there were the constant intrigues and quarrels of the pashas of Cilicia and Syria almost always ill-disposed towards each other, and thus the Amanus remains what it has ever been, the asylum of every robber, rebel, or deposed pasha.

"Under such circumstances it is not wonderful that scarcely any place of importance, except Beilan, is known to us in the interior of the mountain ranges and the valleys of the Amanus. The others that may exist are probably only ruins, or the haunts of brigands; and even the coast towns exhibit a sad picture of decay and wreck, in the midst of which every temporary improvement can but sink and fall into oblivion."

But of late years a vast improvement has taken place (1878).

Marash.—On the site of ancient Germanicia. There seems to be no mention of this place in any writer of classical times, nor even under any Roman emperor, though it is

mentioned by Byzantine writers. Under Alexis Comnenus it was the seat of a patriarch, whose authority extended to Edessa. At the end of the eleventh century it was held by the Armenian kings of Cilicia. The Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon, on their march from Koniah past Eregli, lost their way in the high ranges of Taurus, and after much wandering came to Marash. After various changes of masters, it fell into the power of Masaoud, Sultan of Koniah, in 1147, but was afterwards recovered by the Armenian kings, and remained in their possession till the end of the Roupenian dynasty.

Michaud* gives a description of the difficulties endured by the Christian army whilst crossing the Taurus, between "Cocson" (the ancient Cucusus, place of exile of S. Chrysostom) and "Maresia" (Marash), which was about ten hours to the S.W. The chroniclers declare "that there was no path in these mountains except fit only for reptiles or beasts of prey, and so narrow that there was scarcely room to place the foot; the knights carried their arms hung round their neck; the animals could not bear their burdens, which had to be carried by hand. No one could halt or sit down, no one could help his companion, only the man behind could give assistance to his comrade in front, and the latter could only turn with much difficulty." Maresia was the limit to these difficulties. It was inhabited by Christians, and the Turkish garrison that had held the citadel had fled on the approach of the Crusaders. Here the wife of Baldwin died, and her remains were buried in the town, &c., &c.

Sis.—On the site of Flavias, or Flaviopolis. Barker† supposes this to be the Pindenissus which Cicero besieged during his proconsulate of Cilicia. By Strabo it is called Πιδνίδισσος, by Stephan. Byzantin., Πιδνήδισσος. Cicero,‡ after noticing some severe losses inflicted on the Roman army by the mountaineers of the Amanus, mentions the surrender to himself of the "Pindenissæ." Pindenissus, he says, was a city of the independent Cilicians (Eleuthero-

* 'Histoire des Croisades.' † 'Lares et Penates.'

‡ 'Ep. ad Atticum,' v. ep. xx.

Cilices). Its inhabitants were brave, warlike, and well provided with means for defending their city. He mentions the operations of the army. They surrounded the city with a ditch and breastwork, employed a large "agger" with a very lofty tower, a great abundance of artillery (tormenta), and many archers. After a stubborn resistance, which seems to have caused severe loss to the Romans, Pindenissus surrendered on the forty-seventh day of the siege.

This Pindenissus of Cicero, however, can hardly have been the tremendous rock fortress of Sis, which is naturally almost impregnable.

Probably there was a fortress here at a very early period, but the old city of Sis, if any existed, has utterly disappeared, and the first time the town is mentioned is towards the end of the twelfth century. The seventh thakavor, and first king of the Roupenian line in 1183, was Leo II. He was crowned by Conrad, Bishop of Moguntia, through the influence of the Emperor Henry II. with the Pope. This monarch either founded or rebuilt Sis, commencing the work in 1186, and after this time it continued to be the capital and burial place of the Roupenian kings till 1374, when the Egyptians, after a siege of two months, captured and destroyed it.

It had been besieged many times before by the sultans of Koniah and of Egypt, but owing to its great natural strength, never captured, though the rest of the country, except some of the strongholds, fell into the hands of the invaders. Of the buildings of Sis, only one or two ruined churches remain, as the town was repeatedly destroyed.

The Armenian patriarchate was established here under the protection of the Roupenian kings, after the patriarch had been forced to quit Roum Kalah in consequence of the conquests of the Egyptians. In 1441, Etchmiazin, in Greater Armenia, became the chief Armenian patriarchate, but the ancient patriarchate of Sis is still maintained, although the patriarch seldom resides there.

ANAZARBA.—Several accounts are given of the origin of its name—either from زرب "zarb" (yellow), referring to the

colour of its rock; or from its founder (whether mythical or real) "Azarbas." Another account is that the place was destroyed by an earthquake during the reign of Nerva, and that he sent Anazarbus, a senator, to restore it: hence its name. Zonarus* and Philostratus† call it Anabarzus and Anabarza, and the Armenians of the country call it "Anawàrza."

The Emperor Augustus visited it, favoured it much, and gave it the name of Cæsarea ad Anazarbum. It continued to receive many benefits from succeeding emperors. Under Commodus it became "αυτονομος"; under Caracalla, "μητροπολις"; under Macrinus, "ενδοξος"; under Philip the Arabian, "libera." In the Museum of the Louvre there is a large bronze medal of Alexander Severus, inscribed ΑΝΑΖΑΡΒΟ ΜΗΤΡΟΠΟΛΕΙΤΩΝ.

About the middle of the fifth century it became the capital of Cilicia Secunda. A terrible earthquake ruined it in the reign of Justin, A.D. 525. The emperor restored it, and called it Justinopolis, but the former name prevailed. Another earthquake, in the reign of Justinian, almost utterly destroyed it. This emperor also restored the city, and the existing walls belong to that period. Towards the end of the eighth century it fell into the hands of the Muslim; and in 802 Haroun er Rasheed placed in it a Khorassani garrison. About 1100, the Armenians acquired Anazarba, and it continued to be the capital and residence of their thakavors till the foundation of Sis. After that time it gradually lost its importance, and fell into decay.

Near Anazarba occurred a great battle in 1130, in which Bohemond, Prince of Antioch, defeated Redouan, Sultan of Aleppo and Damascus, but was himself slain in the fight. In 1136 it was captured, after a most obstinate defence, by the Byzantines, under their brave and generous emperor, John Comnenus, who had been provoked by the encroachments of the Armenians on Isauria. The Armenian king, Leo I., was captured, and all Cilicia reduced. In 1183 it was visited and described by Willibrand, Canon of Oldenburg. Very

* Niceph. Phoc. 161. † 'Hist. Eccl.' iii. 15.

few travellers have seen it, and the remote position of the old city has saved what remains of it from destruction. In all probability it has continued waste and uninhabited for many centuries until quite a recent period.

Pylæ Ciliciæ.—Although this pass must have always formed the chief passage from the interior of Asia Minor to the sea-coast, it is strange how very scanty are the notices of it to be found in the Greek or Roman historians. Xenophon mentions the march of Cyrus the younger through it. Then the next incident, after an interval of more than five centuries, is the death, in A.D. 174, of the Empress Faustina at Halala, whilst traversing the Pylœ. She was accompanying her husband, Marcus Aurelius, into Syria. The emperor raised a temple to her memory, and founded a town, to which he gave the name Faustinopolis.

In the contest for the empire between Septimus Severus and Percennius Niger, one of Niger's generals, Æmilianus, had erected fortifications to the north of the pass; but a violent storm and inundation destroyed all the works, and the army of Severus marched through without being resisted.

During the first Crusade, a division of the Crusaders under Tancred made their way through this pass to Tarsus. Albert d'Aix calls it "porta de Judas," and the defile to the north he names "Butrente," derived, without doubt, from the ancient city once existing in it, "Podandus."

The strong works erected by the Egyptian Ibrahim Pasha, for the defence of Cilicia against the Sultan's army, still extend across the valley to the north of the pass itself.

Eregli.—On the site of an ancient town, which has been variously named (1) Herculis vicus, hence Heraclea; or (2), according to Colonel Leake, Archalla; or (3) Cybistra. Strabo's account of Cybistra agrees very well with the present position of Eregli. Cicero stationed his army here in order to resist a threatened invasion of the Parthians.

A bishop of Cybistra is mentioned as present at the Council of Nice, in 325; another at the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, The last mentioned is under Isaac Angelus, in 1195.

Karaman occupies the site of ancient Laranda. There is no account of its foundation or early history. It probably yielded only a nominal allegiance to the kings of Persia, for at the time of Alexander's invasion it was held by the Isaurians, and even during Alexander's lifetime it revolted, in company with Isaura, against the Macedonians. Laranda, however, was stormed and captured by the troops of the regent Perdiccas, all the adult males were slain, and the rest of the population sold into slavery; the town was destroyed. Long afterwards it was held by the Cilician and Isaurian pirates on account of the fertility of its soil.

From that time forwards there is a long blank in its history. It reappears at the time of the third Crusade, when the great German Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, after defeating, near Koniah, the Seljouk sultan, Kilidj Arslan, made his triumphant entry into Laranda on May 30, 1190. Michaud* says, "The army of the Cross only remained two days in the capital of Lycaonia. It marched to Laranda—now Karaman." Ansbert† writes: "If I desired to describe all the miseries and persecutions which the pilgrims endured for the name of Christ and for the honour of the Cross, without murmurs, and even joyfully, my efforts, even though I could speak the tongue of the Angels, could not attain to the truth. Near Larenda the crusaders were aroused in the night by a sound like the clash of arms. It was an earthquake. In this the wise saw a sinister presage of what was to come." The pilgrims had no more to fear the attacks and surprises of the Turks, but the difficult passage through the Taurus was a great trial of their patience and their courage. The army was marching down the course of the Selef, called in Turkish Gieuk Sou, a river which rises a few hours from Laranda, and enters the sea not far from the ruins of Seleucia (now Selefke). The Emperor Frederic was marching with the van of the army, and the catastrophe which occurred is thus described by the chronicler who was a witness of it: "Whilst the rest of the pilgrims," says Ansbert, "rich and poor, was

* 'Hist. des Croisades,' ii., 86.

† 'Bibliothèque des Croisades,' iii.

advancing through precipices scarcely accessible to wild goats or to birds, the emperor, who wished to refresh himself (it was then in the month of June), and to avoid also the perils of the mountains, tried to cross the rapid stream of Seleucia by swimming. This prince, who had escaped so many perils, entered the water contrary to the advice of all his suite, and was piteously drowned. Let us be resigned to the secret judgment of that God to whom none dare say, 'Why hast Thou done this? Why hast Thou made so great a man die so soon?' Several of the nobles who were present hastened to succour the emperor, but they brought him back to the shore dead. His loss troubled the army deeply, some expired of grief, others, in despair, were persuaded that God did not protect their cause, and renouncing the Christian faith, embraced the religion of the gentiles. Mourning and unbounded grief filled all hearts." The Crusaders might exclaim with the prophet, "The crown is fallen from our head, woe unto us sinners." All the chroniclers of the time deplore the death of the Emperor Frederic, and express the same sentiment. They do not venture to scrutinize this terrible mystery of Providence. "God," says the chronicler Godefroy, "did that which pleased Him, and He did it with justice, according to His unchanging and inflexible Will, but not with mercy (if it be permitted to say so) considering the state of the Church and of the Land of Promise."

On the contrary, the Muslim chroniclers thank Providence, and regard the death of Frederic as one of the Almighty's great mercies. "Frederic," says Boha-ed-deen, "was drowned in a place where the water was only as deep as up to the waist—a proof that God willed to deliver us from him." What great results might have arisen from an expedition such as the third Crusade—the reunion of the most warlike nations of the West, and of the three most powerful monarchs of that age! "Unless the Almighty, as a mark of His bounty towards us," says Ibn Alatir, "had caused the German emperor to perish at the moment he had crossed the Taurus, later on it might have been said of

Syria and of Egypt, 'Formerly the Muslimin were masters here!'"

When the great empire of the Seljouks of Iconium came to an end, in 1308, ten emirates arose from its ruins. Laranda was already in possession of a chief belonging to the Turkman tribe of Karaman, who increased his power by encroachments upon all his neighbours.

It was during the reign of this prince that the celebrated traveller, "Ibn Batuta," visited Laranda, in 1332. He says the town was governed by Sultan "Bedr-ed-Deen"—"Karaman Oglou"—who had seized upon it by force, and built there a royal palace. The traveller was received with great honour by the sultan—who was returning from the chase—and rode with the prince into the town as his guest. Food, fruit, and sweetmeats in silver dishes, with wax candles, were sent to him in abundance, and when he took his leave he was presented with a dress of honour, riding-horses, and other gifts. The dynasty of Karaman, at first powerful and enterprising, gradually merged in the rising house of Othman. First Mourad, and then his son, Bayazid Ilderim, established the supremacy of the Ottomans over their Seljoukian cousins. Nor, although the royal houses were united by marriage, did the Karamanian princes cease to intrigue and revolt against the house of Othman, till, in 1466, Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, extinguished the remains of their independence, and caused the last prince of the house of Karaman to be put to death. The result would have been the same even under Bayazid, had not his overthrow by Timour Lenk (Tamerlane) at Angora checked for a while the rising fortunes of the Osmanlis.

Derbe.—Serpek, the supposed site of ancient Derbe, is about 60 miles S.E. of Koniah, about 30 N.W. of Laranda, about 5 miles distant from the lake "Ak Göl"; thus agreeing with the description of Steph. Byz., ad vocem "Derbe"; only in this passage λιμνη (lake) must be substituted for λιμην (port). He calls the place Delbeia.

Derbe was the residence and seat of government of Antipater, the friend of Cicero. He also possessed Laranda, but

was deprived of his possessions and slain by Amyntas Tetrarch of Galatia, to whom the Romans had given Isaura. Derbe seems to have gradually fallen into decay.

Lystra.—The site of Lystra has not yet been exactly ascertained; but the ruins at Maden Shehir, in Kara Dagh, probably mark the place. They are very extensive, and prove that the city flourished for many centuries after our era.

A bishop of Lystra sat in the Council of Chalcedon in 451.

Mout.—On the site of Claudiopolis, which was a colony established by the Emperor Claudius.

The valley of the Calycadnus, in which it is situated, is the only large and fertile level in Cilicia Trachœa. From its remains, it must have been a considerable city. Very few historical events are related as occurring at this city. In the year 492, Claudiopolis, which had been recently recovered from the Isaurians by Diogenes, the general of the Emperor Anastasius, was suddenly besieged by them and reduced to the utmost extremity, but was relieved by John Cyrtus and Conon, Bishop of Apamea, who crossed the Taurus by the passes to the south of Laranda, and being aided by a sortie of the garrison, completely defeated the Isaurians; but the bishop received a wound in the battle, of which he died.

Near Claudiopolis, also, the Isaurians, and all the brigand tribes of Cilicia, who had revolted, were defeated with great slaughter by the Imperial general, John the Scythian. The survivors, and their chiefs, Ninilingis, Indes, and Conon, were besieged in Antioch of Cragus, and all destroyed.

The castle of Mout was built by the sultans of Karaman, and in the mosque are some tombs of the Karaman princes.

Isaura.—Of the history of this city before the expedition of Alexander the Great, nothing seems to be known. Probably its people, like the Pisidians, a cognate race, maintained a virtual independence, and were never reduced to subjection by the Persian Government. They seem to have submitted

without resistance to Alexander, but even before his death Isaura and Laranda had revolted, and slain the Macedonian garrison and their governor, Balacros, son of Nicanor. Perdiccas, who was regent for the young king Alexander Ægos, speedily recovered Laranda, but Isaura, which for a long period had been a rich and prosperous place, offered a desperate resistance. After two days' unsuccessful assault, the besiegers had suffered severe loss, but the townspeople saw that they could hold out no longer, and formed a dreadful resolution; they shut up their women and children in the houses, set all on fire, and proceeded to throw into the flames all their treasures and rich possessions. On seeing this the troops of Perdiccas returned to the assault, but were again repulsed with great loss, and retired to a distance. Then the Isaurians threw themselves into the flames. When day came the troops of Perdiccas entered the town and gathered from the ashes much molten gold and silver.*

For a period of nearly two and a half centuries there seems to be no record of the history of Isaura. Then it reappears as one of the chief towns of the Piratic Confederacy of Cilicia. The Roman Consul Servilius (B.C. 75), in his campaign against this enemy, destroyed Isaura for the second time. Later it was given by the Romans to Amyntas Tetrarch of Galatia, who had long carried on war against the Isaurians, and he determined to make it his capital. It was Amyntas who began the splendid fortifications of the city, the ruins of which still remain. He destroyed for this purpose the old Isaura, but did not live to finish his undertaking, for he was killed by the Cilicians whilst attacking the people of Homona.† Strabo says there were two towns, one called the "old," the other "euerkes" (the well-fortified), and subject to them many other smaller towns, but all addicted to piracy.

About the year 258 A.D., Trebellianus, one of the many pretenders called the Thirty Tyrants, during the reigns of Valerian and Gallienus, was proclaimed emperor at Isaura, but he was slain, and the city probably again destroyed,

* Diod. 'Sicul. xviii., 22. † Strabo, xii., 6.

but * "this obscure rebellion was attended with strange and memorable consequences.

"The pageant of royalty was soon destroyed . . . . but his followers, despairing of mercy, resolved to shake off their allegiance, not only to the emperor but to the empire, and suddenly returned to the savage manners from which they had never perfectly been reclaimed. . . . In the heart of the Roman monarchy, the Isaurians long continued a nation of wild barbarians. Succeeding princes, unable to reduce them to obedience, either by arms or policy, were compelled to acknowledge their weakness by surrounding the hostile and independent spot with a strong chain of fortresses, which often proved insufficient to restrain the incursions of these domestic foes. The Isaurians, gradually extending their territory to the sea-coast, subdued the western and mountainous part of Cilicia, formerly the nest of those daring pirates, against whom the republic had once been obliged to exert its utmost force, under the conduct of the great Pompey."

Ammian says that in his time Isaura retained but very few traces of its ancient splendour.

Few further notices exist concerning it, but it continued to be the capital of the Isaurian nation for many centuries more. In Byzantine times, Ætius, Bishop of Isauropolis, was present at the Council of Chalcedon, and Illuarius, of the same place, at the Council of Constantinople. Its present state of utter solitude and desolation is beyond description!

Isauria—Of this rugged and mountainous district, only the north part seems to have been well known to the ancient writers, and to have contained towns and cultivated lands. The south part was almost unknown, and so indeed it has remained even to the present day. Strabo names the latter division Isaurike, the former Isauria.

Its people were of the same race as the Pisidians; they were ugly, ill-grown, and barbarous, but very brave, and extremely skilful in guerilla warfare and in the use of missile weapons. Their country though mountainous was fertile, especially in

* Gibbon, cap. viii.

grapes,* and this is one of its characteristics now. Though at times reduced by the Roman arms, they contrived to maintain their freedom and their savage, piratical habits. So much annoyance did they cause to the neighbouring provinces, that towards the beginning of the third century a circle of fortresses was constructed around their country to keep them in check, but it proved ineffectual to restrain them.

The Emperor Probus reduced many of their towns, and checked them for a while by planting colonies among them, but soon these became as bad as the natives.

After the third century, the Isaurians united with the people of Cilicia Trachœa, and both countries took the name of Isauria. An account is given of their plundering excursions by Ammian.† In A.D. 367 they cut to pieces a Roman army under Musonianus; in 376 they overran Syria and Pamphylia; and every year extended their ravages farther and farther. S. Basil, in a letter addressed to Eusebius when in exile, mentions the dangers of travel in the provinces. "Having heard," he writes, "that all the roads swarm with brigands and runaway slaves, we were afraid to entrust anything into the hands of our brother [the messenger] lest we should even cause his death thereby. But if the Almighty should vouchsafe us a little tranquillity, if indeed we hear of the arrival of troops, we will take care to send one of our people to visit you, and inform you of all that concerns you."

From A.D. 404–409, during the feeble reign of Arcadius, their ravages were dreadful. The emperor issued the most severe edicts against them, ordering that they should be slain whenever and wherever they could be found—and even during Lent and Easter. A different policy was tried by his successor, Theodosius II. A large number of Isaurians was brought to Constantinople under one of their chiefs, Zeno, who was a pagan, and they formed the garrison of Constantinople. Zeno died high in position and honour under Marcian, successor of Theodosius II.

Leo I., the next emperor, brought a large number of

* Ammian, xiv., 8. † xiv., 2.

Isaurians to Constantinople, under a chief who bore the barbarous name of Trascaliseus, or Taracondiseus. He had no merit to recommend him, is even said to have been without courage, was vicious, ignorant, and rude. Yet he gained the emperor's favour; was made by him a patrician, Captain of the Imperial Guard, General of the Armies of the Empire, and at last was married to the emperor's eldest daughter, Ariadne, upon which he took the name Zeno. He was detested by the people, who revolted in 472, and slew many of the Isaurians. The emperor made Leo the younger, the son of Zeno and Ariadne, "Augustus;" and a few months before his own death appointed the young prince his successor. But Leo the younger only reigned six days alone after his grandfather's death. Zeno became guardian of his son, and joint emperor. The death of the young emperor soon followed, it was supposed by poison. The reign of Zeno was one long course of cruelty, avarice, and debauch, varied by fits of devotion. His rapacity was extreme; yet at times, seized with a passing compunction, he would distribute in alms the sums he had wrung from his subjects by confiscations and heavy taxation.

He became at last so odious that a revolt broke out, headed by his mother-in-law, Verina, and her brother, Basiliscus. The empress however remained faithful, and fled with him into Isauria, taking with them all the money that could be collected. The Isaurians in Constantinople were cut to pieces, but the revolution was short lived. Illus, the general sent to attack Zeno in Isauria, was won over, and brought him back to Constantinople. Verina was reconciled to him, Basiliscus was forced to surrender, and, though a promise had been given that his life should be spared, he, with all his family, was sent to Cucusus in Cappadocia, the place of exile of S. Chrysostom, and there, in the castle of Busama, these unfortunate creatures were thrown naked into an empty cistern, and so died of cold and hunger (A.D. 477).

Restored to the throne, the emperor seemed for a brief period inclined to better courses, but soon gave himself up to

fresh acts of cruelty and debauch. In consequence, fresh disturbances broke out in 481. Marcianus, brother-in-law to the empress, revolted; but after many vicissitudes, the emperor prevailed. In 484 Leontius, also an Isaurian, conspired with Verina and Illus, and proclaimed himself emperor at Tarsus; nearly all Asia Minor was gained over by the rebels, but Zeno was saved by the Goths in his service, who defeated Illus at Seleucia of Isauria. Leontius and Illus were besieged in the fortress of Papyrium; after a siege of three years the fortress was betrayed, and Illus and Leontius were beheaded.

Soon after this, the emperor, during one of his fits of excessive drunkenness, was buried alive, by order of the Empress Ariadne. He was succeeded, in 491, by Anastasius, who married Ariadne, and, to put an end to the constant revolts which occurred in Constantinople, the emperor ordered all the Isaurians to quit the capital, upon which a general revolt of them and the other associated brigand communities broke out; but the Goths, under John the Scythian, defeated them at Claudiopolis (Mout).

The survivors and their chiefs were blockaded in Antioch of Cragus, the place was stormed, and the Isaurian generals taken to Constantinople and there tortured to death.

The Isaurian forts in the Taurus were all captured, many of the people were transported to Thrace, the rest submitted, the emperor placed Isauria under the government of a "comes" (military governor), Lycaonia and Pisidia under "prætors," with strong garrisons of troops to keep order.

The Isaurian power was thus crushed, they were never again formed into a separate corps d'armée, and were henceforward confined to their mountains; but though their brigandage ceased, they always continued barbarous and savage.

In A.D. 717, Leo, an Isaurian of low extraction, whose previous name was Conon, became emperor. He is better known as Leo the Iconoclast. In his reign occurred the famous schism between the Churches of Rome and Constantinople, caused in great measure by the emperor's hatred of

sacred images, and his persecution of those who venerated them. Although Italy was lost to the Byzantine Empire in this reign, Leo seems to have been an able, and, on the whole, a successful monarch. It is said that in his youth his future greatness was foretold to him by some Jews, and that he promised them, in case he came to the imperial power, he would put an end to the worship of images in the Christian Church. From that time forward Isauria and its people are not mentioned in history.

ITINERARY.

Hours of riding; easy pace, and exclusive of halts.

Mersina to Pompeiopolis	1¼	Eregli to Devleh	8
Mersina to Tarsus	3	Devleh to Serpek	6
Tarsus to Asaab-el-Kef	1½	Serpek to Karaman	8½
Tarsus to Adana	5	Karaman to Maden Shehir	7½
Adana to Giamli Keui	7	Karaman to Geuèzz	4
Giamli Keui to Osmanieh	4½	Geuèzz to Kestel	9½
Osmanieh to Kizil Aghadj	11	Kestel to Mauga	6½
Kizil Aghadj to Marash	7	Mauga to Mout	5
Marash to Tchairlan Tchiftlik	7	Mout to Bejeh	7
Tchairlan Tchiftlik to bivouac	11½	Bejeh to Balabolu	7
Thence to Ajemli	10	Balabolu to Ermenek	8
Ajemli to ford on the Kayish and back	6	Ermenek to Altoun Tash	6
Ajemli to Kars	6½	Altoun Tash to Yenikishla	9
Kars to Boudroum	5½	Yenikishla to Nounou	7
Boudroum to Hemita	1½	Yenikishla to Durgeller	4
Hemita to Anazarba	8½	Durgeller to Alata	6
Anazarba to Sis	4	Alata to Mernak	8½
Sis to bivouac	9½	Mernak to Khadem	2
Thence to Adana	10	Khadem to Ashikler	8
Adana to Kazouk Bash	7½	Ashikler to Isaura or Aijilar	1½
Kazouk Bash to Geuzluk Khan	7	Aijilar to Elmasun	8
Geuzluk Khan to Kulek Boghaz	7	Elmasun to Karaman	8
Kulek Boghaz to Tchifteh Khan	6	Karaman to Ibrala	6
Tchifteh Khan to Oloukishla	8	Ibrala to Kara Koyu	8½
Oloukishla to Eregli	8	Kara Koyu to Efrenk	9½
Eregli to Ibreez	3¼	Efrenk to Geuzna	8¼
		Geuzna to Mersina	5½

GLOSSARY.

Ak, white.
Akshàm, evening.
Allaha issmarladuk, adieu, (lit.) "we have recommended you to God."
Alma, an apple.
Arpa, barley.
Asr, late afternoon, (2) the prayer at that time.
Ayou or Ayi, a bear.

Bagh, a garden.
Bahmeah, the Hibiscus esculentus.
Bash, a head.
Bel, a mountain pass.
Billali, a whetstone.
Bin, a thousand.
Bir, one.
Boghaz, a strait, any narrow passage, the throat
Boùnar or Binar, a source.
Bouyourdi or Bouyurulti, a passport.
Bouz, ice.
Burghoul, pilled wheat.

Cheshme, a fountain source.
Chibouk, long tobacco-pipe.

Dagh, a mountain.
Demir, iron.
Dere, a valley.
Dervish, monk, a poor person.
Dolma, anything stuffed, (2) stuffed vegetables.
Donoum, a measure of land.
Dourbin, a telescope,

Eiran, buttermilk.

Fellahh, peasant cultivator.
Finjan, receptacle for a coffee-cup whilst in the hand.

Gedik, a chamois.
Geuz, eye, (2) source.
Giaour, an infidel.
Gieuk, heaven, (2) light blue.
Gol, a lake.

Hanem, a lady.
Hareèm, portion of a house in which the females of the family reside, (2) a wife, (3) the females of the family.
Harmàn, heap of grain.

Imam, chaplain of a mosque.
Irmàk, a river.

Jamaa, a mosque.

Kabak, vegetable marrow.
Kadi, Muslim judge.
Kaia, rock.
Kaimàk, thick cream.
Kalaat, a fort or castle.
Kapou, gate.
Kar, snow.
Kara, black.
Katerji, a muleteer.
Kawass, mounted police.
Kazouk, a stake.
Kedji, a goat, (2) goats'-hair cloth.
Ketran, pitch pine.
Keui, a village.
Keul, ashes.
Keumeur, charcoal.
Keupri, a bridge.
Kibab, roast meat.
Kibleh, point towards Mecca, to which the Muslim turns in prayer.
Kilisse, a church.
Kizil, red,
Khayr, good.
Khoosh geldiniz, (lit.) "you have come agreeably," formula of welcome.
—— boulduk, formula of thanks, "we have found agreeably."
Koufti, a kind of sausage.
Koyu, a well.
Kushàk, girdle, waist-shawl.

Maden, a mine.
Medjlis, a council.
Meidan, public place, piazza.
Moollah, equivalent to "rabbi," "master." Title of a learned person.

Mudir, an inferior governor.
Mufti, an expounder of the law of the Kurân.
Mukhtar, the head man of the village.
Musaffir, a guest, a stranger.
Muslim, (lit.) "surrendered or resigned to God," a Muhammedan.

Oda, a chamber.
Oghourlar ola, adieu! may you have a good journey!
Oglou, son.
Olou, grand, perfect.
Ova, a plain.

Pekmez (or petmez), inspissated grape juice, grape treacle.
Pilaff, rice boiled, and served with butter.
Pongar, vulgar for Bin(g)ar, springs, sources.

Redif, militia.

Sabahh, morning.
Safa geldiniz, you are welcome!
Salaamlik, men's apartment, reception-room.
Salyân, property tax.
Saman, straw.
Sara, yellow.
Sârik, a turban.
Serai, government house.
Shehir, a town.
Sou, water, a stream.
Souriji, one who lets horses for hire.

Tahhta, a plank, wooden.
Tahhtaji, woodcutter.
Taktrovan, a litter.
Tash (vulg. Dash), a stone.
Tchai, a river.
Tcham, pine.
Tchatal, a pair of anything.
Tchelebi, a master, a gentleman.
Tchiftlik, a farm.

Ushirji, a collector or farmer of the dîme.

Vergui, property tax.

Wali, governor of a "vilayet," or province.

Yaila, summer pasture in the mountains.
Yaourt, curdled milk.
Yeelan (vulg.), Ilan, a snake.
Yeni, new.
Yorghan, coverlet quilted with cotton.
Yourouk, wandering shepherds.

Zaptieh, mounted police.
Zarf, coffee-cup without any handle.

INDEX.

Abd-el-Kader, 202, 204, 205, 214
Abd-ul Aziz (Sultan), 43
Abeadœ, 305
Aboukir, 48
Abrinos, 257
Achyr Dagh, 104
Acre, 2, 213
Adalia, 351, 358
Adana, 10, 13, 17, 28, 29, 33, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 55, 56, 57, 58, 62, 64, 65, 67, 69, 78, 98, 101, 104, 122, 165, 168, 169, 170, 179, 180, 183, 185, 186, 187, 191, 193, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 205, 209, 215, 216, 217, 219, 231, 233, 235, 239, 268, 453, 459, 466, 470
Adrass Dagh, 337, 339, 341, 342, 343, 347
Adrian (Imp.), 50, 60, 65
Aghadj, 362, 372
Ajilar, 351, 406, 412, 420, 421
Aintab, 85, 86, 94, 100, 172
Aix-la-Chapelle, 219
Ajemi Kahve, 182
Ajemli, 105, 115, 117, 121, 122
Akar Jarun Sou, 122
Ak Dagh, 407
Ak Gol, 238, 278, 279, 297
Akkar (Mt.), 5
Ak Keupri, 216
Ak Monastir, 353
Ak Serai, 240
Ak Sou, 92, 93, 216, 217, 218, 219, 223
Aktcha Shehir, 286
Alata, 357, 378, 380, 382, 403, 407, 412
Alaya, 357, 387
Aleppo, 8, 9, 70, 85, 172, 223, 427
Alexandria, 1, 48
Alexandretta, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 80, 89, 103, 427, 473
Alexander (the Great), 39, 53
Ali Bey, 196, 197, 198, 209
Ali Zchartchi Keui, 420
Alhambra, 98
Allah Dagh, 214, 231, 265, 351, 357, 440, 456
—— Pongar, 146
Alma Dagh, 403, 407
Altoun Tash, 357, 359, 361
Alvanlo, 439, 442
Amanus (Mt.), 7, 30, 65, 69, 72, 73, 76 84, 117, 123, 180
Anamas Dagh, 420
Anamour, 340, 449
Anatolia, 226
Anazarba, 91, 127, 138, 139, 142, 145, 147, 168
Anazi, 473
Ancketill (Mr.), 63
Andren Sou, 115
Angora, 226, 307
Ankart, 47
Antioch, 162, 172
Aradus, 4
Aratus, 21
Ardouste, 257
Armoodlu Dagh, 422, 423
Arra Sou, 28
Arslan, 140, 141, 142, 150, 168
Arwan Dagh, 420
Asaab-el-Kef, 41, 42, 43
Ashikler, 406, 422
Atchilan, 363, 368
Auchin, 46, 47
Auschar, 383
Avania (Mr.), 35
Ayash, 318
Ayass, 12, 53, 57
Azizlu, 76

Baalbec, 145
Baias, 70
Bagdad, 70, 473
Baghtche, 82, 85, 101, 102
Bahadurli, 119
Balabolu, 343, 347, 404
Bardat Dagh, 337, 339, 340
Basile, 46
Bassidius Lauricius, 366
Bazaar, 117, 121, 123, 124, 126, 127, 129, 139
Beaufort (Capt.), 22
Bejeh, 341, 356
Bektik, 239, 240, 279
Bel Amalik Dagh, 215

Berber Oglou, 225
Berlin, 7
Beshiktash, 227, 230
Beylan, 8, 9, 65, 103
Beyrout, 3, 4, 7, 10, 47, 167, 189, 453, 473
Bey Shehir, 400, 420
Bin Bir Kilisse, 301
Billali Bel, 82, 84, 86, 101
Boghosian (Mr.), 190
Bolat, 405
Boloukli, 457, 459, 463, 465, 466, 470
Bor, 267, 279
Bostansu, 363, 366
Boudroum, 117, 121, 128, 143
Boujak, 139, 146
Bouzoglan, 257
Bozallah Dagh, 293, 297, 314, 317
Bozanti, 37, 215, 216
Bozoglou, 340
Bozboroun, 420
Bozkoyou Keui, 127, 139
Bulderoohh Dagh, 214
Bulghar Dagh, 25, 60, 123, 205, 219, 223, 230, 236, 241, 257, 259, 265, 288, 437, 453, 473
Bulghar Maden, 221
Bussola, 425
Burrekli, 43

Caipha, 2
Cairo, 6, 157
Calycadnus (Riv.), 326, 327, 330, 335, 337, 342, 358
Capan, 157
Carmel (Mt.), 2
Caucasus (Mt.) 72, 207
Chelebi Effendi, 291, 294, 300, 433, 434
China, 196
Chomourlu, 30
Christian Keui, 463, 465
Cicero, 21
Cilicia, 18, 28, 31, 34, 179, 188, 213, 454, 455, 457, 471, 472, 474
Claudiopolis, 335
Commodus (Imp.), 126, 129
Constantius (Imp.), 36, 366
Constantin, 45, 46, 47
Constantine (Imp.), 118
Constantinople, 11, 56, 70, 79, 89, 173, 189, 472, 473
Cydnus (Riv.), 17, 31, 35, 37, 39, 40, 49, 61, 169
Cyprus, 18, 47, 116, 455, 459

Dalak Dere, 456
Damascus, 237, 453, 459
Damietta, 19, 20
Daoud Pasha, 79
Daoush Tepe, 340
Dedekoi, 245
Deirmen Deresi, 449
Deli Tchai, 29, 157
Delik Tash (Mt.), 105
Delta (the), 48, 76
Demetrius Theos, 89
Demir Kapou, 37, 323
Derbe, 273, 278
Dervish Pasha, 79
Devleh, 267, 268, 270, 272, 273, 274, 275, 376, 286
Devrishli Bel, 82, 83, 101, 102, 128
Diana, 36
Diarbekir, 54, 172, 472
Di Dimitrio (Mr.), 36
Dingwall (Capt.) 454, 455
Dorak, 43, 203
Doudne, 257
Dourbin Dagh, 101, 107, 108, 117
Dourlaz, 245, 246
Duden, 238
Dumbelek Dagh, 210, 312, 318
Dungala, 108
Dunuk Tash, 37, 104
Durgeller, 371, 373, 374, 377, 378, 379, 380, 382, 412
Durnebul, 358

Efrenk, 436, 445, 446, 449, 450, 451, 452
Egypt, 49, 57, 148, 166
Ellexi, 323
El Mamoun, 37
Elmasun, 423, 424, 429
El Oglou Tajirlis, 92
Endal, 139
Ephesus, 36, 42
Eregli, 197, 231, 235, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 246, 248, 257, 259, 260, 261, 264, 272, 279, 290, 300
Ermenek, 328, 337, 339, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358
Essaad Pasha, 3, 394
Eukeuz Pasha, 227
Euphrates (Riv.), 473
Eurymedon (Riv.), 314, 400
Evschenler Dagh, 422

Fischbach (Mr.) 52, 53, 54
Fischer (Major), 258
Frioul, 474

Geden Dagh, 337
Gelibel Hagh, 359, 361, 412
Geoffroi (Mr.), 468
Georgius, 118

Germanicia, 98
Geudett, 320
Geueu Dagh, 357, 361, 417
Geuèzz, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320
Geumah, 323
Geunik, 422
Geuzluk Kalaat, 30
—— Khan, 203, 204, 205
Geuzna, 16, 449, 450, 451, 452, 457, 459, 462
Ghaibe Keui, 245, 246
Giaour Dagh, 10, 30, 78, 82, 84, 86, 92, 101, 102, 103, 108, 117, 123, 180
Giamli Keui, 68, 73, 75, 188
Gieuk Dagh, 400
—— Sou, 328, 337, 365, 366, 371
Gieurmeli, 352

Haberhauer (Mr.), 207, 208, 463, 471
Hadji, Emin, 389, 392
—— Hassan, 242
Hadjilar, 150, 151
Hadschilar, 351
Hadjin Dagh, 208, 209, 214
Haiwaabeh (Riv.), 214
Harpalik, 473
Hallam, Oglou, 269
Hamilton (Mr.), 307, 413
Hanna, 162, 165, 166, 167, 469, 470
Haroun er Rasheed, 30, 37
Hassan Dagh, 232, 236, 241, 264, 265
Hedjaz, 8
Hemita (Mt. and Ft.), 127, 134
Herzegovina, 209
Hethoum, 37, 45, 46, 47
Hissar, 279
Hodjilar, 387, 403

Ibrahim Pasha, 40, 57, 64, 65, 210, 211, 213, 214
Ibrahul, 335, 336
Ibrala, 434, 435, 441, 460
Ibreez, 240, 245, 247, 256, 257, 260, 286, 288
Ichma, 17, 450, 470
Ilamaz, 318
Imalu Sou, 92
Ilan Kalesi, 69, 70, 73, 75
Iljibounar, 383
Ipbrada, 387
Isaura, 314, 351, 400, 415, 453
Isauria, 314
Isauropolis, 416
Islahiyeh, 103
Ismail Pasha, 79

Jaffa, 2, 5
Jerusalem, 32, 42
Jeihaan (Riv.), 76, 92, 104, 106, 107, 127, 137, 147, 157
Jevdet, Pasha, 79
Joannalius, 118
Joppa, 47
Julian (Imp.), 37, 366, 377
Justin (Imp.), 144
Justinian (Imp.), 37, 49, 50, 60, 65, 133, 144

Kadisha (Riv.), 4
Kaia Sholi, 108
Kaisariyeh, 27, 201, 226, 239, 240, 267, 292, 300, 332, 350, 358
Kalaat Keui, 29
Kallinal, 403
Kandji Kapou, 37
Kanlu Dagh, 101
Kapujan Dagh, 101
Kara Aghadj, 286
—— Bounar, 257, 264
—— Dagh, 232, 287, 293, 297, 301, 304, 305, 310, 417, 436, 440, 456
—— Dash, 56, 57, 180, 183
—— Khan, 96
—— Koyou, 436, 443
—— Osman Oglou, 363
—— Tash Yaila, 315, 318
—— Zengir, 423
Karajah Dagh, 101, 232, 236, 265, 272, 278, 417, 436
Karaman, 99, 194, 259, 276, 287, 290, 294, 295, 300, 303, 304, 311, 312, 314, 315, 317, 417, 428, 429, 434, 438, 440, 456
Karaman Oglou, 332, 344
Karanlik Dere, 456
Karapongar Tchai, 157
Kars, 117, 124
Kashab, 100
Kassaba, 426, 428
Kashgar, 196
Katbash, 42
Kayish (Riv.), 117, 120, 122
Kazan Ali, 102
Kazanji, 353
Kazanli, 29
Kazouk Bash, 198, 201, 204, 206
Keram Yailasi, 326
Kereli, 127, 400, 420
Kertch, 285
Kesh, 123, 167
Kesik Tchai, 157
Kestel, 321, 322, 323, 326, 330, 334, 342, 350
Keulpongar Sou, 92
Keumerdli Keui, 159, 168
Keupek Kalesi, 84

Keur Oglou, 182
Keurdts, 172, 197
Keurdt Dagh, 101
Keuteu Keui, 48
Khadem, 351, 352, 370, 380, 386, 387, 389, 391, 392, 394, 403, 407, 412
Khadj Bel, 105, 107, 109, 122
Khalil Aga, 225, 228, 231
—— Pasha, 28, 55, 56
—— Sultan, 295, 296, 344
Kharpout, 172
Khatouniat Jamasi, 295
Khedive (the), 1
Khunnet, 422
Kiepert (Mr.), 183, 231, 258, 400
Kilbassen, 302, 303, 304, 305, 308, 311
Kilik (Riv.), 53
Killim, 52, 151
Killis, 94, 100
Kirk Geuz Pongar Sou, 96
Kizil Aghadj Oldousou, 87
Kizil Dagh, 123, 180, 183
Kizilja, 362, 363, 368
Koniah, 186, 216, 229, 233, 235, 237, 239, 268, 269, 279, 297, 301, 302, 330, 400, 429, 471
Korou Dere, 348
Kotchy, 207
Koukerdt, 240
Koum Kalaat, 120
Kourt Kalesi, 70
Kremna, 417
Kulek Bazaar, 208, 209
Kulek Boghaz, 202, 210, 211, 213, 214, 217, 219, 236, 318, 321, 462, 463
Kursanti, 222
Kursoulou (Riv.), 106, 107
Kutchuk Ali, 70
Kuzeuran, 422
Kyriakos, 155

L'Anglois (Mr.), 30, 39, 47, 60
Laranda, 299
Larnaca, 459
Latakia, 89, 172
Leake (Col.), 365
Lebanon (Mt.), 5, 191, 214
Leo II., 37, 46
Leo VI., 157
Liparis, 21
Livy, 236
Lusignan, 157
Lycia, 314, 315, 341
Lystra, 308

Maden Shehir, 276, 301, 305, 307, 310, 311
Mahmoud Pasha, 28, 53, 54, 60, 187
Mako, 57
Mallus (Cape), 12
Malta, 55
Manchester, 189, 454
Marash, 84, 85, 86, 88, 92, 94, 97, 98, 101, 102, 103, 104, 108, 112, 128, 172, 178
Marash (Mt.), 340
Marseilles, 188, 189, 474
Mauga, 327, 328, 329, 330, 337, 342
Maurepas (Comte de), 257
Maurice (Imp.), 118
Mavromati (Mr.), 17, 27, 56, 291, 444, 459, 464
Maxentius, 118
Maximian Daza, 37
Mecca, 17, 37, 227, 395
Medina, 395
Mehemet Ali, 19, 20, 68, 213
Mekkeh Dagh, 264, 278
Melas (Riv.), 400
Melik el Ashraf, 157
Melemendji Keui, 201
Merdiballi Koyou, 48
Mernak, 385
Mersina, 1, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 37, 48, 52, 53, 57, 65, 66, 165, 169, 185, 188, 202, 203, 234, 291, 312, 356, 400, 431, 439, 442, 444, 447, 449, 450, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 460, 463, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 471, 472, 474
Mesopotamia, 472
Messina, 472, 474
Messis, 56, 57, 65, 66, 67, 68, 75, 157, 180, 188
Metdesis, 473
Mohammad, 251, 395
Moltke, 258
Montgomery (Mrs.), 95, 102, 103
Mout, 318, 321, 322, 326, 330, 331, 332, 334, 335, 342, 347, 356
Muharram Bel, 359, 361, 362, 363
Mukhmel (Mt.), 5
Murad III., 70
Muscat, 472
Mustak Bey, 70

Nahli, 165, 177, 198, 210, 225, 228, 321, 324, 338, 355, 370, 440, 441, 442, 443, 453, 456, 462, 467, 468, 469, 470
Najar Dagh, 101
Nasheeb Pasha, 28
Nawahi, 337, 359
Nazianzus, 232
Nazli, 127
Nemroun, 449

Nerva (Imp.), 144
Nigdeh, 94, 101, 201, 265, 267
Nile (Riv.), 49, 60
Nounou, 366, 380
Nour Dagh, 65, 69
Nusairi, 7, 439, 467
Nusairiyeh, 7, 14, 33, 467, 468

Oloubounar, 411
Oloukischla, 224, 228, 229, 231, 238, 239
Olou Jamaa, 62, 63, 98, 231
Oongoot, 104
Oroanda, 314, 400
Orta (Dr.), 64
Orta Oglou Keui, 139
Osmanieh, 78, 80, 81, 82, 101, 102, 128
Otter, 66, 257

Palermo, 474
Parascevopoulo (Dr.), 167, 168, 177
Parlais, 232
Paul Lucas, 37, 60, 262
Paul (Saint), 40, 41, 46
Pednelissus, 314
Pera, 472
Persia, 207
Peyronnet, 355, 356
Peyssonnel, 263
Phaselis, 341
Philip (of Macedon), 53
Phocas (Imp.), 119
Pierides, 49
Pococke, 60, 65
Podandus, 216
Pompeiopolis, 16, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, 129, 130, 143, 450, 473
Port Said, 2
Poullet, 262
Procopius, 39
Ptolemy Philadelphus, 21
Pylœ Amanides, 102
—— Ciliciæ, 37, 206, 209, 210, 211, 212, 216
Pyramus (Riv.), 56, 60, 66, 68, 69, 105, 128, 132, 134

Ramazan Zadeh 62, 63
Ramleh, 36
Ritter, 257
Rhodes, 474
Roupen, 45, 149
Russia, 62, 196, 207

Sadik Pasha, 195
Safvet Pasha, 51
Saida, 2, 3, 68
Sakar Dagh, 101
Saleh Effendi, 240, 262
Salonika, 53
Samsoun, 80
Sarahaji, 377
Sara Toprak Sou, 110
Sarchizalana, 340
Sardanapalus, 37
Sarichek Khan, 205, 206, 208, 211, 212
Sarimazi, 353
Sarini, 385
Sari Ibrahimlü, 30
Sarijah, 245
Saroglan, 397, 422, 423
Sarus (Riv.), 17, 50, 56, 58, 60, 61, 69, 92, 169, 179, 183, 197, 216
Savroon (Riv.), 126, 138, 139, 147
Sazak, 383
Schalfoun (Mrs.), 167
Schiffmann (Mr.), 52, 163, 164, 168
Schultze (Col.), 213
Seidi Shehir, 419
Seiff (Mr.), 4
Selefke, 449
Selge, 314
Selim I., 63
—— II., 227, 261
Selinti, 340, 358
Sempad, 45, 46
Serpek, 271, 273, 274, 275, 285, 286, 288, 305, 436
Scurr Dagh, 101
Shah-en-Nour Dagh, 358
Sheikh Ali Keui, 236
—— Meran, 73, 74
Siberia, 207
Sibilian (Père), 43, 44, 46, 47
Sidevre, 273, 287, 288, 290, 436
Sidon, 4
Sindal, 339
Sis, 112, 132, 149, 152, 154, 157
Skene (Mr.) 223
Smyrna, 167, 189, 313, 315, 400, 453, 459, 462, 463
Soli, 21
Sombaz (Riv.), 139, 146, 153
Sooranji Oushara, 113, 114
Soundrass, 450
Soushati, 338
Stamboul, 51, 79
Strabo, 39
Suleiman (Sultan), 63, 155
Sunnin (Mt.), 5

Tahta Keupri, 218
Taki-ed-Deen (Pasha), 28, 216
Tarsus, 17, 26, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 39, 40, 41, 43, 47, 48, 50, 66, 163, 169, 174, 199, 201, 209, 453, 466, 467

Tattarachi (Mr.), 16, 17, 165, 457, 459, 464
Taurus (Mt.), 13, 39, 40, 66, 96, 170, 196, 238
Tchaian, 233, 235, 236
Tchairlan Tchiftlik, 106
Tchakaller, 377
Tchakallu, 92
Tchal Dagh, 347
Tchali, 52
Tchandeer Kalesi, 43, 44
Tchapan Oglou, 365
Tchardak, 82
Tchatak Bagh, 342
Tchatal Tchesmasi, 205, 326
Tchifteh Khan, 219, 221, 223, 231
Tchihatcheff, 278, 337
Tchili Dagh, 422
Tchivi, 323
Tchukour Bagh, 207, 209, 210, 211, 463
Tchukour, 363, 364, 412
Tegenkhar, 47
Tejli Ova, 101
Tekerlèk (Mustafa), 436, 437, 438, 439, 445, 447, 459
Texier, 413, 414
Tiflis, 2, 363
Thaddæus (Saint) 47
Theodosius, 118
—— (Imp.), 42
Thevenot, 263
Tomashatlu, 404
Tont, 245
Toomlu Kalaat, 69, 157
Toossoun Ali, 223
Toprak Kalesi, 77, 78 128
Toros Chakrian, 87, 89, 90, 91, 92
Tott, de (Baron), 261
Trajan Decius (Imp.) 42
Trebizonde, 51, 52
Tripoli, 4, 6, 7, 14, 172, 240
Tyana, 237
Tyre, 4

Upton (Capt.), 473

Vienna, 43, 207
Vourla, 474

Waiwai, 127

Xanapa, 247

Yaghjiler, 377
Yaka Keui, 30
Yakoob Beg, 196, 324
Yalinuztcha, 342
Yaramish, 48
Yaramiz Cheshme, 202, 203
Yatar Tash, 334
Yazdama, 411
Yelboughi, 405
Yemasoon, 290
Yeni Kischla, 364, 370, 371
Yerkooblu, 371, 372, 403, 407
Yout Dagh, 358, 417

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